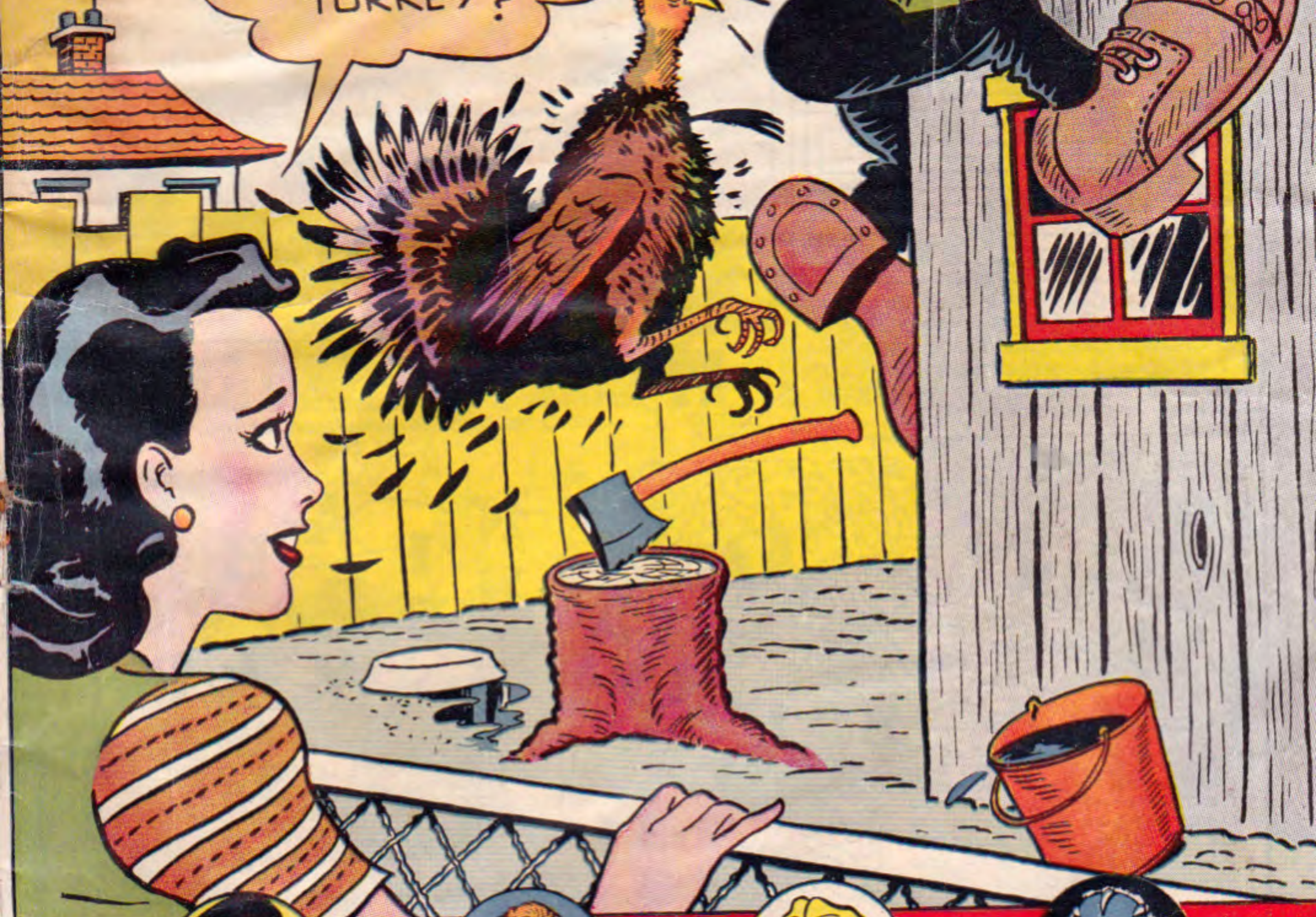




I WON IT IN A
RAFFLE, DIXIE-I
NEVER WAS
LUCKY!

SLAP HAPPY!
WHERE DID YOU GET
THAT **TOUGH**
TURKEY?



DIXIE DUGAN



TONY TRENT



SPARKY WATTS



THE SKYMAN



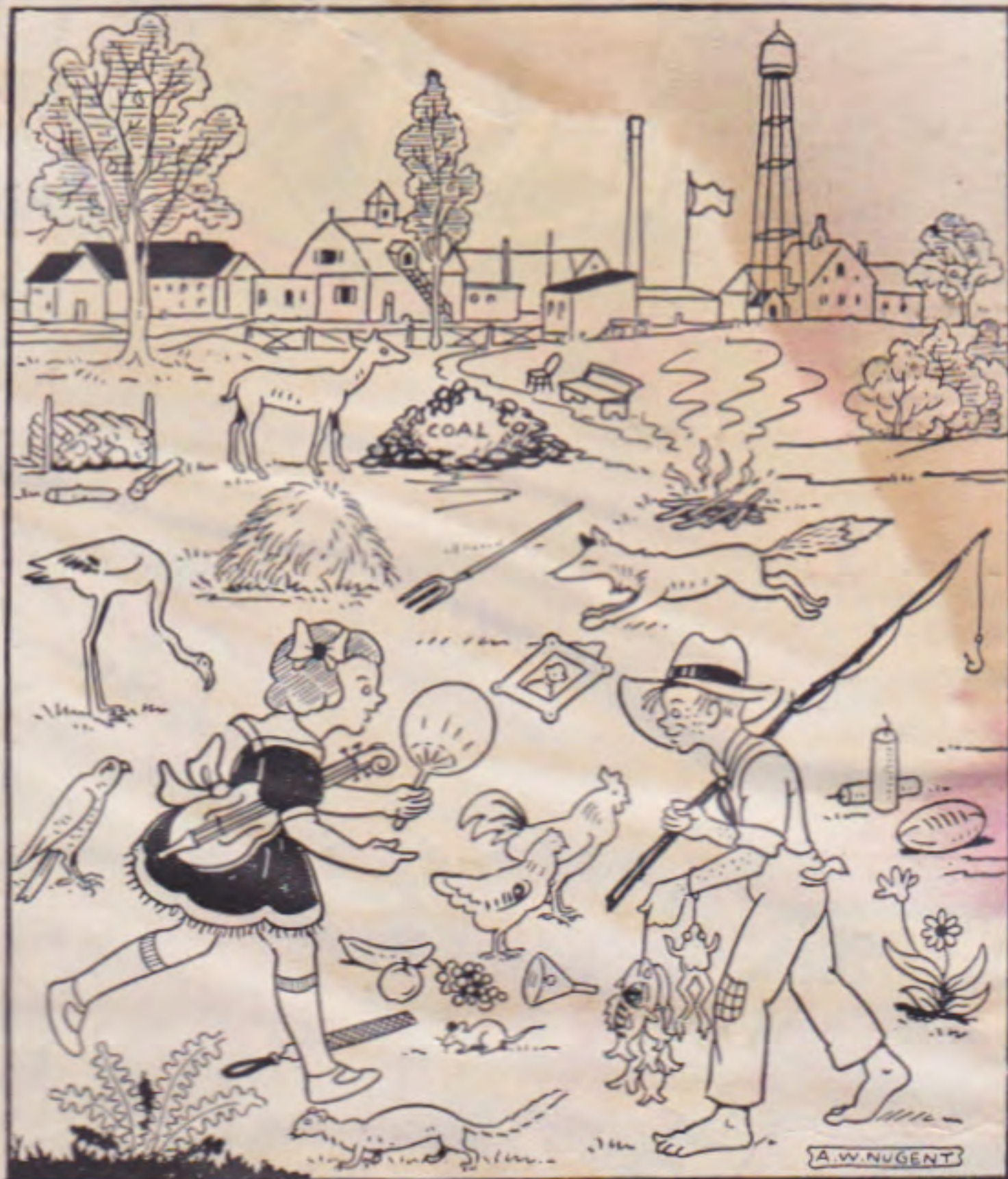
**WEB COMIC
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BIG SHOT GAME PAGE

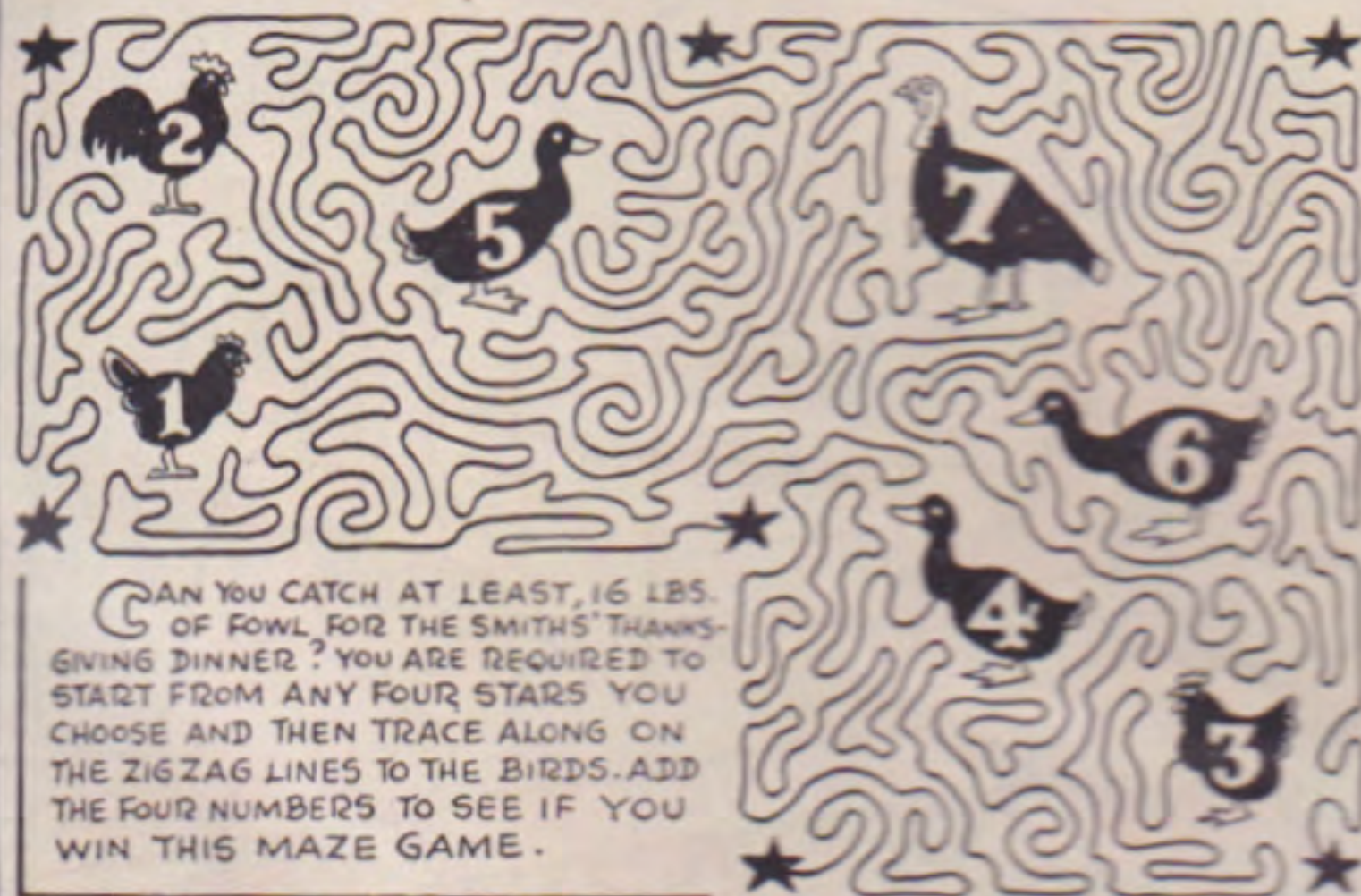
CATCH THE TURKEY



FARMER BROWN'S TURKEY SEEMS TO KNOW THAT THANKSGIVING IS APPROACHING AND HAS SLIPPED AWAY FROM ITS COOP. START FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE MAZE AND SEE IF YOU CAN TRACE BETWEEN THE LINES AND CAPTURE THE ELUSIVE BIRD FOR THE FARMER.



HERE IS A FASCINATING PICTURE GAME. IN ORDER TO WIN YOU ARE REQUIRED TO FIND 55 OR MORE OBJECTS IN THE DRAWING THAT BEGIN WITH THE LETTER "F" NUMBER THE OBJECTS WITH YOUR PENCIL.



CAN YOU CATCH AT LEAST, 16 LBS. OF FOWL FOR THE SMITHS' THANKSGIVING DINNER? YOU ARE REQUIRED TO START FROM ANY FOUR STARS YOU CHOOSE AND THEN TRACE ALONG ON THE ZIGZAG LINES TO THE BIRDS. ADD THE FOUR NUMBERS TO SEE IF YOU WIN THIS MAZE GAME.

N I A B R
H E R B O C
A W L K

START FROM ANY OF THE
ABOVE LETTERS YOU WISH
AND MOVE ALONG A LINE
TO THE NEXT LETTER. SEE IF YOU
CAN SPELL THE NAMES OF SEVEN
BIRDS BY MOVING FROM LETTER TO
LETTER IN THIS MANNER. IF YOU
SPELL SIX WE'LL GIVE YOU 100 PERCENT.

Spatky Watts

by Boody Rogers.

HOW WOULD YUH GENTS LIKE TO GO HOG HUNTING?



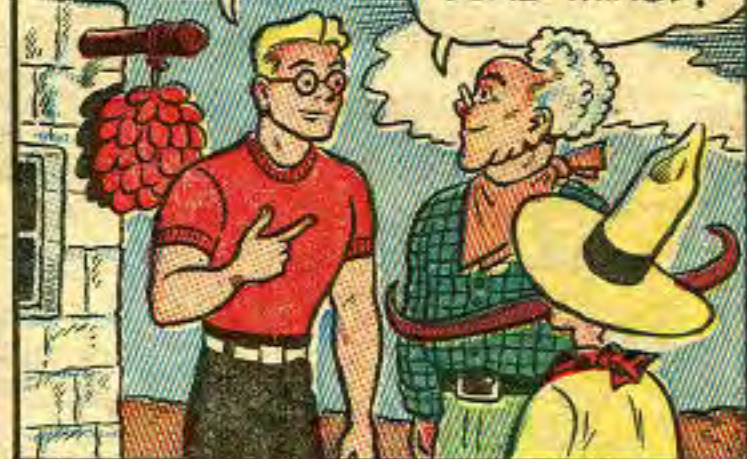
HOG HUNTING!? YOU MEAN PIGS?

SURE--WILD HOGS! TH' DESERT IS FULL OF 'EM--AND YUH'VE GOTTA BE CAREFUL OR THEY'LL BITE OFF YER LEG!!



SOUNDS EXCITING--LET'S DO IT, DOC! WHERE ARE SLAP HAPPY AND YOO HOO?

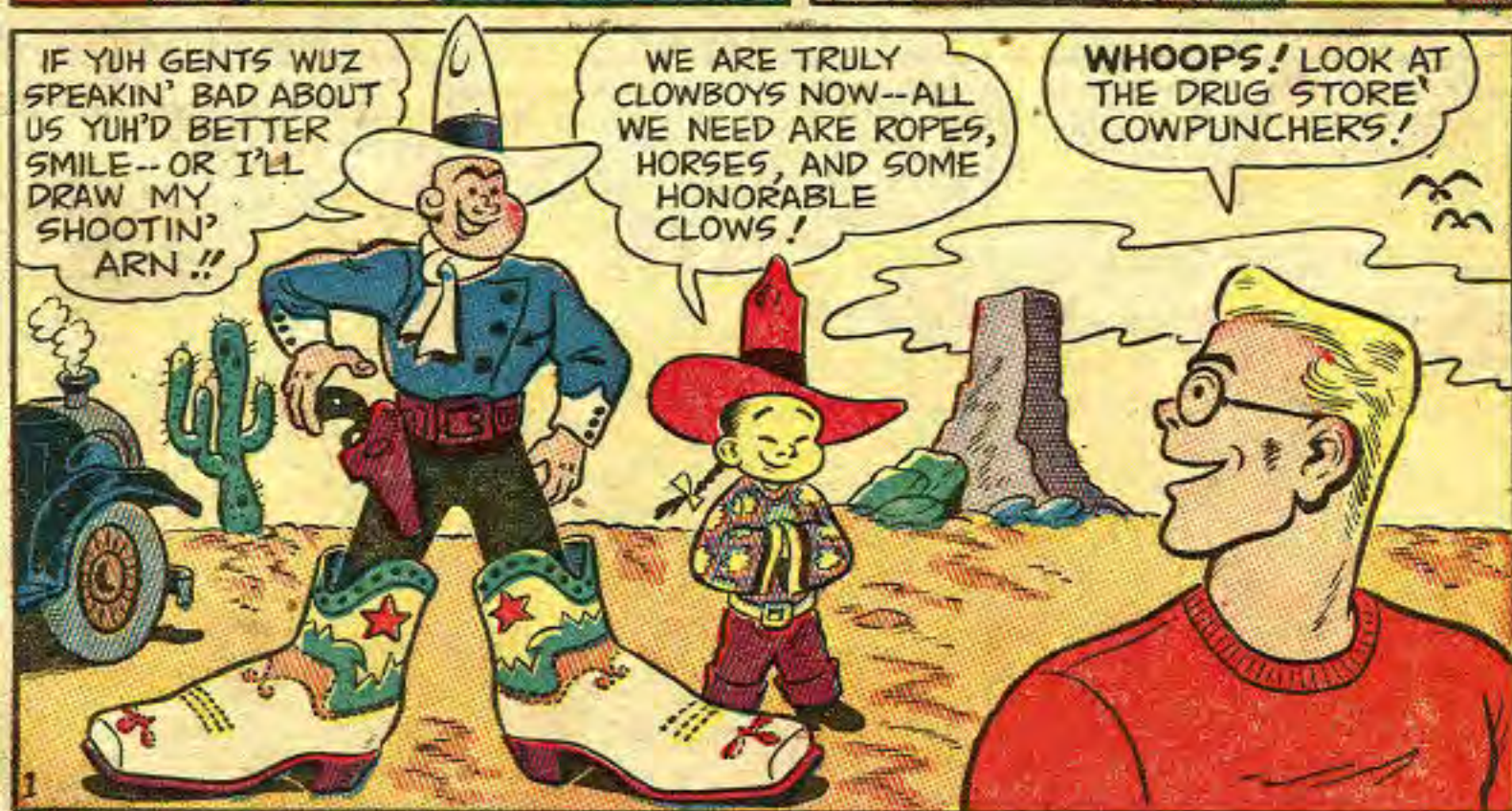
THEY WENT TO THE TRADING POST IN MY CAR--SAID THEY WANTED TO BUY SOME THINGS!



IF YUH GENTS WUZ SPEAKIN' BAD ABOUT US YUH'D BETTER SMILE--OR I'LL DRAW MY SHOOTIN' ARN!!

WE ARE TRULY CLOWBOYS NOW--ALL WE NEED ARE ROPES, HORSES, AND SOME HONORABLE CLOWS!

WHOOOPS! LOOK AT THE DRUG STORE! COWPUNCHERS!



WE'RE GOING
PIG HUNTING!
IS YOUR GUN
LOADED?

SURE!
THE
STORE
MAN
LOADED
IT FOR
ME!

WE DON'T
SHOOT 'EM,
WE LASSO
'EM-- BUT
IT'S ALWAYS
GOOD TO
HAVE ONE
GUN ALONG
JUST IN CASE--
SO SLAP HAPPY
CAN BRING
HIS!

OLD ROCKIN' CHAIR
IS MY HOSS--YUH
GENTS SADDLE
THOSE OTHER
CRITTERS!

YOU CAN'T
RIDE THAT
ANIMAL--HIS
BACK IS
BROKEN!

HE AIN'T A HE-- HE'S A SHE--AND
HER BACK IS OKAY--IT'S JUST A
MITE SWAYED--I LIKE IT
THAT WAY--CAN'T FALL
OFF SO EASY!

HERE'S A LITTLE GUY
JUST ABOUT RIGHT FOR
ME--TELL ME TH' TRUTH,
PAL--YOU AIN'T A
BRONCO, ARE YOU?

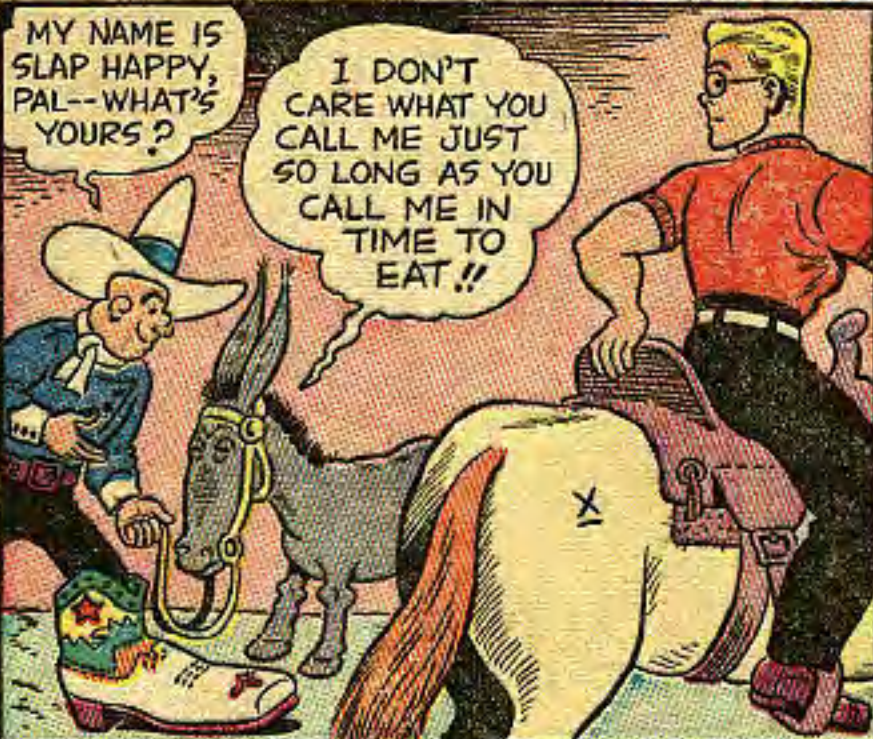
MULES CAN'T
TALK, SLAP
HAPPY!

HOW CAN YOU TELL, DOC,
UNTIL YOU GIVE 'EM A
CHANCE?! I'VE LEARNED
THAT ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN
IN THIS COMIC BOOK!!

AW, HAVE A HEART, BIG
BOY--LEAVE THAT SADDLE
ON TH' FENCE! YOU'RE
ENOUGH TO CARRY
WITHOUT A BUNCH
OF LEATHER,
TOO!!

W-WHAT TH'-- D-DID YOU
HEAR THAT, DOC?!

H-HE CAN
TALK!



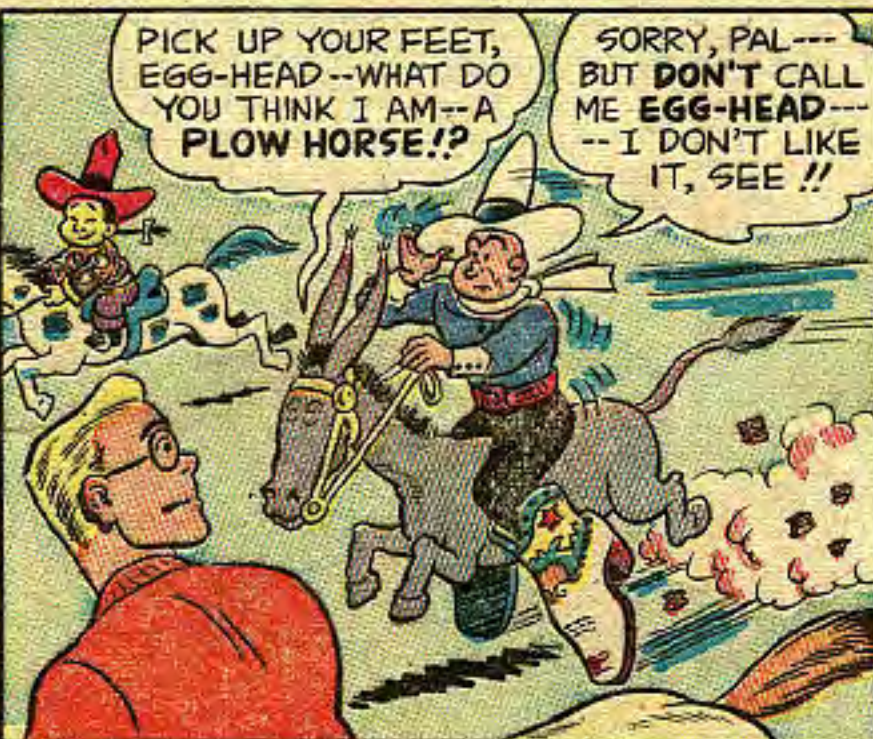
MY NAME IS SLAP HAPPY, PAL-- WHAT'S YOURS?

I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU CALL ME JUST SO LONG AS YOU CALL ME IN TIME TO EAT!!



SPARKY, I'M EITHER LOSING MY MIND OR I'VE JUST WITNESSED A MIRACLE--SLAP HAPPY'S MULE CAN TALK!

NO HE CAN'T, DOC--THAT WAS ME THROWING MY VOICE--I'M PRACTICING VENTRILOQUISM -- BUT DON'T TELL SLAP HAPPY!



PICK UP YOUR FEET, EGG-HEAD--WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM--A PLOW HORSE!?

SORRY, PAL--- BUT DON'T CALL ME EGG-HEAD--- --I DON'T LIKE IT, SEE!!



BUT YOU ARE AN EGG-HEAD! WITH A BRAIN BOX NO LARGER THAN YOURS I DON'T SEE HOW YOU KNOW ENOUGH TO EVEN TALK!

OH, YEAH! I'M SMARTER THAN YOU--- I'LL BET YOU CAN'T EVEN READ---- --OOPS!



I'D NEVER HAVE GRADUATED FROM COLLEGE IF I COULDN'T READ-- --HOW FAR IN SCHOOL DID YOU GET?

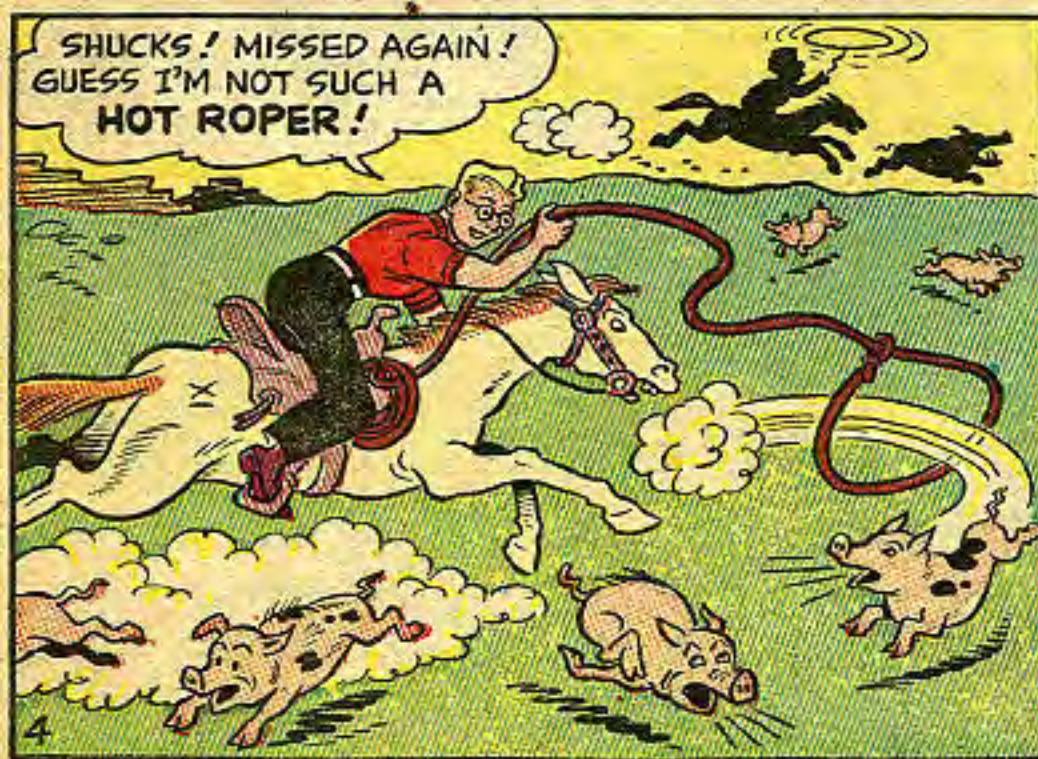
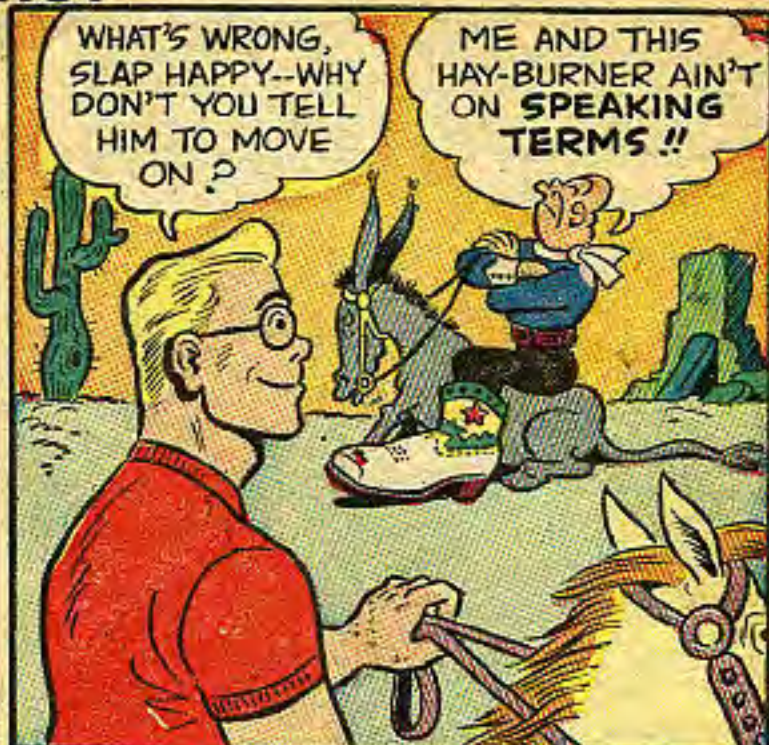
I GOT TO TH' SEC----AW, IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS!!



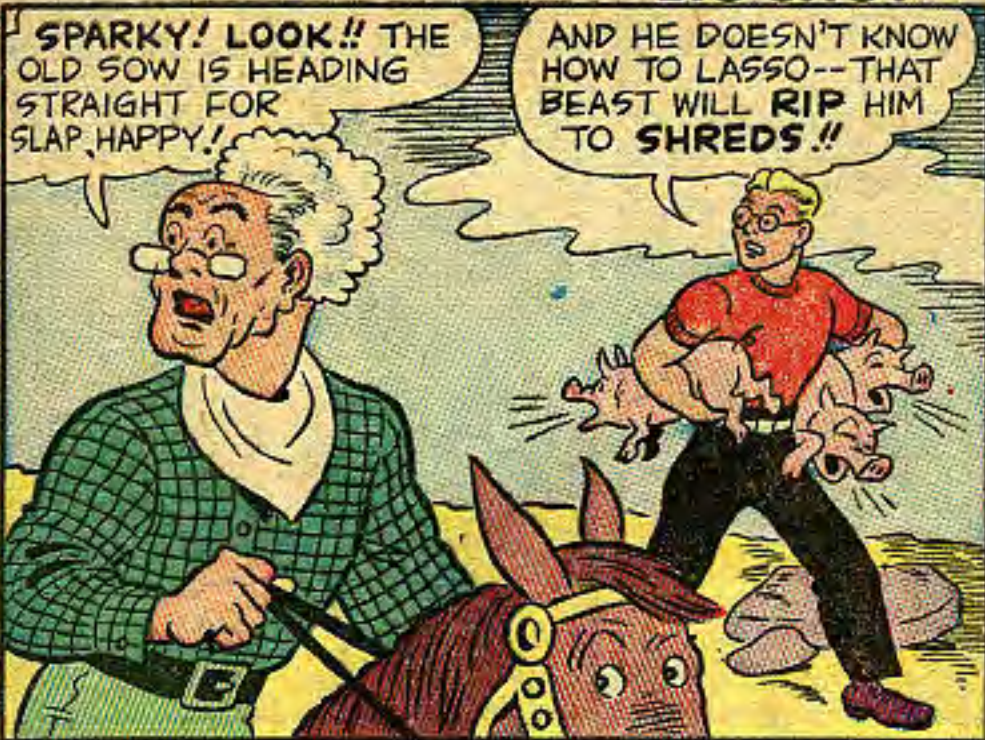
TO THE SECOND GRADE, EH? I'M WASTING MY TIME TALKING TO A DUMB CLUCK LIKE YOU!

THAT SUITS ME! I DON'T CARE TO TALK TO A SMART ALECKY MULE!

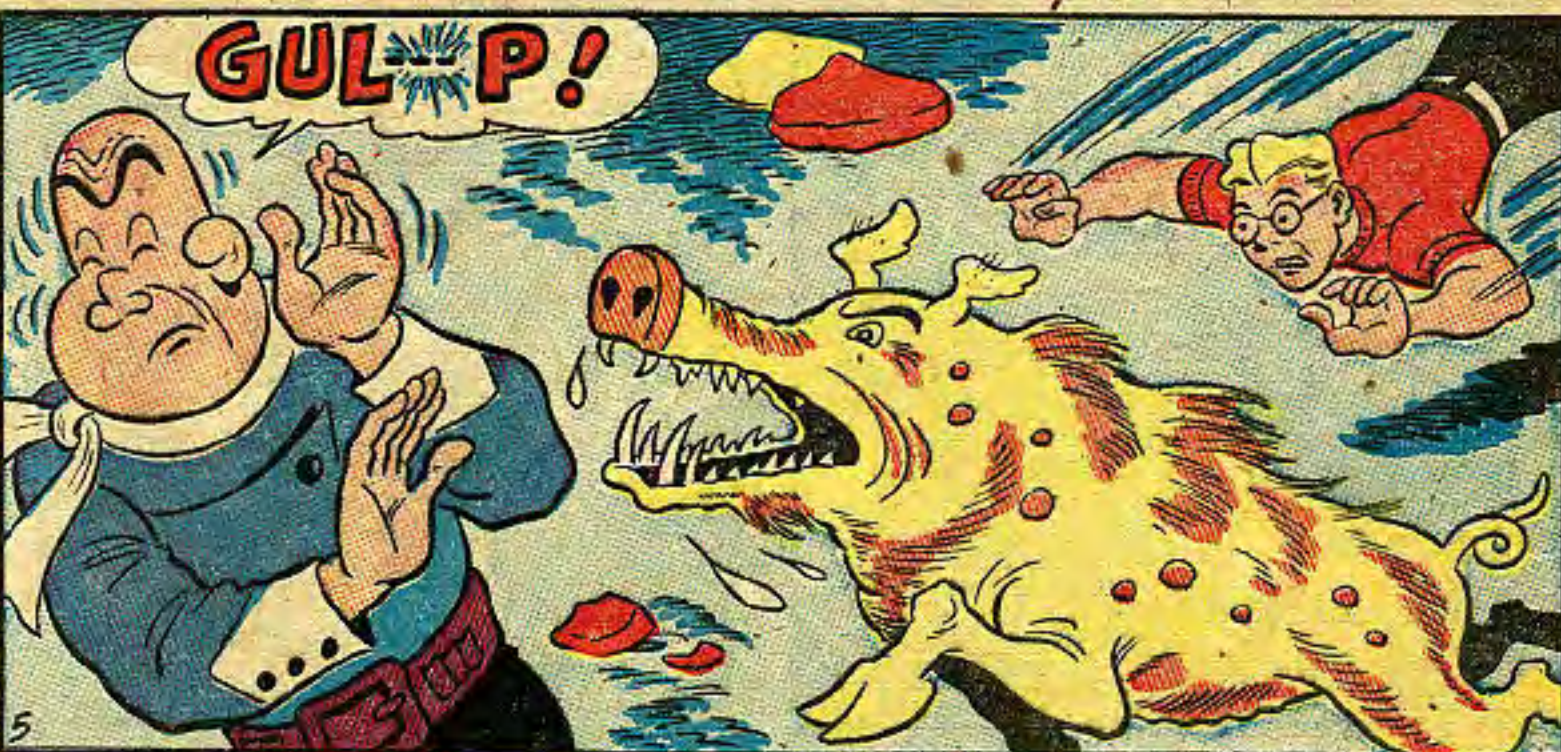
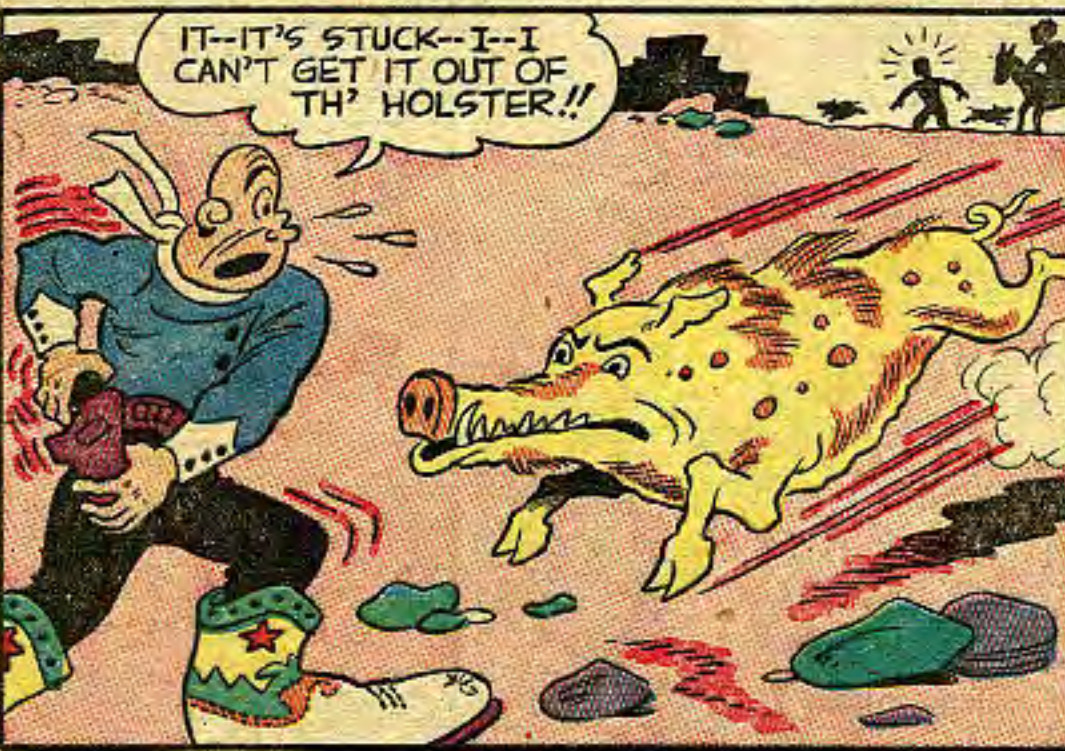
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



AND HE DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO LASSO--THAT BEAST WILL RIP HIM TO SHREDS!!



GULP!

BIG SHOT

HURRY, SLAP HAPPY!
GET YOUR GUN AND
SHOOT--THIS SOW IS
STRONGER THAN A
BULL-- I CAN'T
HOLD HER!

HANG ON ANOTHER
SECOND--IT'S COMIN'
LOOSE!!

THERE! IT
FINALLY CAME
OUT-- TH'
SIGHT MUSTA
GOT CAUGHT
ON---

DON'T TALK--SHOOT
BEFORE SHE BREAKS
MY GLASSES! THANK
GOODNESS YOU HAD
THE GOOD SENSE
TO BUY A GUN!

HOLY HORN-TOADS!
IT--IT'S A WATER
PISTOL !!?

HOLD HER, SPARKY--
DOC AND I'LL GET
OUR ROPES ON
HER!

WATER GUN
--HMM-M!

SO THAT'S WHY THAT
STORE MAN ONLY CHARGED
ME FIFTEEN CENTS-- I
THOUGHT THAT SEEMED A
LITTLE CHEAP FOR A
REAL GAT !!

GET ON, BROTHER!
I APOLOGIZE FOR BEING
SO RUDE TO YOU-- I
DIDN'T REALIZE THEN
THAT WE ARE
RELATIVES!

BIG SHOT

DIXIE DUGAN

By McEVOY and STRIEBEL

A CIRCUS MENAGERIE HAS BEEN LEFT WITH THE DUGANS. ONE EMPTY CAGE HAS THEM PUZZLED UNTIL DIXIE GOES INTO THE HOUSE AND DISCOVERS THE ESCAPEE.

I—I MUST'VE FAINTED

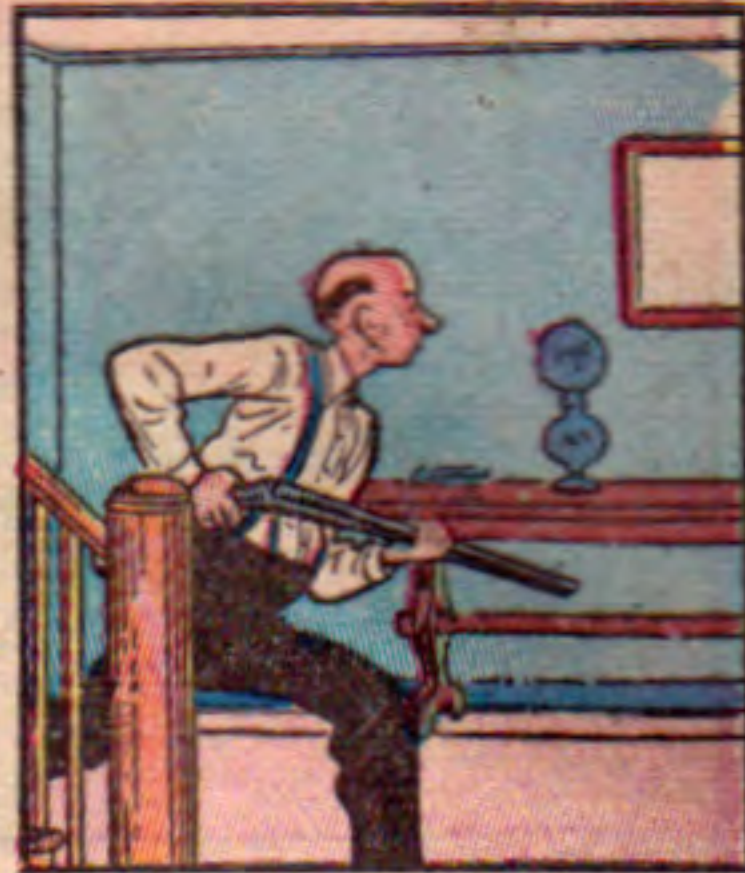
GASP



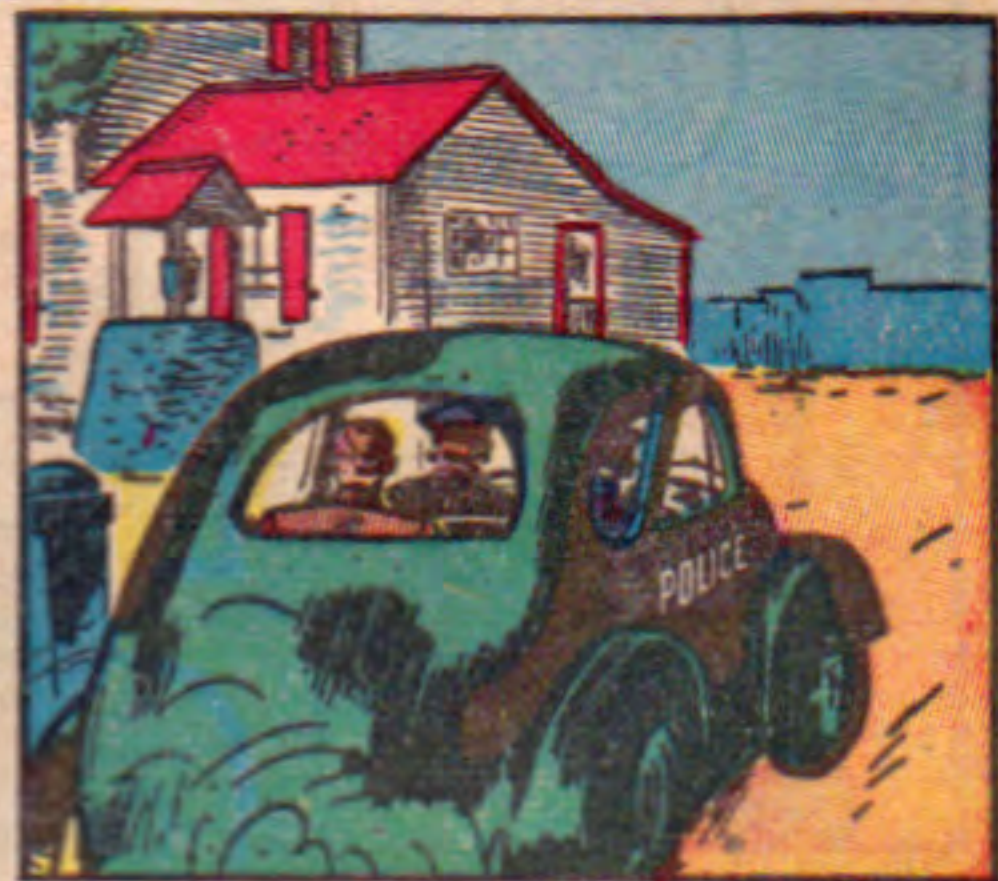
PHEW



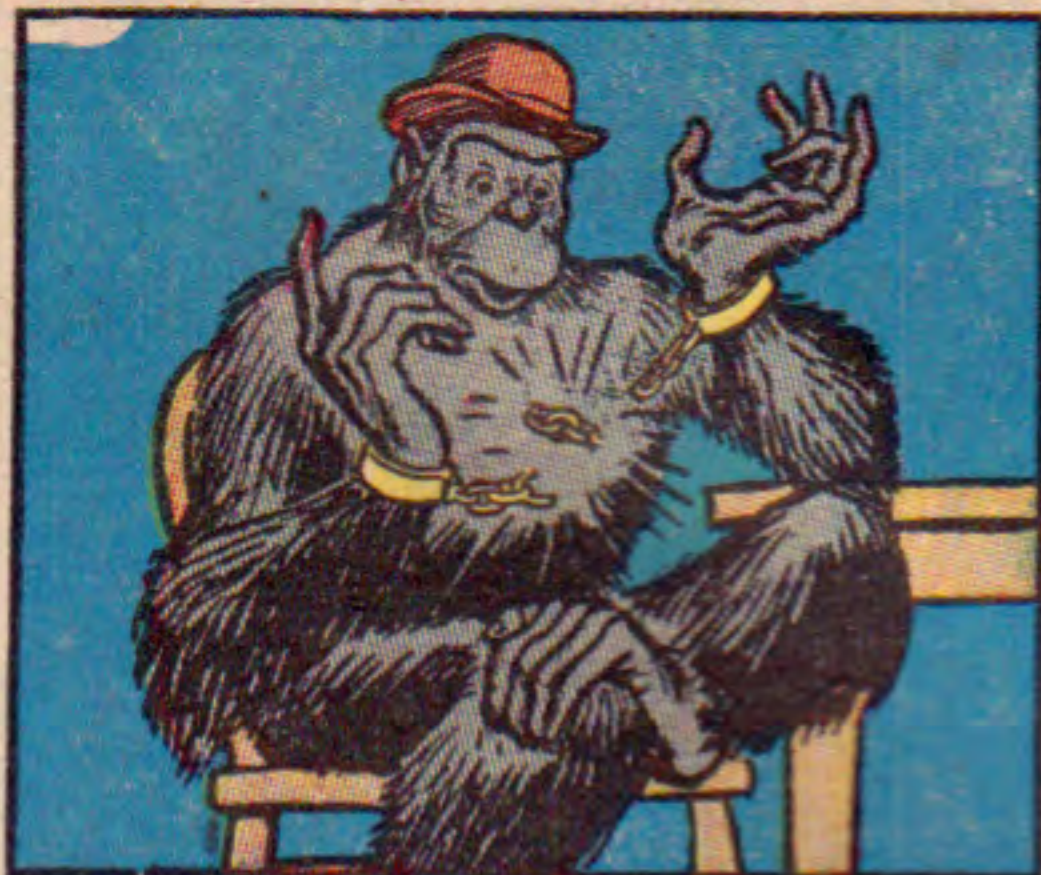
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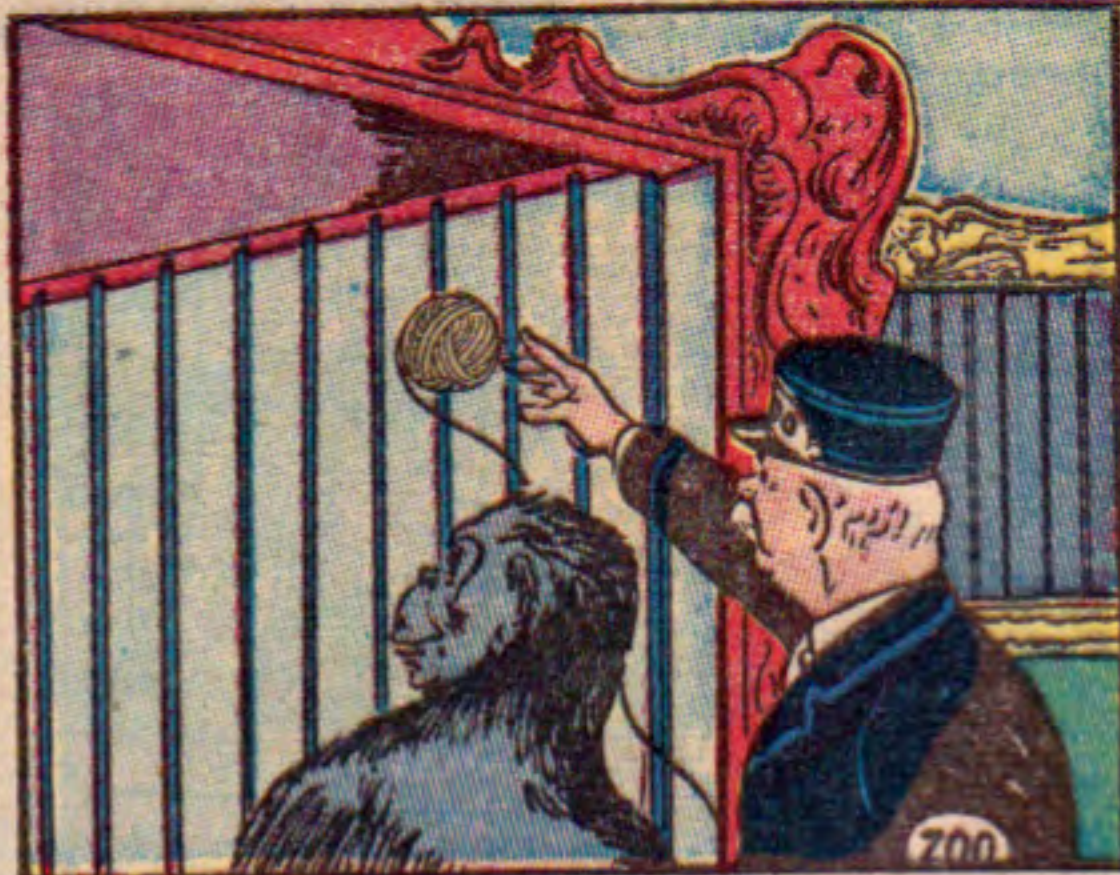
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

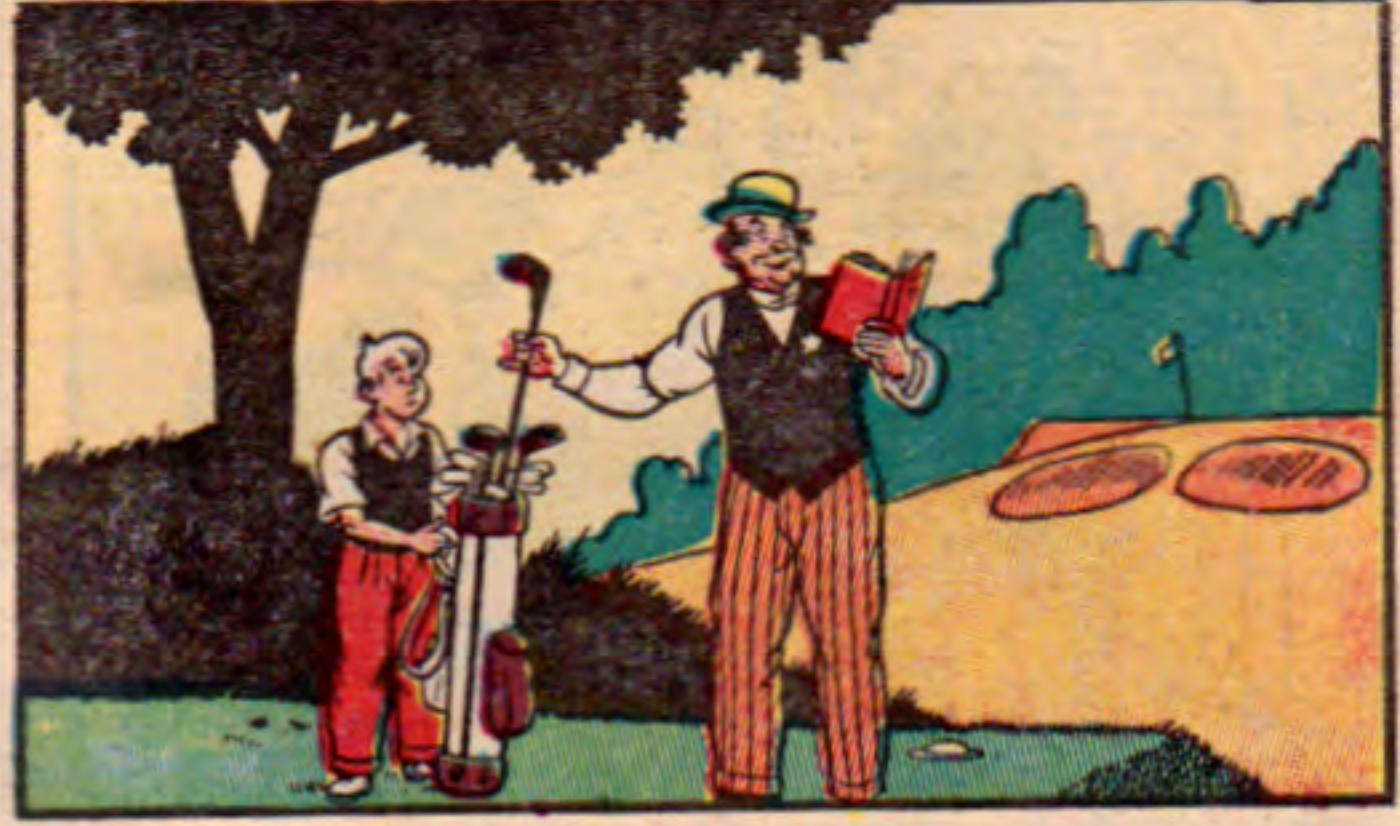
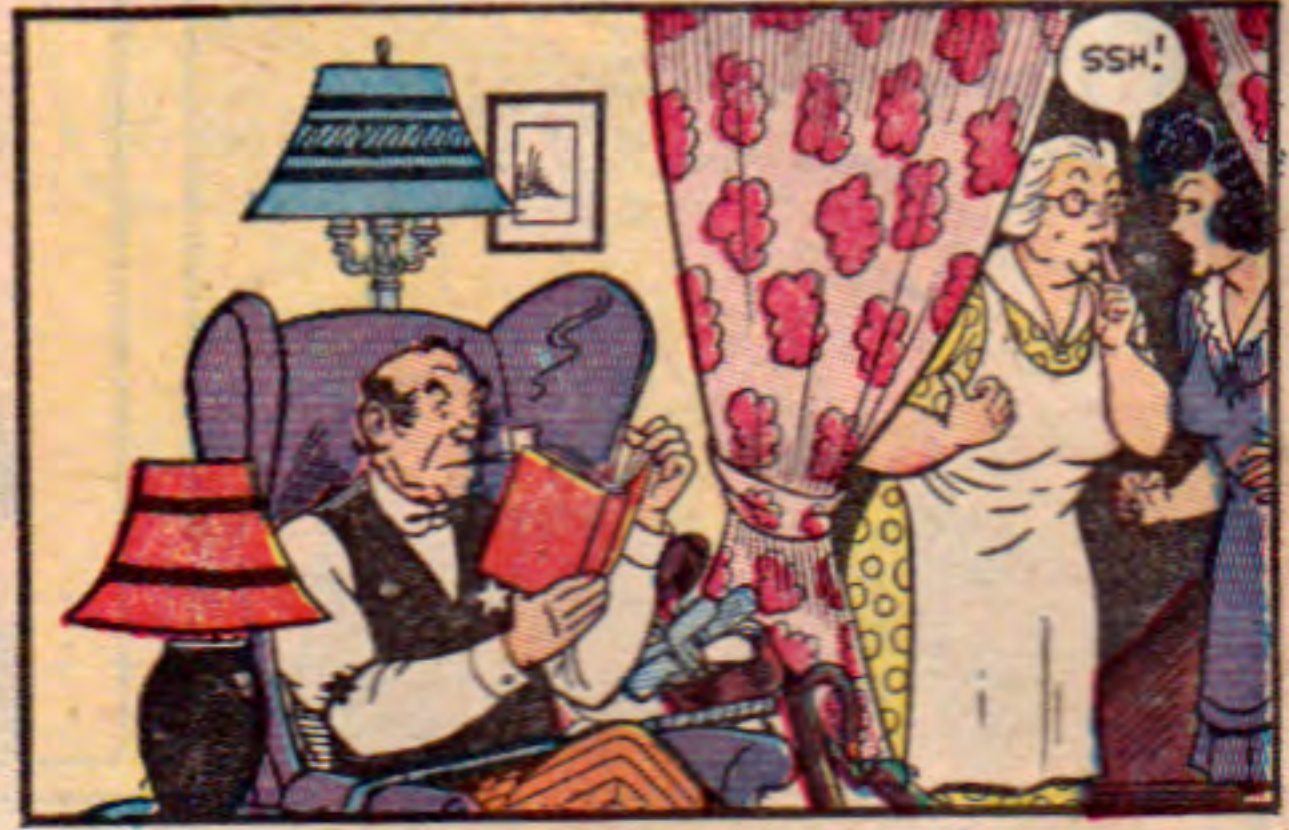


BIG SHOT

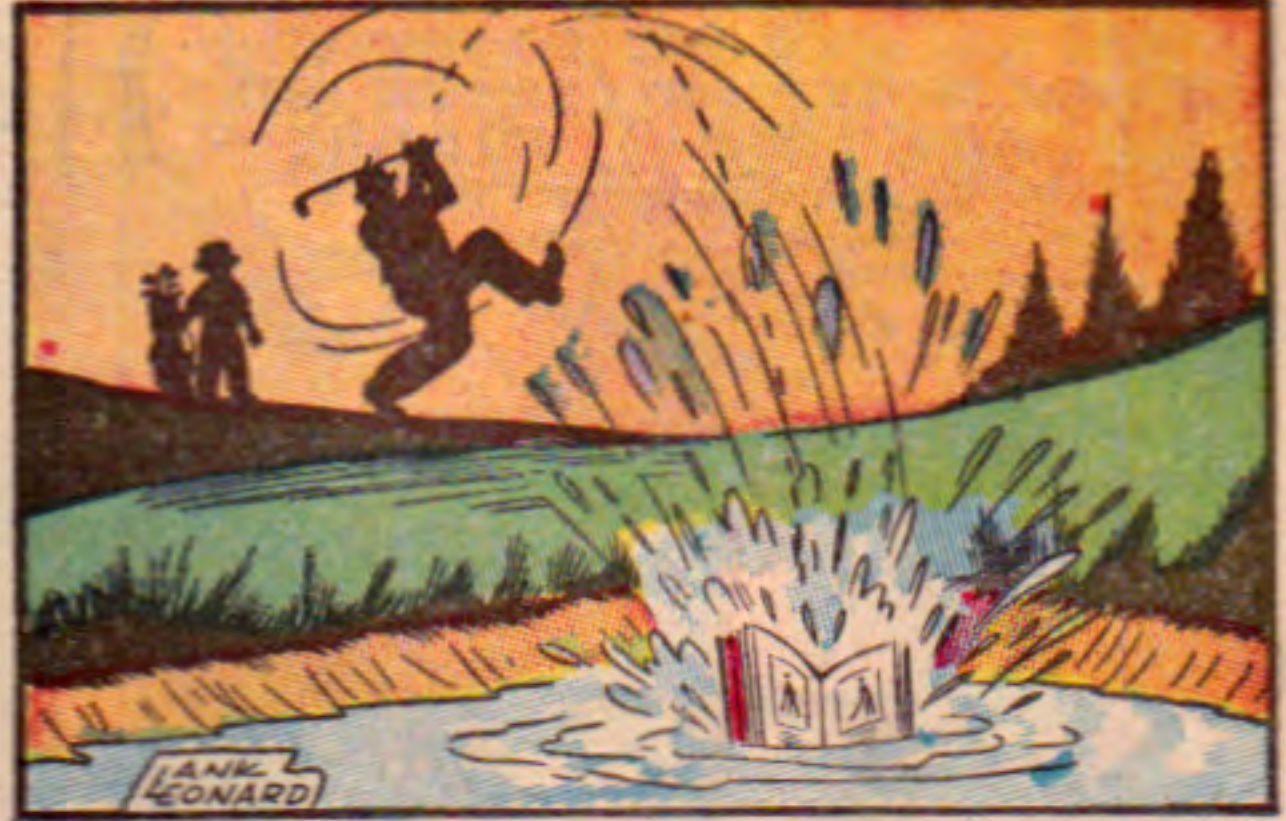


AND SO IT'S
THE END OF
THE MONKEY
BUSINESS
DIXIE
DUGAN
APPEARS
EVERY
MONTH
IN
BIG
SHOT

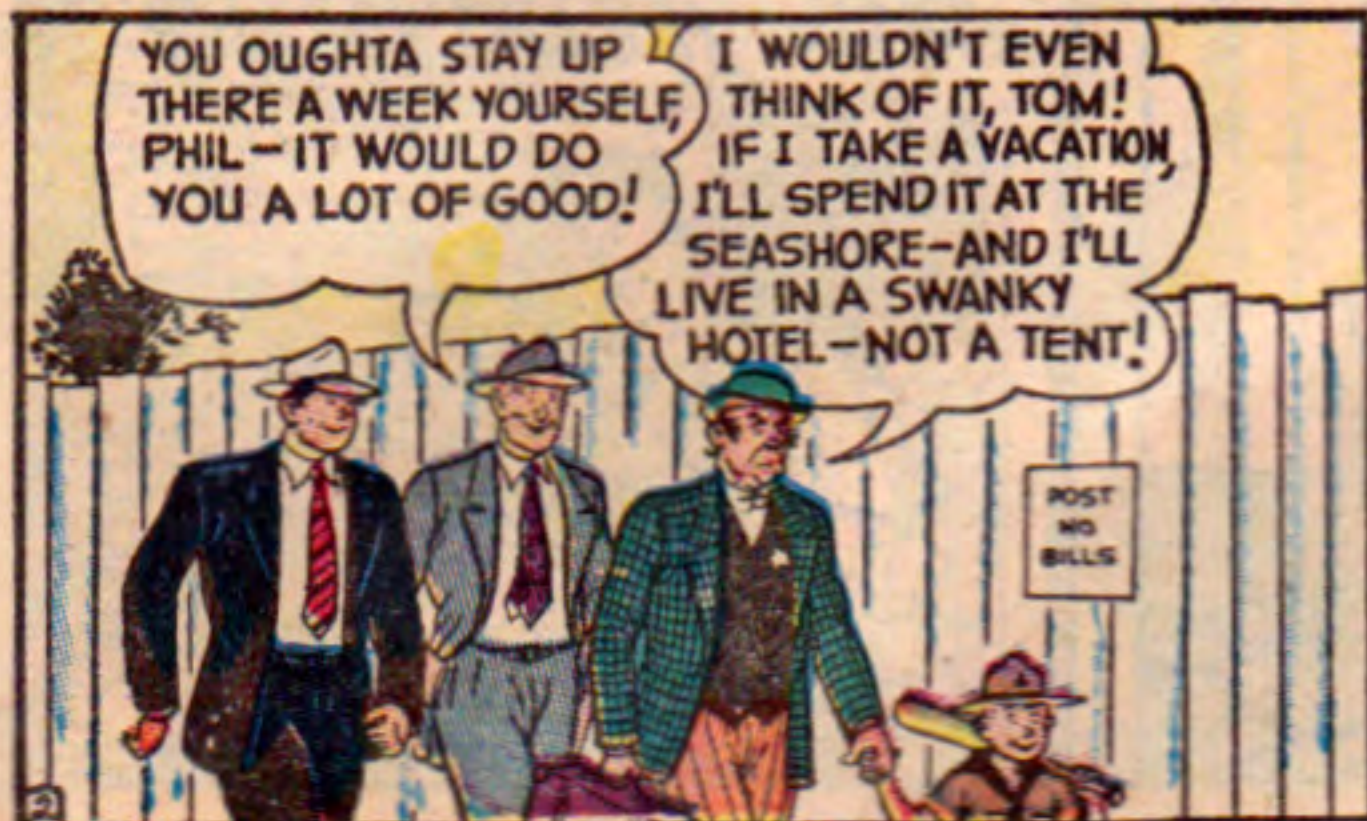
MICKEY FINN



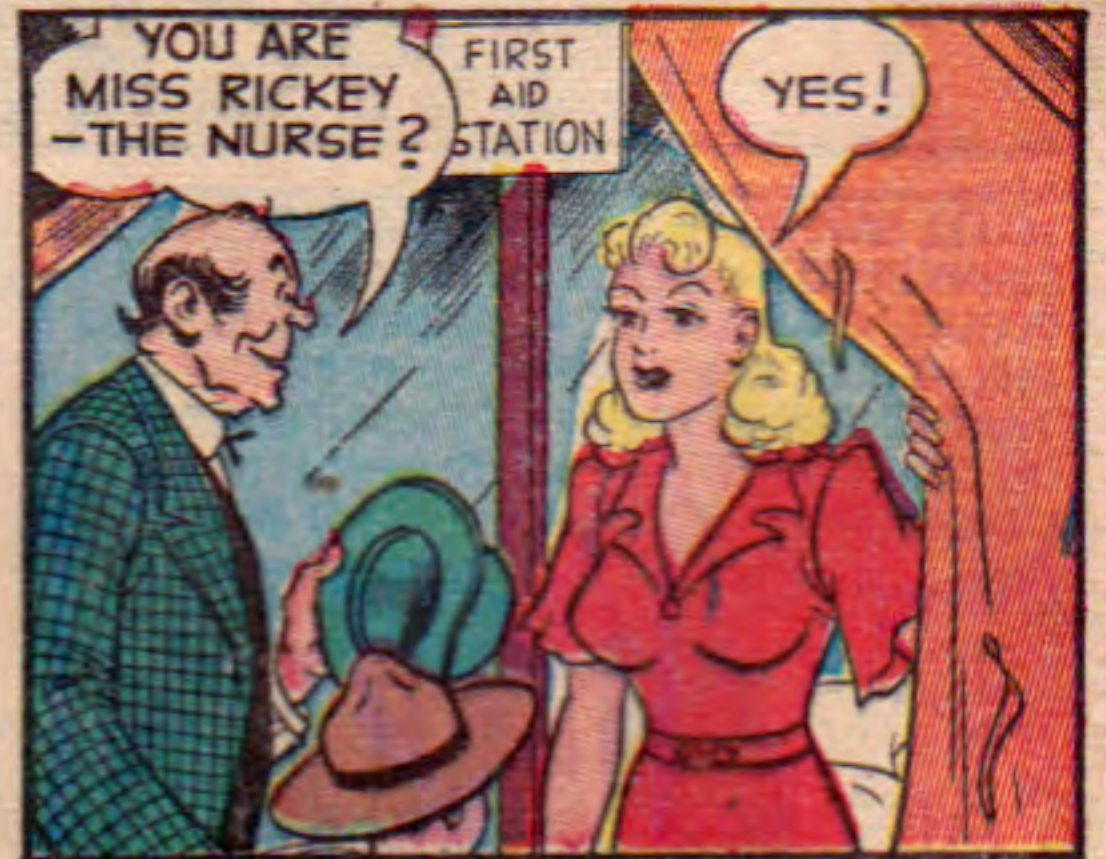
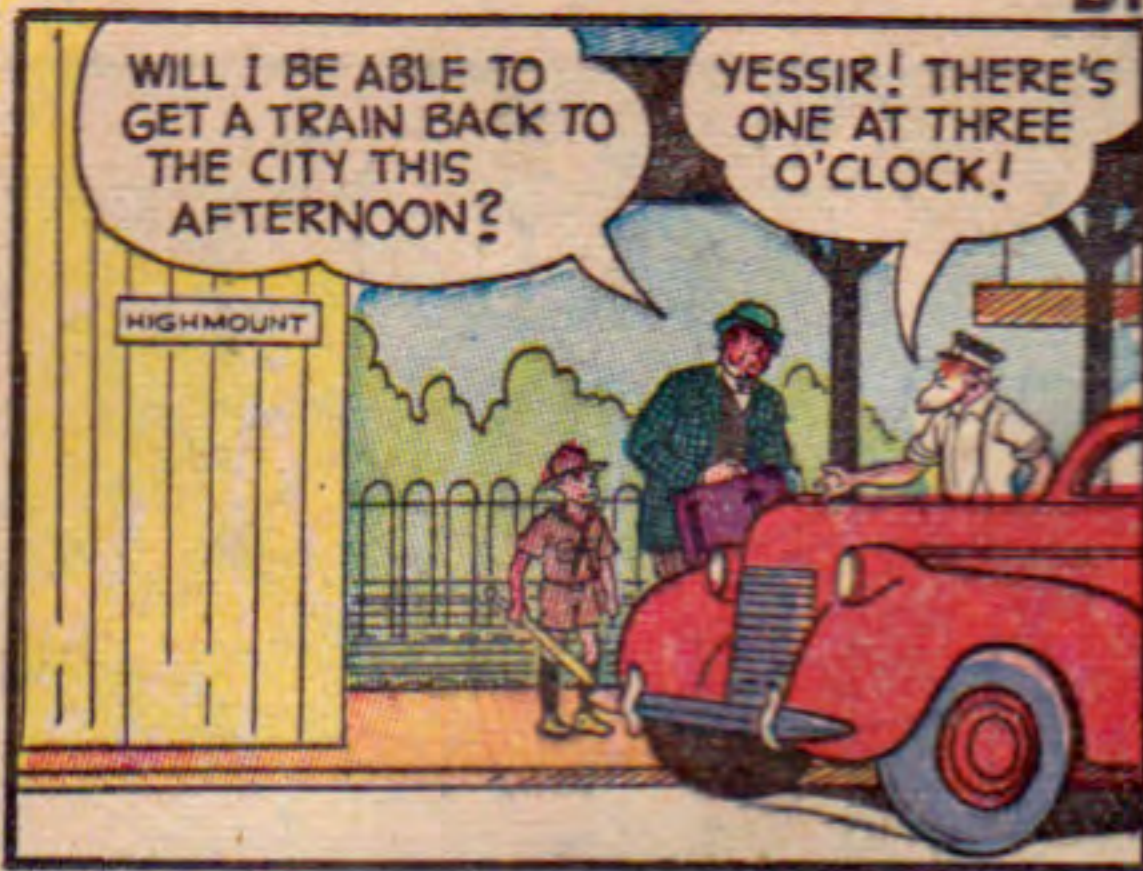
BIG SHOT



MICKEY FINN



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

A WEEK QUICKLY PASSES AND

YOU MEAN UNCLE PHIL IS GOING TO STAY UP AT THE CAMP WITH SUNNY FOR ANOTHER WEEK?

YES, MICHAEL! HERE'S HIS LETTER—HE SAYS HE'S AFRAID SUNNY WOULD MISS HIM TOO MUCH IF HE CAME HOME NOW!

HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN A NURSE, MISS RICKEY?

THREE YEARS! BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME NOW, SHERIFF—I HAVE SOME LETTERS THAT I MUST WRITE!

HOW MUCH LONGER IS THAT OLD SCREWBALL GONNA STAY HERE? HE EATS MORE THAN TWENTY KIDS!

AND HIS BRAGGING! IT'S TERRIBLE! I WISH I COULD GET HIM TO GO!

I'LL BET I COULD GET RID OF HIM EASY—AND QUICK!

HOW?

WELL, YOU HEARD HIM TELLIN' THE KIDS LAST NIGHT WHAT A GREAT HUNTER HE WAS, DIDN'T YOU?

YES! AND THE WORST PART OF IT IS, THEY BELIEVE ALL HIS STORIES! THEY THINK HE'S QUITE A HERO!

EXACTLY! SO WE'LL SHOW HIM UP! AND WHEN THE KIDS FIND OUT HE'S A PHONY, HE'LL BEAT IT—YOU'LL SEE!

BUT HOW ARE YOU GOING TO DO IT?

?

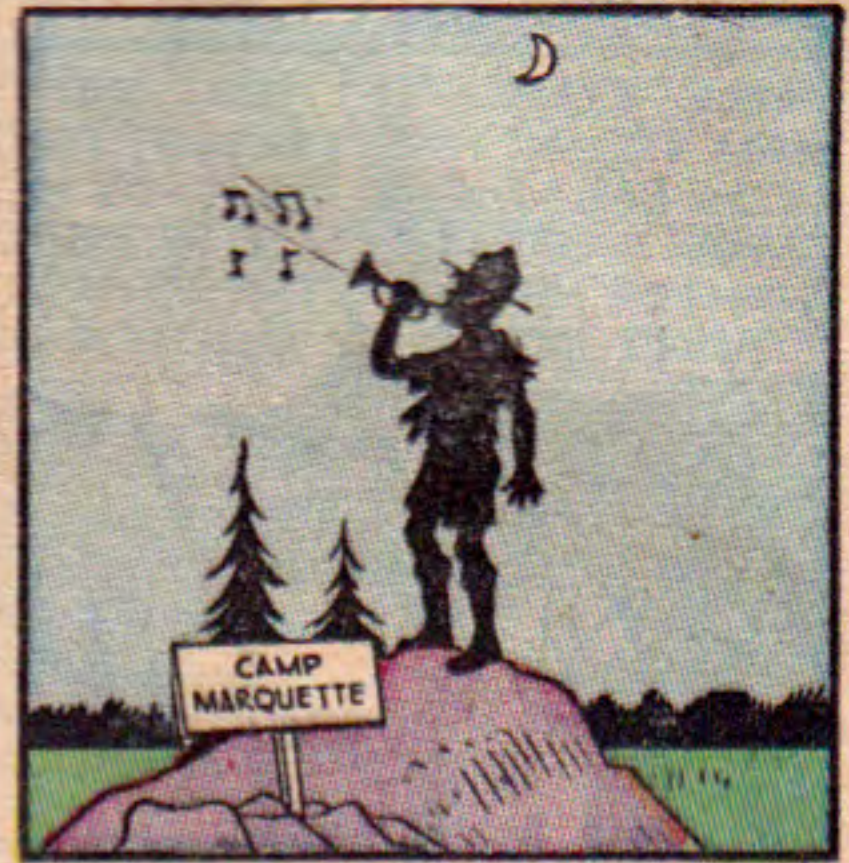
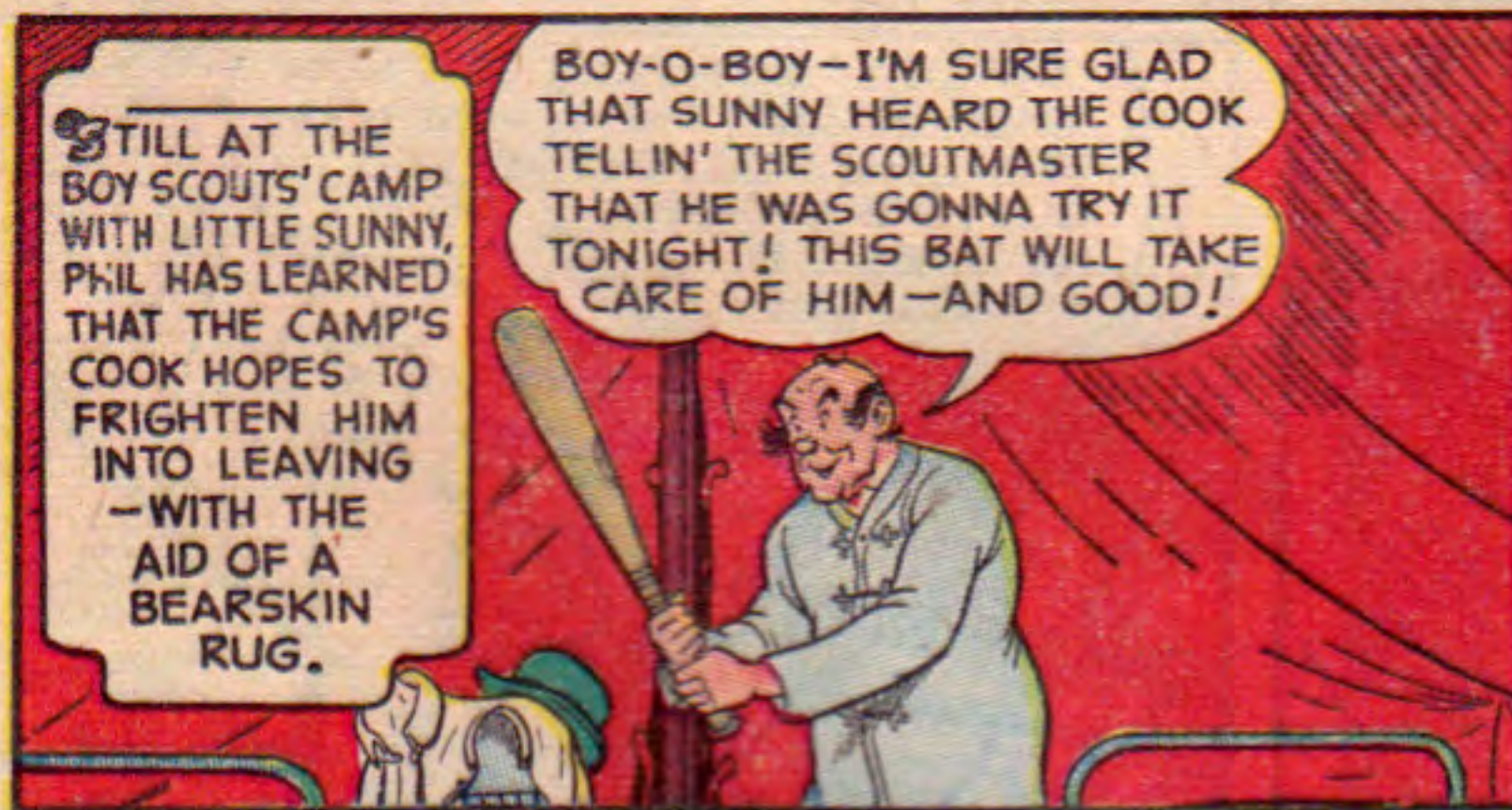
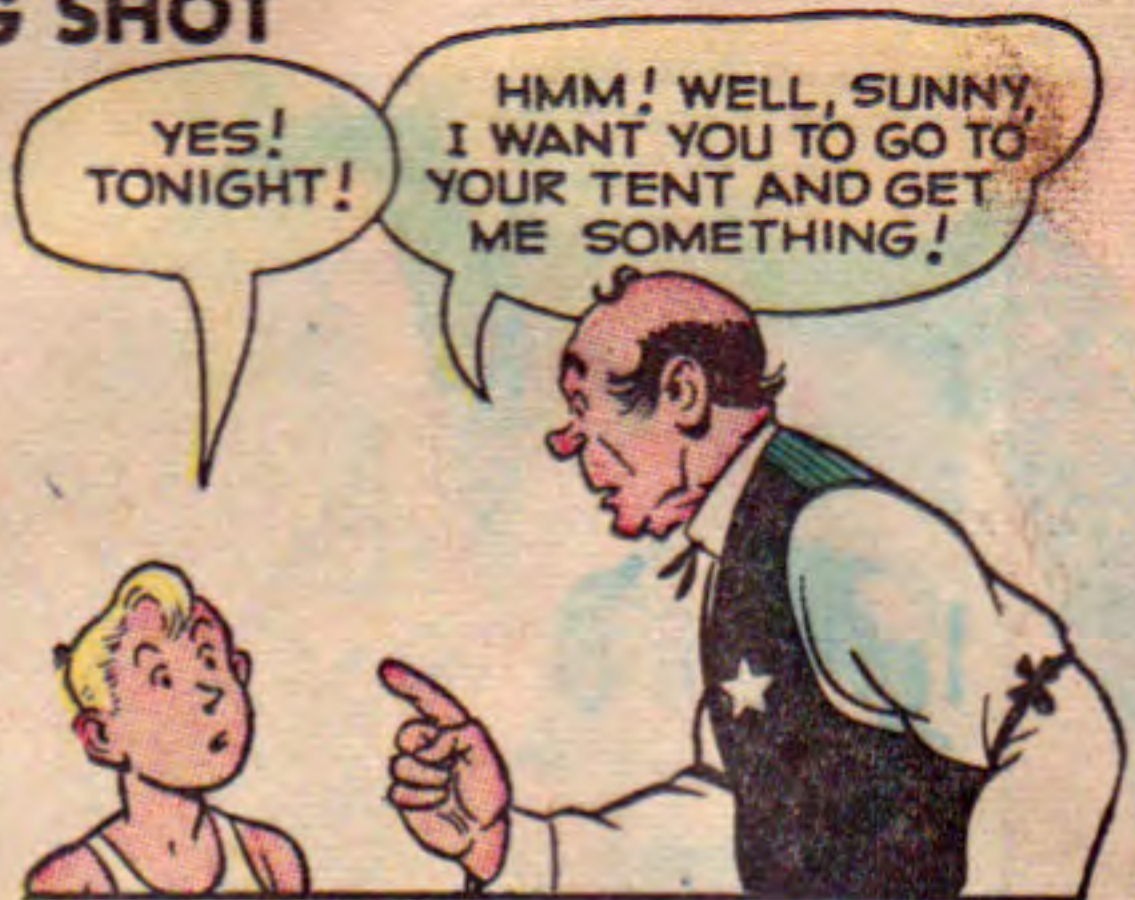
I BOUGHT THIS BEAR SKIN RUG DOWN IN THE VILLAGE LAST WEEK—I'LL PUT IT OVER ME, AND CRAWL INTO HIS TENT—TONIGHT!

A MARVELOUS IDEA! I CAN SEE HIM RUNNING OUT NOW—YELLING FOR HELP!

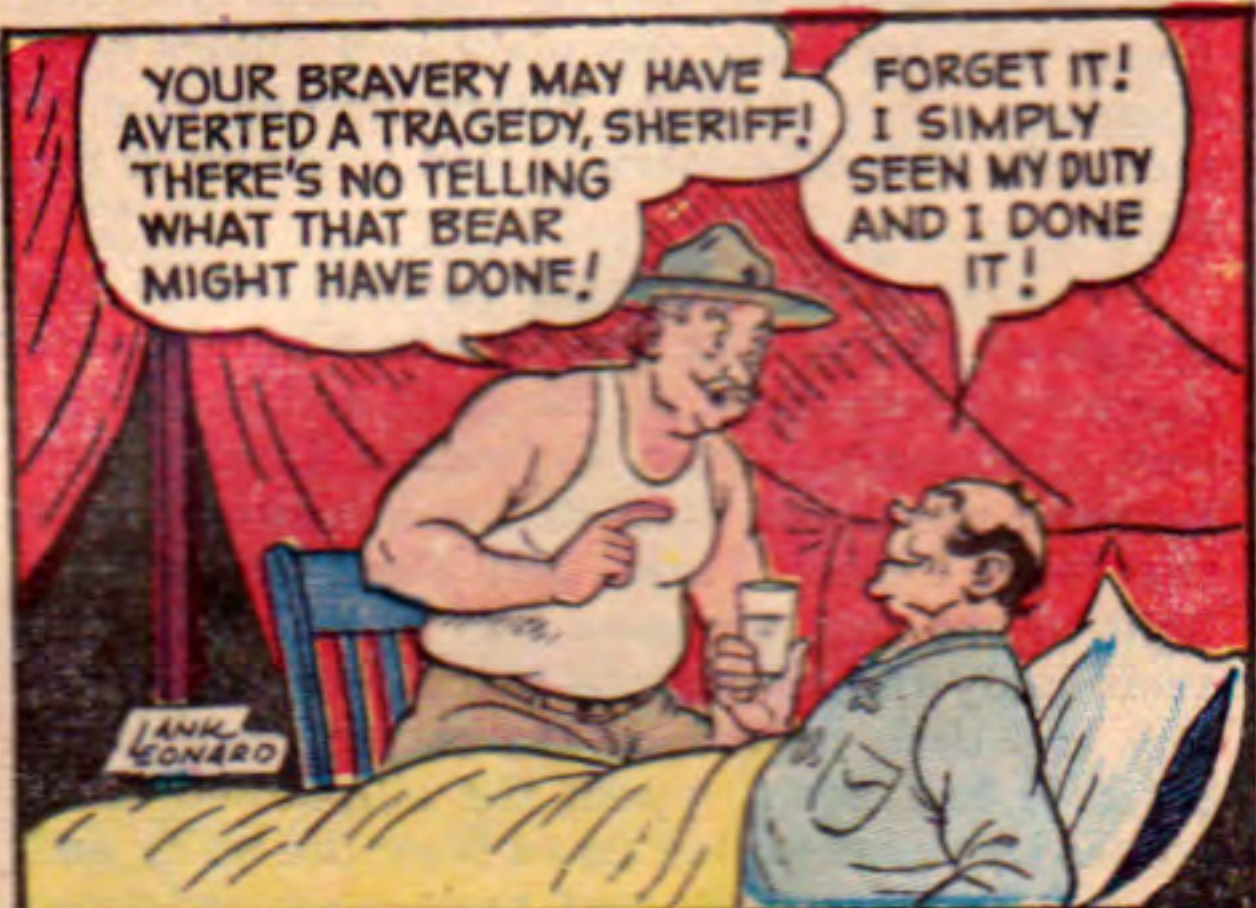
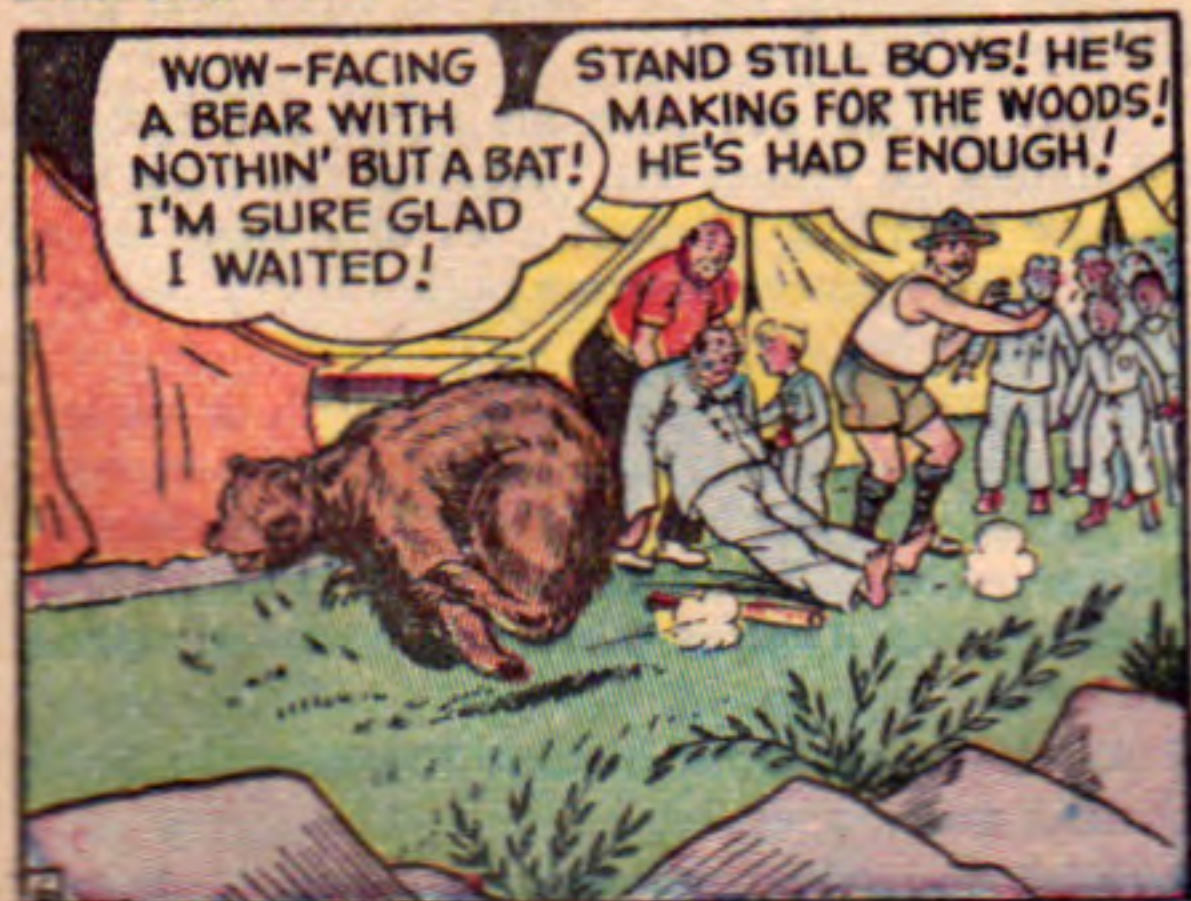
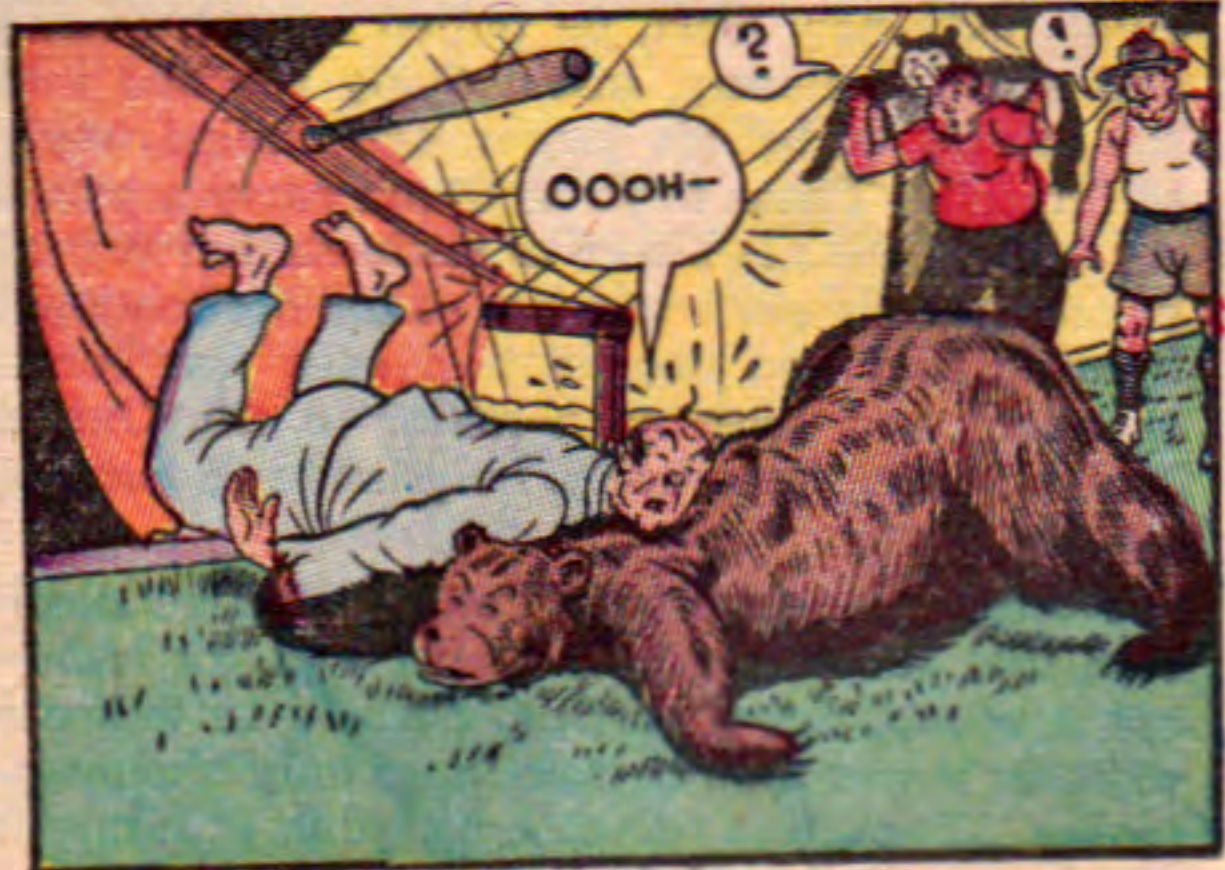
IT WON'T DO THE KIDS ANY HARM TO HAVE THEIR SLEEP BROKEN ONE NIGHT—AND IT'LL BE WORTH IT!

DEFINITELY!

BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



LANK LEONARD



Visitors for Tony Trent

By MART BAILEY

TONY TRENT stepped off the elevator at the twenty-seventh floor of Essex Towers, where he kept a three-room suite, and walked down the deserted corridor without the slightest suspicion that for him this was to be a night of danger and destiny.

It was only after he had closed the door of his apartment behind him that he *felt* the presence of an insidious evil in the dark about him. His ears detected no unusual sound; his eyes, still not dilated from the subdued light of the hall outside, saw nothing in the blackness; but a sudden, tingling chill iced up and down his spine, and fear of the unknown clutched at his scalp like an Indian with a knife.

Tony arrested his fingers before they touched the light switch. Every nerve in his tall, muscular body now alert, he pulled back his hand and swiftly, silently, instinctively reached into the armpit under his jacket, and smiled wryly to himself. These days he didn't carry a pistol. As chief of the news staff of radio station WBSC he thought his work was free of the occupational hazards that had dogged him as a war correspondent and later as a major in the United States Army. Apparently, he grinned to himself, he was wrong.

Nothing yet confirmed Tony's intuitive suspicion that something evil lay in wait for him—not a sound, not a stirring, nothing to indicate whether it was man or demon, or only his imagination. Tony was tempted to laugh at himself; but he remembered feeling this same creeping horror and revulsion one night in a village near Bombay a few seconds before coming face to face with a deadly cobra poised to strike in the dark.

His eyes were becoming accustomed to the unlighted room. But the Venetian blinds were down and very little of the neon and incandescent illumination from Columbus Circle crept between the drawn slats of the Venetian blinds that faced Central Park. Still there was enough light to see that someone had been busily and thoroughly ransacking the place. The sofa cushions had been thrown off the carpet; sections of the sofa had been ripped; the oil-painted landscapes had been pulled down from the walls, and papers from his desk had been scattered from the limply open drawers.

Tony Trent found himself getting angry. If the ransacker were still in the room, Tony Trent would teach him not to meddle again among other people's private affairs.

Only a few seconds had elapsed since he entered the apartment. He could still reach out and turn on the lights without indicating his suspicions of the evil thing that lurked somewhere nearby. He thought of doing so. After all, he had been silhouetted long enough in the open doorway against the corridor light for whoever lay in wait for him to throw a knife or fire a pistol. But until he had armed himself, he didn't want to put himself completely at the mercy of whoever was watching. If he could reach the desk, and if the pistol were still there—

Tony Trent dropped to his hands and knees, and started crawling on all fours across the rug. His movements were swift and silent, like those of a cat; yet at every moment he could feel eyes watching him, and he felt foolish and completely helpless.

Touching the carved foot of the mahogany desk, his clammy, wet hand slid up towards the drawer where he kept his automatic. Almost frantically his fingers groped inside—but the automatic was *gone!*

A floor board creaked in protest against some heavy, unseen body. Tony caught his breath.

There was a bronze statue on the desk, a trophy he had won at college. It would serve for a weapon.

Tony reached for it—and his wrist was gripped by an iron hand!

Tony flailed out with his other fist, but the fist flailed on empty air. Against the dark wall he saw a darker silhouette, as of a huge, apish man. Then powerful arms pulled him close in a suffocating bear hug.

Furiously Tony struggled. With a violent heave he broke free, and swung his fist at what he judged was the creature's jaw. This time his fist connected. The creature hurtled backwards, knocked over a coffee table, and battered against the wall.

At the very same instant the electric lights clicked on.

"We have had enough violence, I think," growled a throaty voice.

BIG SHOT

Almost blinded by the sudden sharp brilliance of the ceiling lights, Tony saw first only the giant sprawled on the carpet. But the briefest glance told him that, for the moment at least, the unconscious brute was incapable of speech. *Someone else was in the room!* The hackles rose on Tony's neck as he realized that behind him stood an accomplice, possibly more dangerous than the brute on the floor.

"Do not attempt anything that should make me squeeze this trigger," said the throaty voice, and Tony, turning slowly, looked into the muzzle of an automatic pistol.

The man behind the pistol was medium-sized but chunky, and he wore a black domino mask that concealed the upper portion of his face. Below the mask his thin-lipped mouth was grim and his jutting jaw-line brutal. Despite this, however, he evidently prided himself upon being a man of culture. His expensive, immaculate clothes were freshly pressed, and he pronounced his words meticulously, like an educated foreigner. The fingers which pointed the automatic pistol at Tony Trent's head were neatly manicured.

"What do you want?" demanded Tony Trent. His body was deceptively relaxed, like that of a caged tiger, every muscle ready to snap into instant action at the smallest opportunity.

"A letter," replied the masked man.

"A letter?"

"Yes, a letter which a compatriot of mine had smuggled into this country. It contains a lot of nonsense. You know the sort of thing—that our new government is murdering the people who disagree with it, and all the other unpleasant propaganda."

"If it is just nonsense," asked Tony Trent, "what are you afraid of?"

"Some people might believe it, not knowing that the writer has—has gone insane—and been confined to a—mental institution. Should public opinion in this country be sufficiently aroused by the lunatic ravings of that letter, the loan which my government proposes to obtain from the United States might be jeopardized."

Tony Trent eyed his visitor critically. "What is the name of your government?" he asked.

"I am not here to answer your questions," growled the masked man. "You know, if you have read the letter. Give it to me."

Tony Trent shrugged. "I have no such letter."

"Do not trifle with me!" warned the masked man. "We have gone to great lengths to get that letter. We shall not stop at murder."

"You're wasting your time," said Tony Trent. "If there is such a letter, it hasn't arrived yet."

"Enough talking," snapped the masked man, his eyes glinting behind the slits of the black mask. "Come closer, so I can search you."

As Tony started to move forward, the door buzzer sounded—so suddenly that the masked man forgot his caution and turned momentarily

in the direction of the door. And in that moment Tony Trent struck. The masked man, his head jerked violently back by Tony's swift uppercut, flew across the room, slammed against the wall, and crumpled beside the still unconscious giant.

"Anything wrong, Mister Trent?" inquired a voice through the metal door.

Tony picked up the automatic pistol. "Everything's under control," he said, and opened the door.

"Yes, sir," said the wizened bellhop, his eyes bugging from the pistol in Tony's hand to the two men sprawled over the broken coffee table in the disordered room.

Taking the letter from the bellhop's numb fingers, Tony glanced briefly at the scrawled handwriting on the bulky, soiled envelope. Instantly there flashed in his memory a vision of one of the world's most famous editors, old Bradicich, one of the real liberals on the Continent, who for decades had warned of the dreadful thing that would take possession of Europe like seven thousand demons, so that no man would be able to call his soul his own. And now old Bradicich's predictions were coming to pass like the prophecies of the Bible, and nation after nation was being consumed by the Dreadful Thing. Even kindly old Bradicich, according to the masked man, had been dragged off to an asylum, which was really a torture chamber. Anger stirred within Tony Trent.

Only a split second had elapsed since he first fingered the travel-scuffed envelope which somehow had escaped from the prison house that was once a happy country. He did not yet try to read the document, which had been passed on like a sacred thing by so many trembling hands, which had been smuggled out of that afflicted nation with one last hope that finally, above the glib oratory of dishonest diplomats, the truth might be heard like a cry for help, like a prayer to the Almighty for deliverance.

And, miracle of miracles, the cry for help had got through despite all the vigilance and violence of those who would have strangled it. Within an hour Tony Trent would be speaking over radio station WBSC to all America with the voice of old Editor Bradicich, with the voice of all enslaved Europe.

Tony Trent smiled. "You aren't a foreign spy, are you?" he asked the bellhop, joking.

"Me?" The bellhop made a grimace. "Naw. I'm a member of the Hotel Workers' and Maintenance Operators' Union—in good standing."

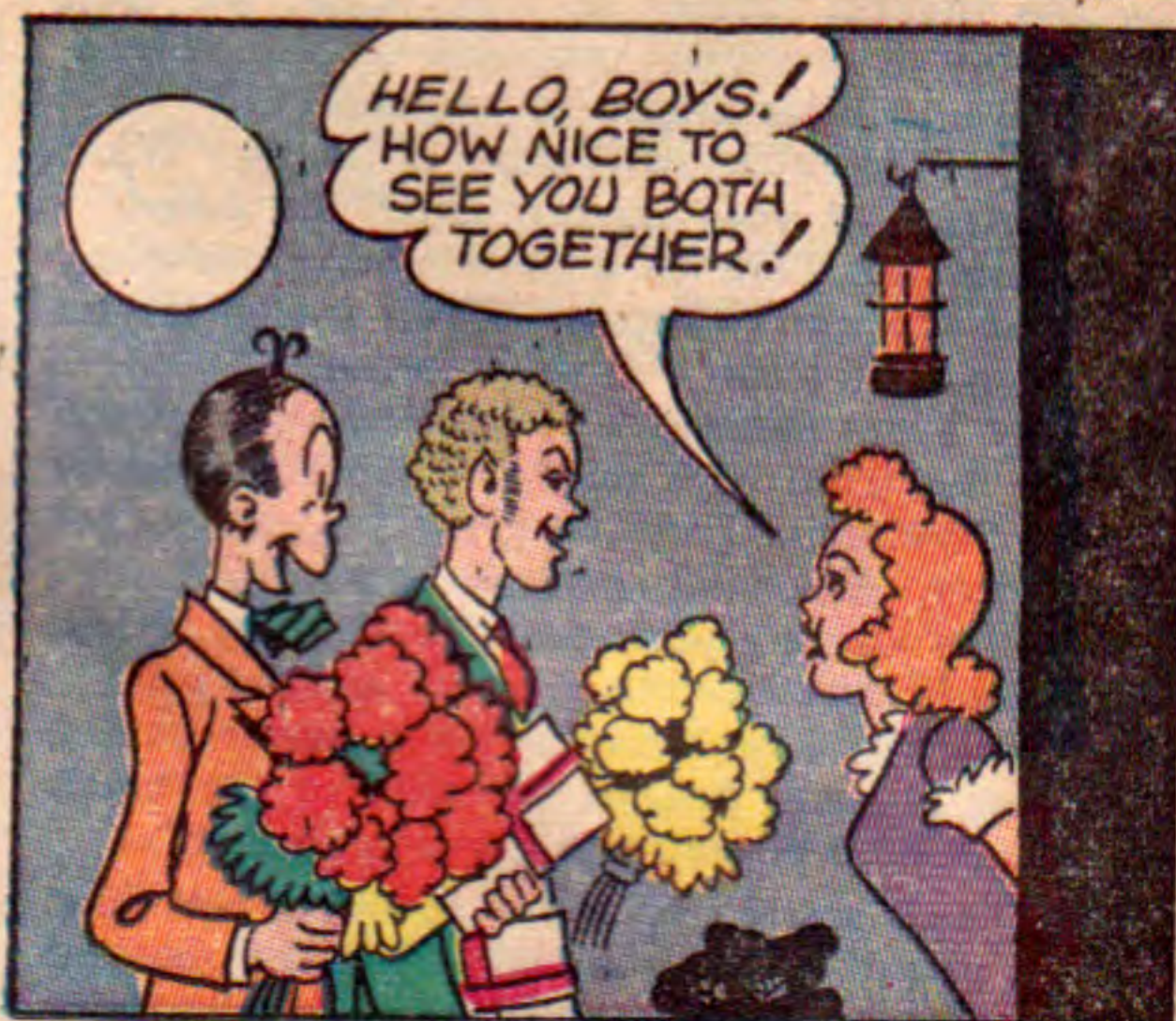
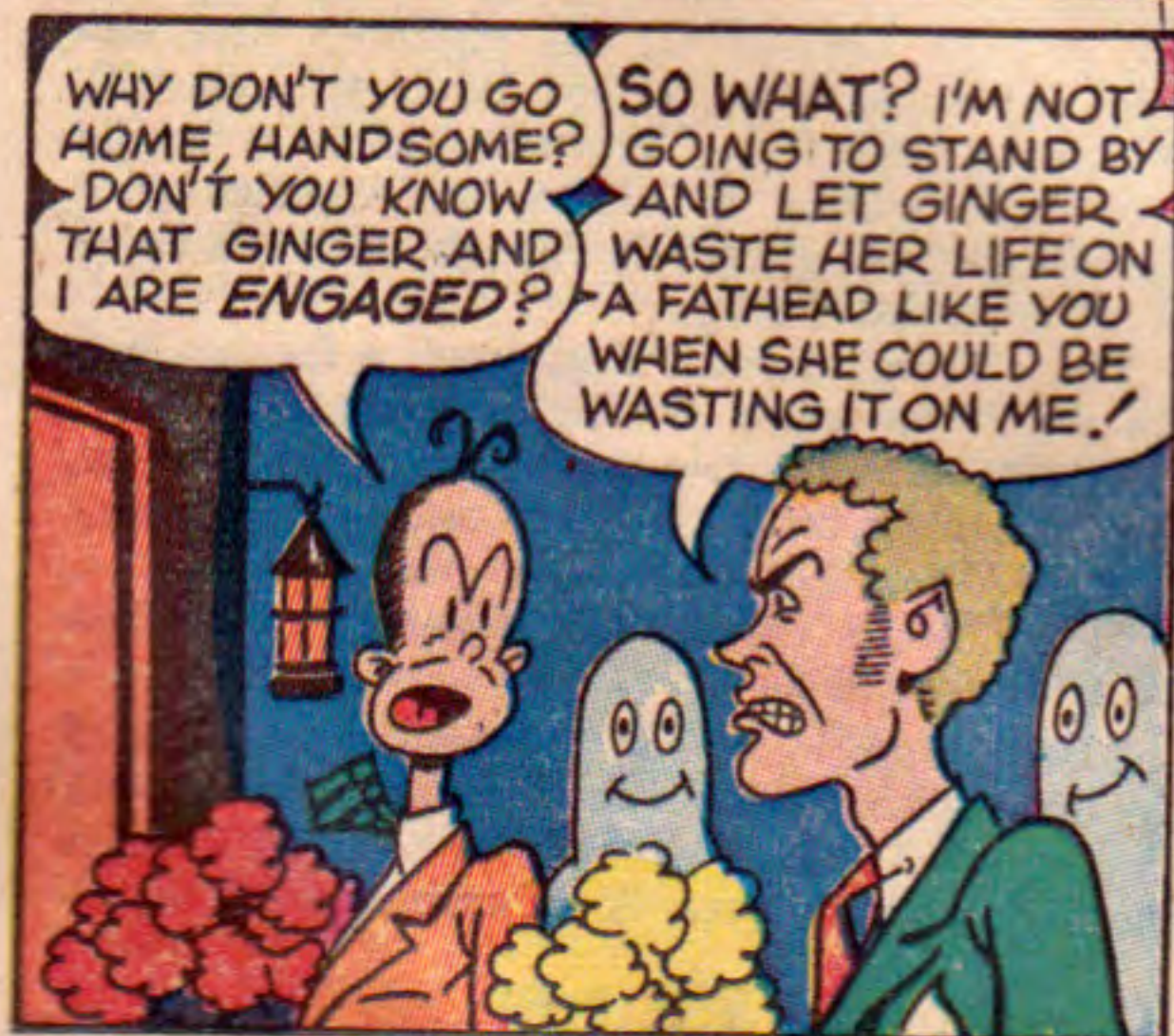
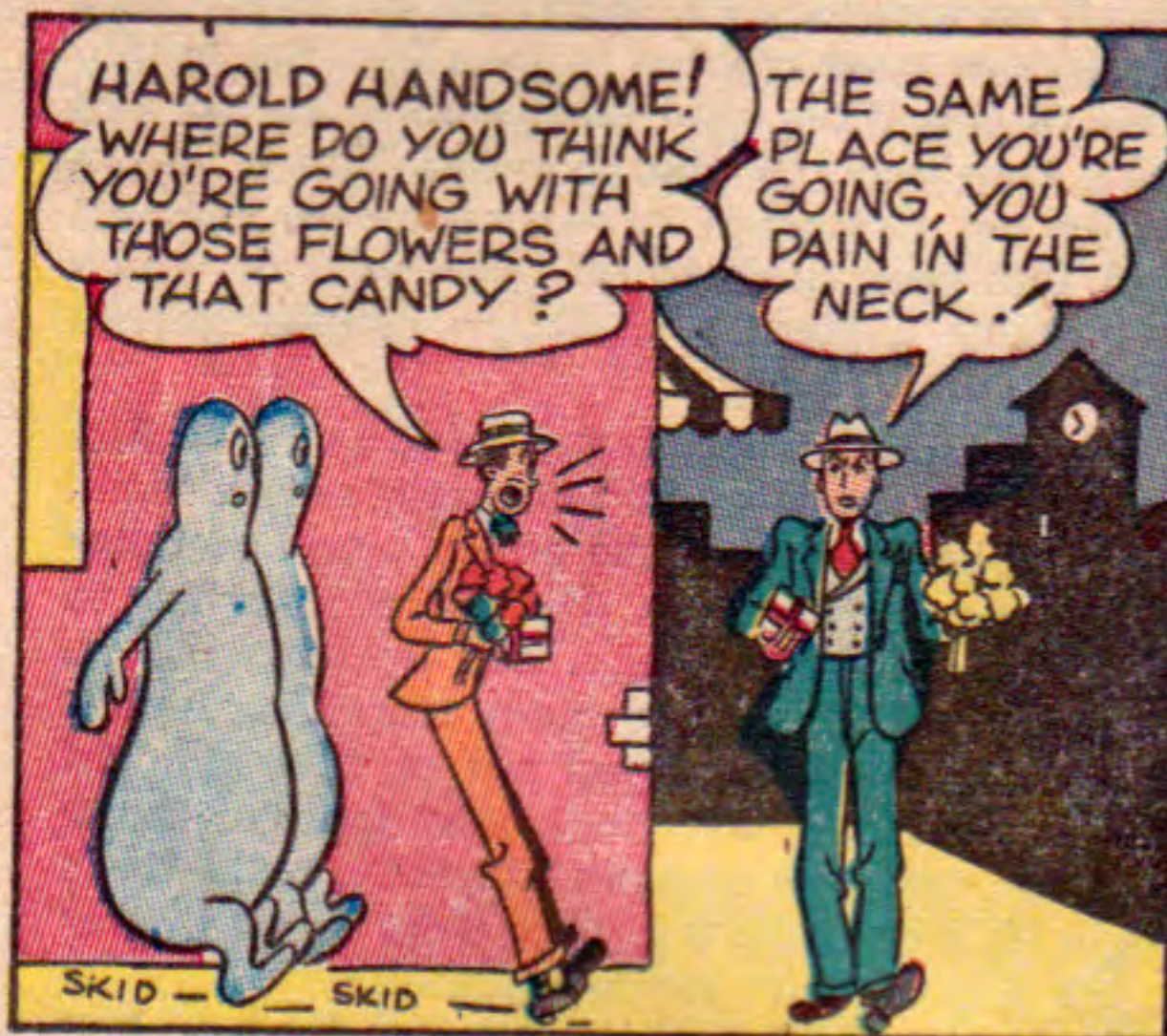
"Then," said Tony Trent quietly, "you'd better call the police."

The bellhop looked at the crumpled forms of the unconscious men in the disordered room. He winked at Tony. "Right!" he said. "Though what they really need is an ambulance!"

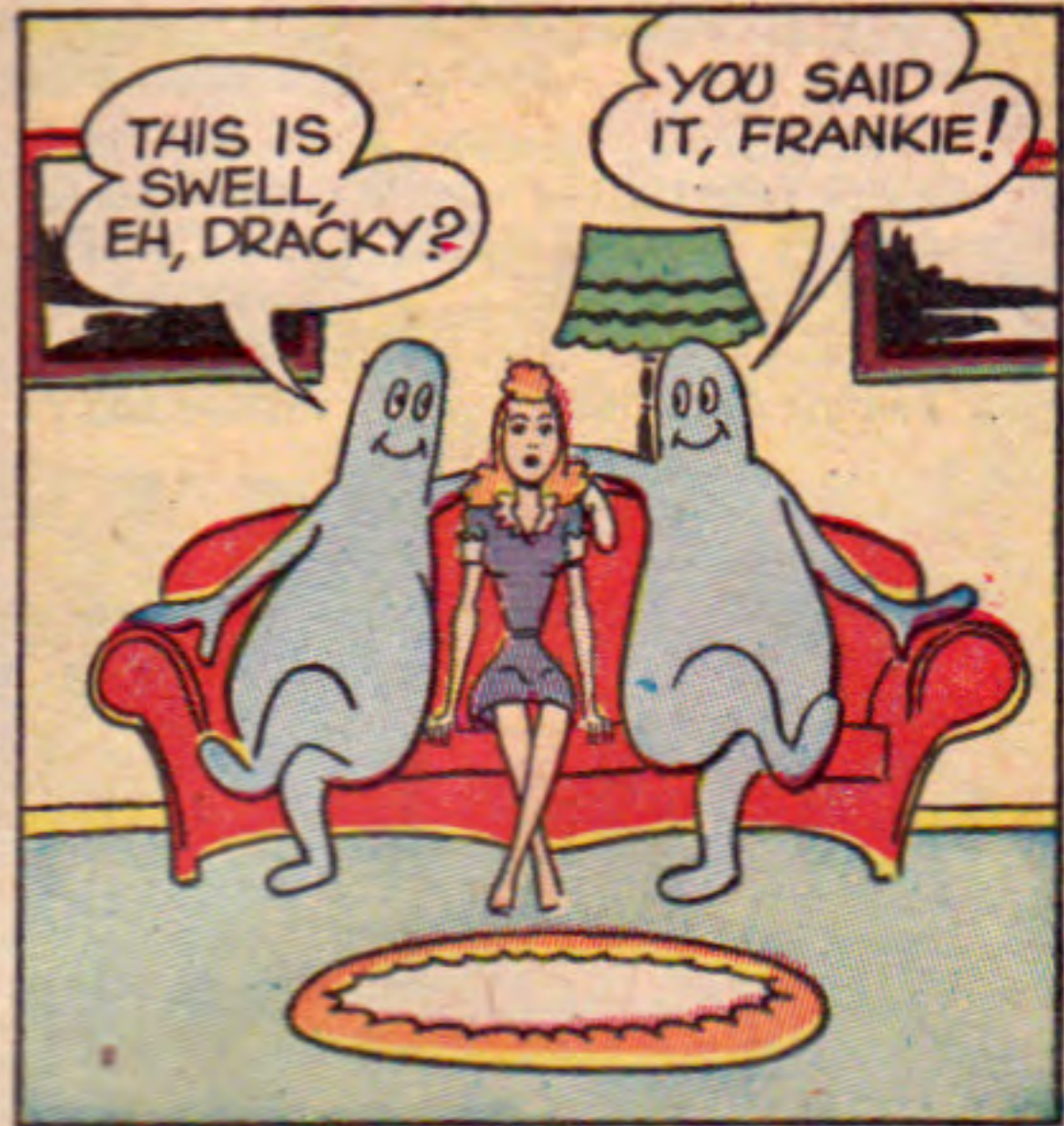
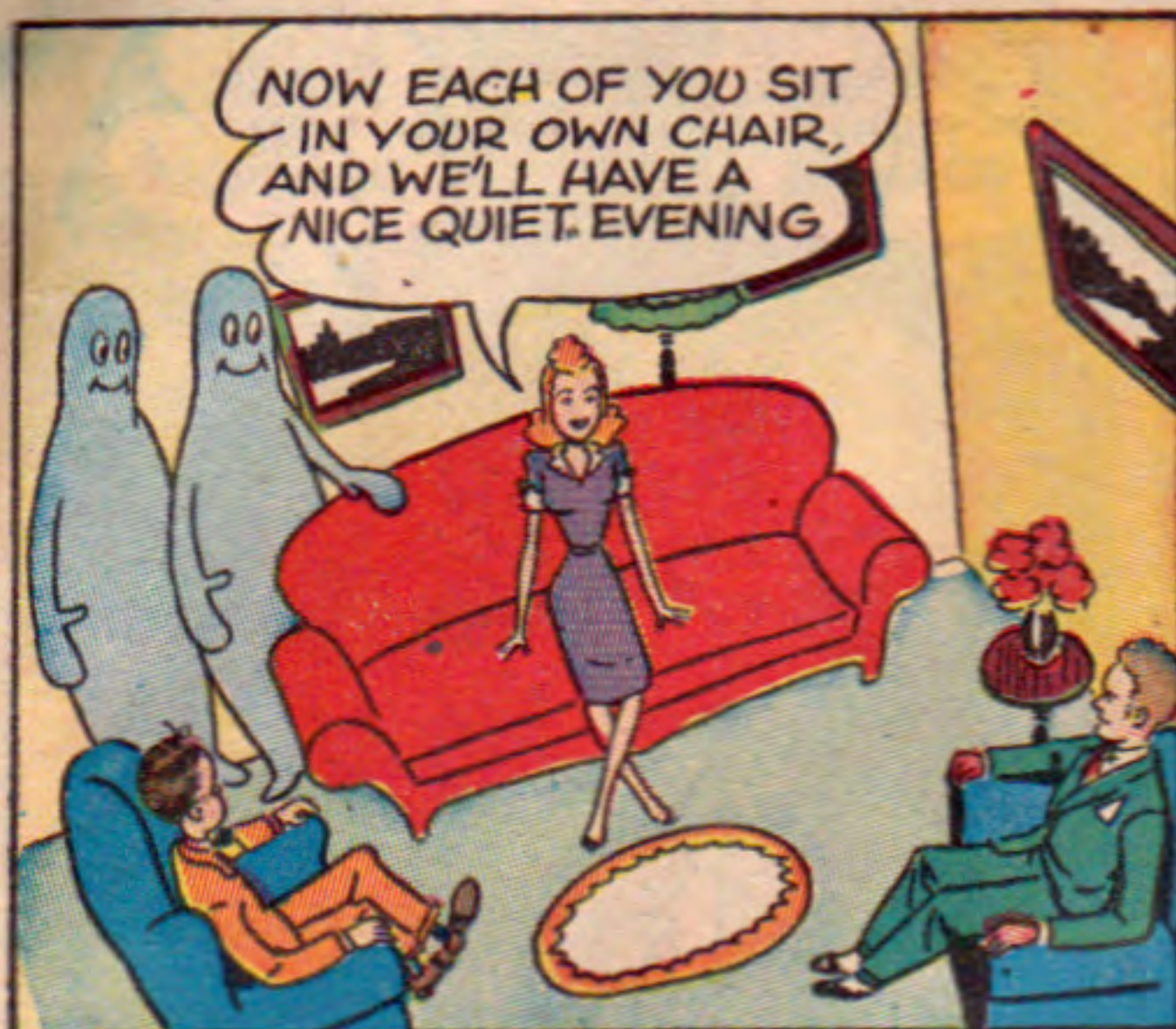
THE END

BRASS KNUCKLES

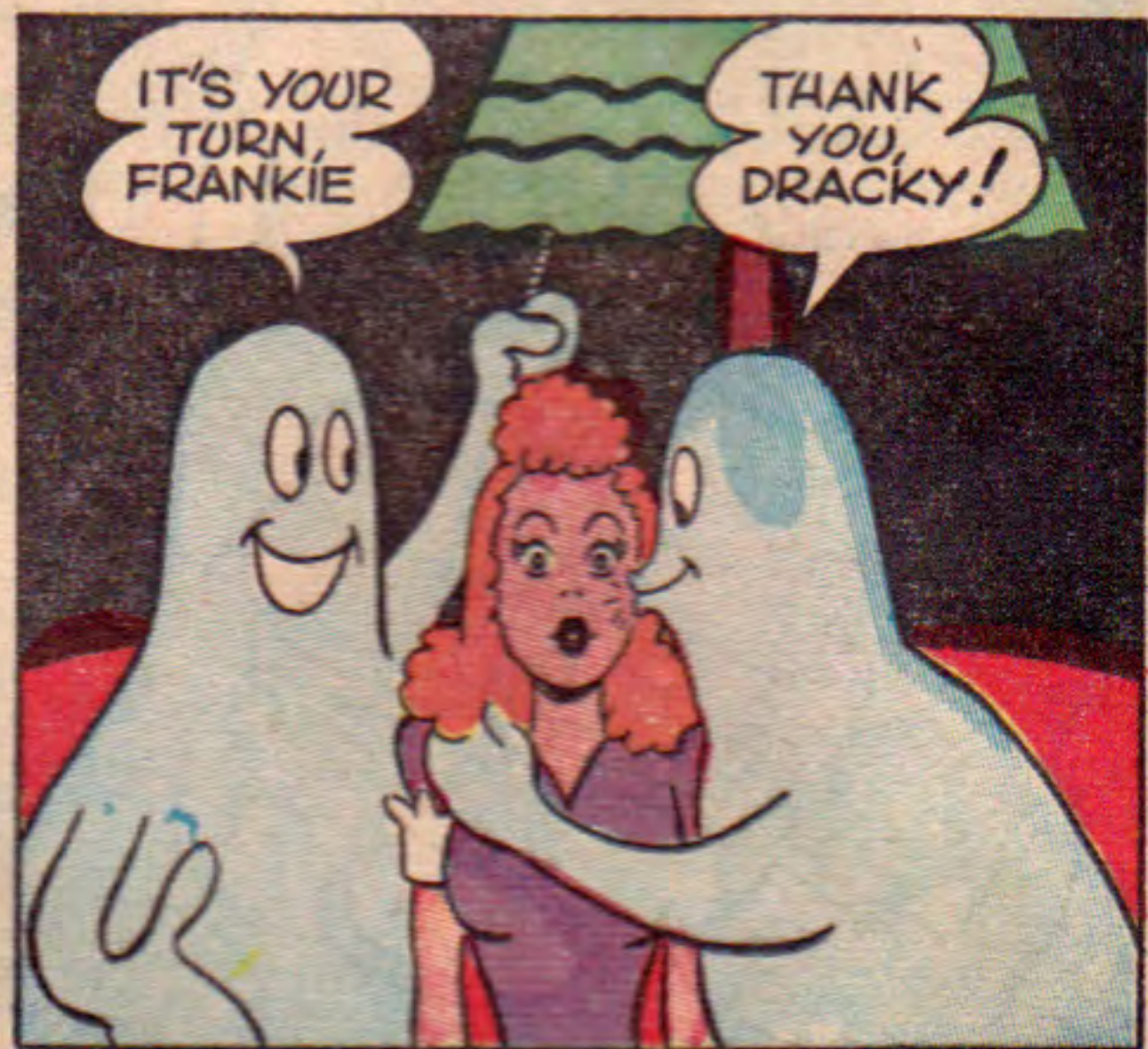
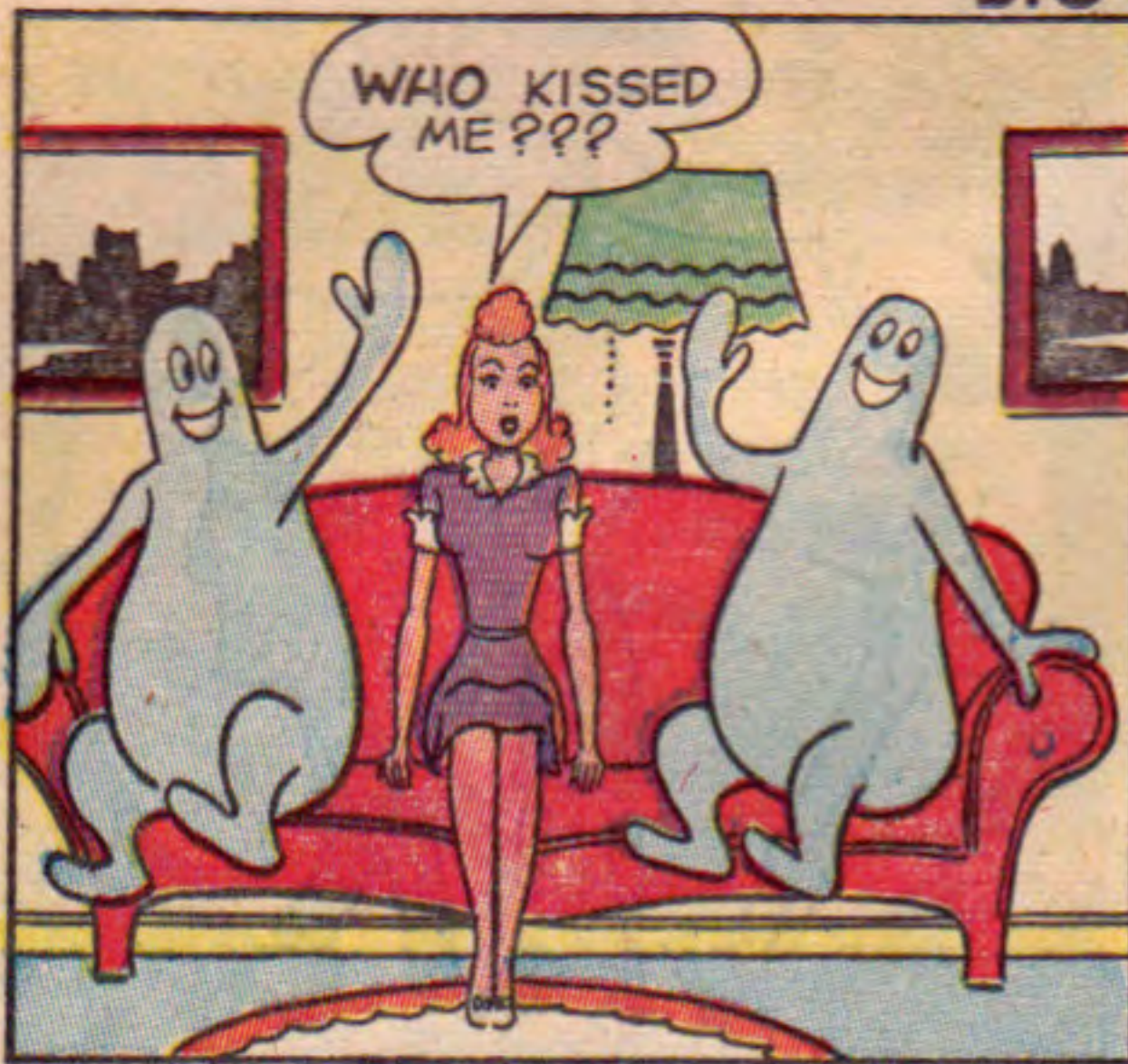
by MARTY



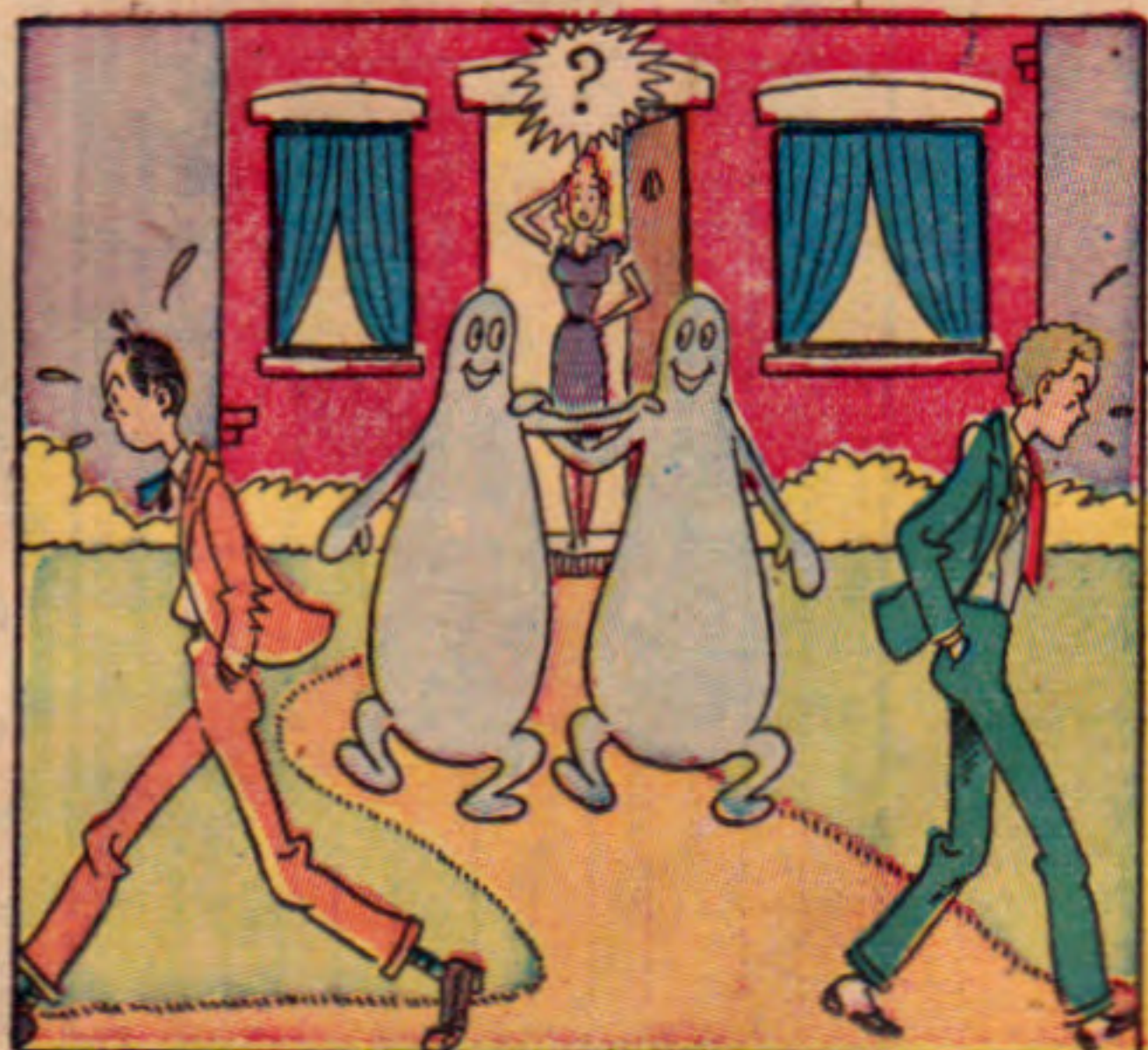
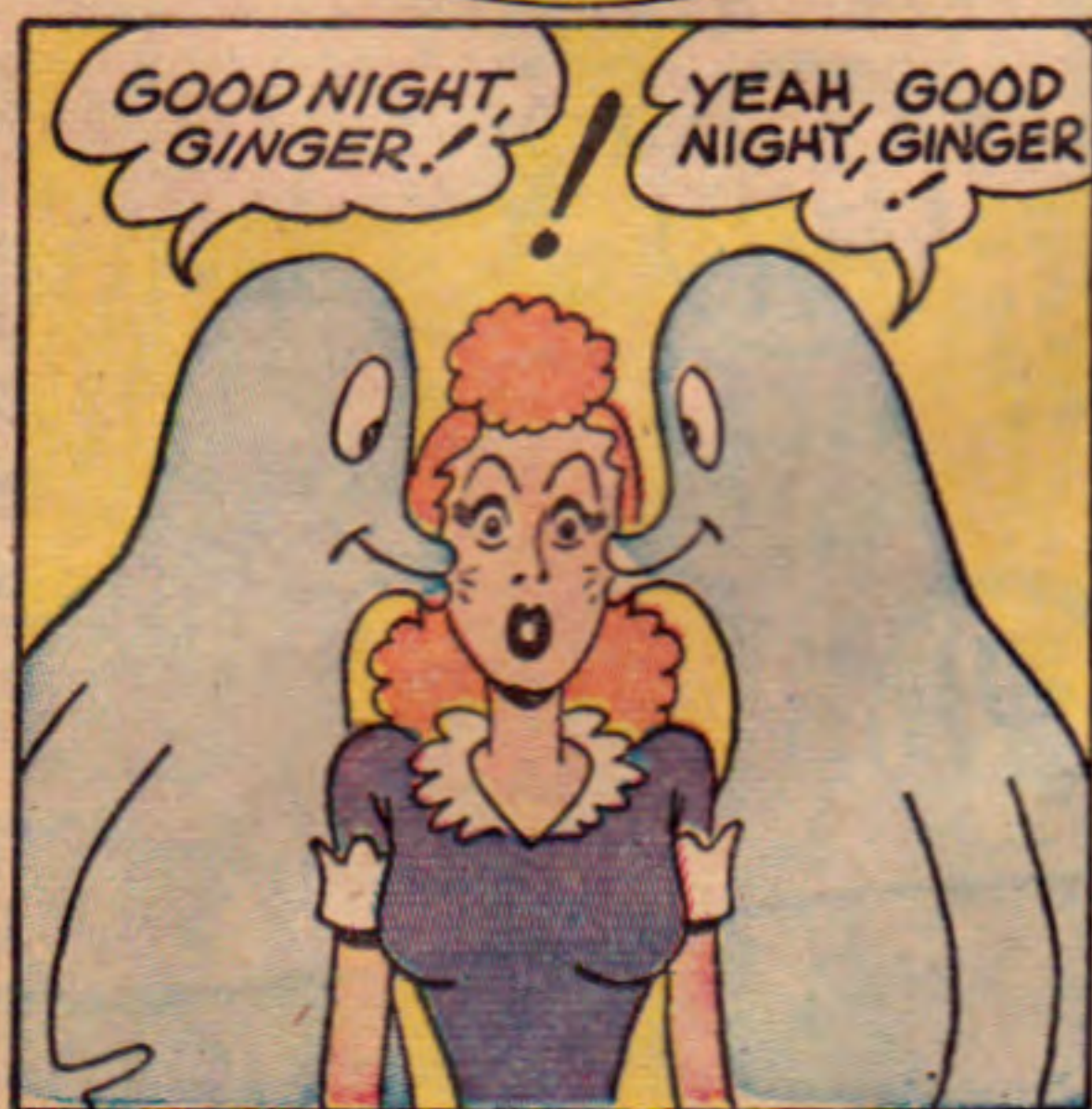
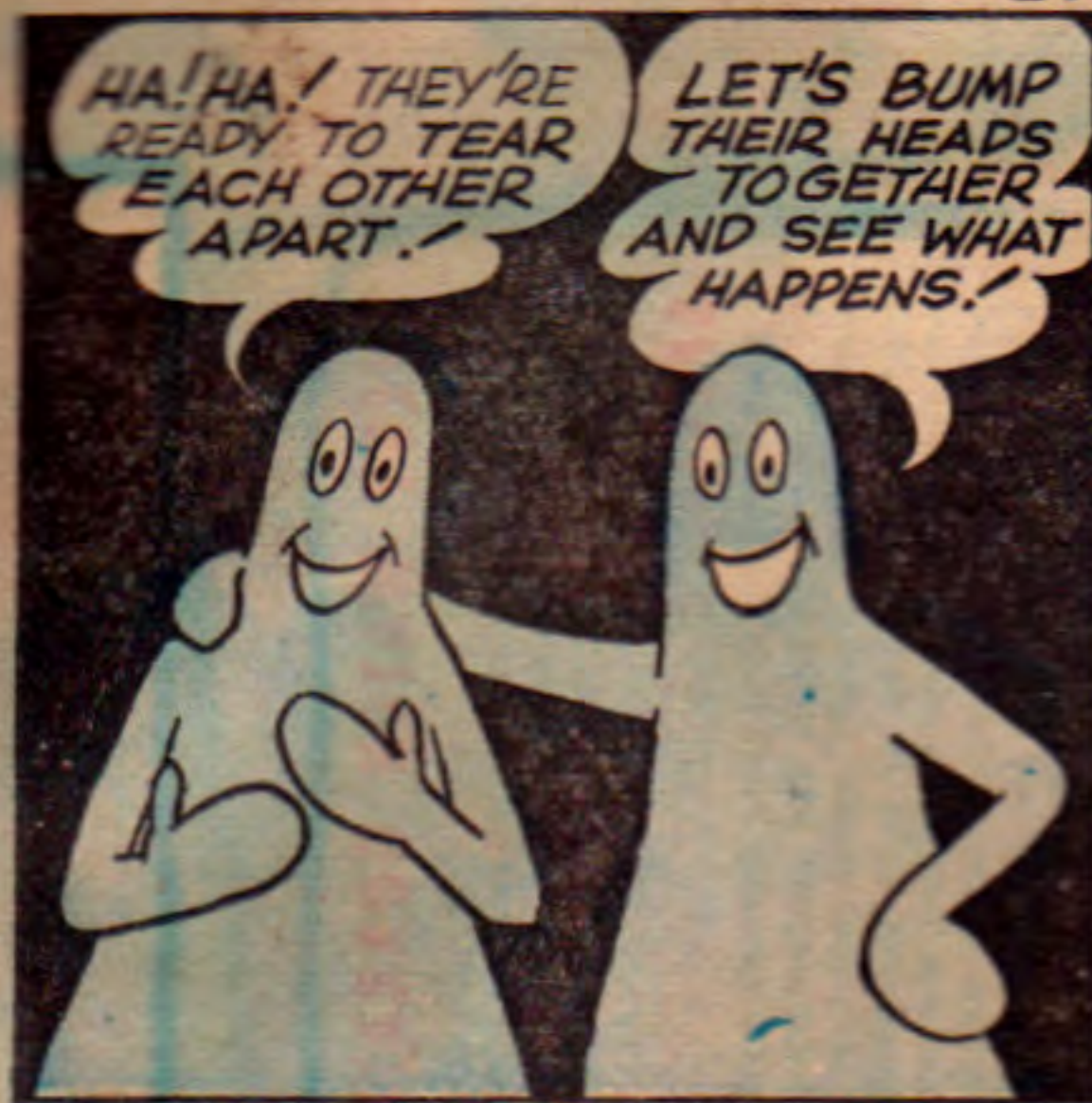
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



Large, Accurate SWEEP-SECOND HAND

EVERY WATCH GUARANTEED

to be in perfect running order. All are brand new, imported direct from Switzerland to our large Southern warehouse to you! Because of the sensational cut-price nature of this money-saving offer ALL SALES ARE FINAL!

SPECIAL SERVICE GUARANTEE

We maintain a complete Service and Repair Department and offer our customers only the lowest price watch repair service on our watches only. Yes, if from accidental overwinding, hard usage or abuse, the watch you purchase from us stops running within a year, simply return it to us for cleaning and repairs together with \$1—Yes, only \$1, and we will return it to you in perfect running order postpaid.

Extra!

You've Seen These STAINLESS STEEL

EXPANSION BANDS

Advertised at far higher prices!



Now Only **25¢**

Now available to you at a fraction of their original cost with your watch order.



Now Only **49¢**

Ladies

We Reserve the right to Reject Orders After Present stock is exhausted!

Use In America At This Low Price
1947 Genuine, Exquisite LADIES SWISS WRIST WATCHES

Former OPA Ceiling
\$1250
TAX

\$6.98
plus 10% Fed. Tax

NONE SOLD TO DEALERS

SAVE ALMOST 50%

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, Importers—Dept. W-33
9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Alabama

CHECK ONE: ☐ I am enclosing \$..... plus postage.
☐ Ship C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$.....

Quan.	Merchandise	Price	Total
	1947 Imported Swiss Watches WITH SWEEP SECOND HAND.	\$4.98 plus 50c tax	
	1947 Imported Swiss Watches WITH-OUT Sweep Second Hand.	\$3.98 plus 40c tax	
	1947 Imported Swiss Watches with Sweep Second Hand and RADIUM DIAL.	\$5.98 plus 60c tax	
	1947 PETITE LADIES' MODEL, Imported Swiss Watch.	\$6.98 plus 70c tax	
	MEN'S Stainless Steel Watch Band.	25c tax-free	
	WOMEN'S Stainless Steel Watch Band.	49c tax-free	

LIMIT: 3 watches and 3 bands to customer.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

ZONE

STATE

We're Out To Undersell The World At The Risk Of
LOSING OUR SHIRTS!

We've Been Warned!

*Too Risky!
Too Daring!
Can't Be Done!*

WE'RE DOING IT!

BECAUSE: We believe in big volume at *Penny-Profits* and not big profits on a small volume!
BECAUSE: We believe every reader of this revolutionary, money-saving offer who needs a wrist watch for himself or a loved one will welcome this chance to buy one or more of these fine Swiss Wrist Watches at almost **HALF PRICE!**
BECAUSE: In addition to our *Penny-Profits* Policy our **direct-from-Switzerland-to-you** low cost contact eliminates all costly middleman profits.

THOUSANDS SOLD AT ALMOST TWICE THE PRICE!

Yes, in the past two years, we ourselves have sold tens of thousands of these fine watches to satisfied customers all over the nation. They were a beauty gain at only \$8.50 for the nation. They were a beauty ladies' because they compare in style and to \$6.98 they're really a steal. Today—at only \$4.98 **THIS OFFER MAY NEVER BE REPEATED!**

Yes, unless we receive the **quick** action in

into thousands upon thousands of dollars. This, naturally would force us to withdraw this offer and raise our prices to almost double the price that these watches are selling for elsewhere. **So don't delay! ACT TODAY! Now!** Remember, **you gain regardless** even though we may lose our shirts!

Direct From Switzerland To You
Price-Cut To The Bone
1947 GENUINE Imported SWISS MEN'S WRIST WATCHES

We dare anyone to meet the price!

\$4.98

Former OPA Ceiling \$8.50 plus 10% Fed. Tax

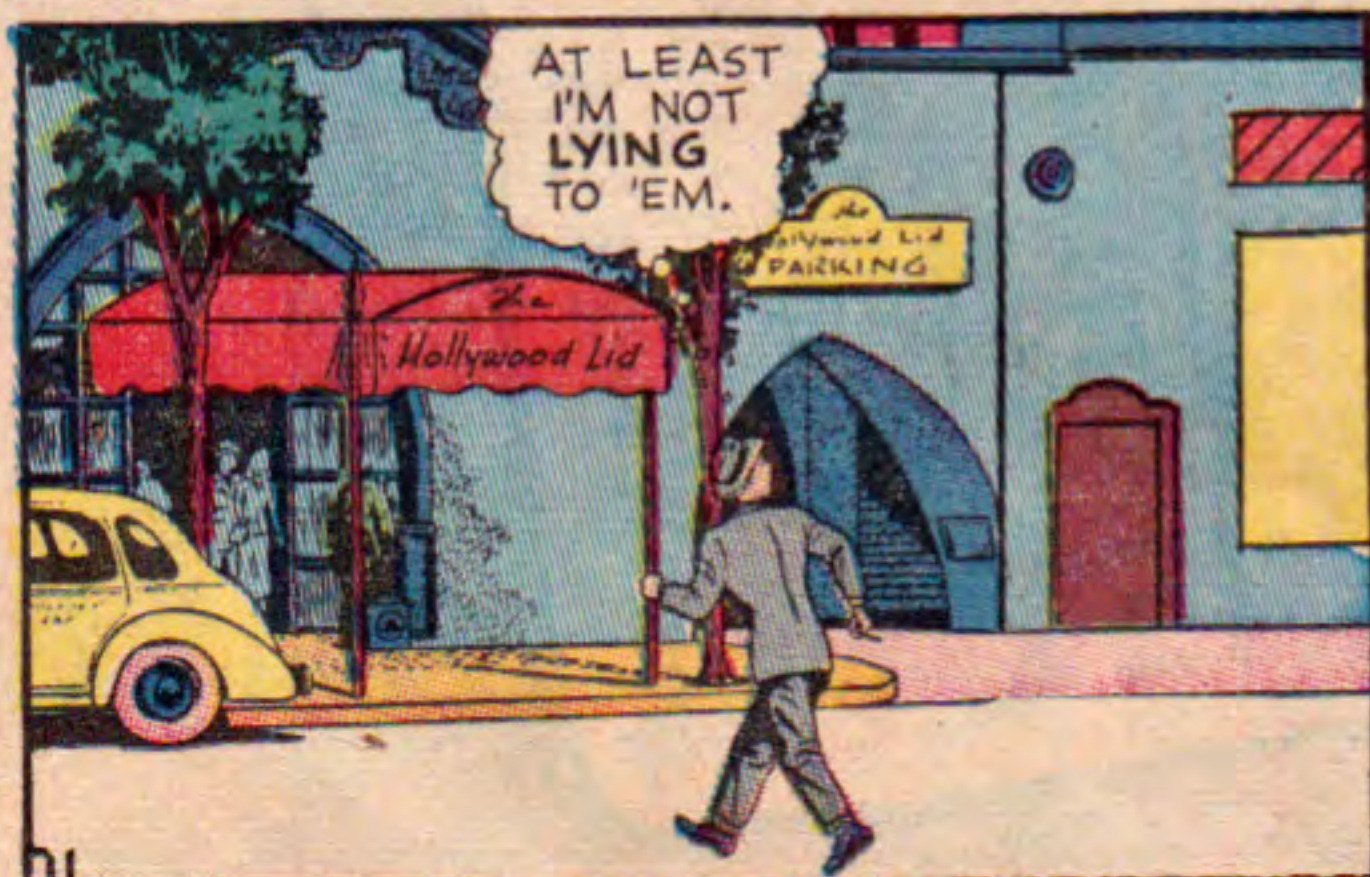
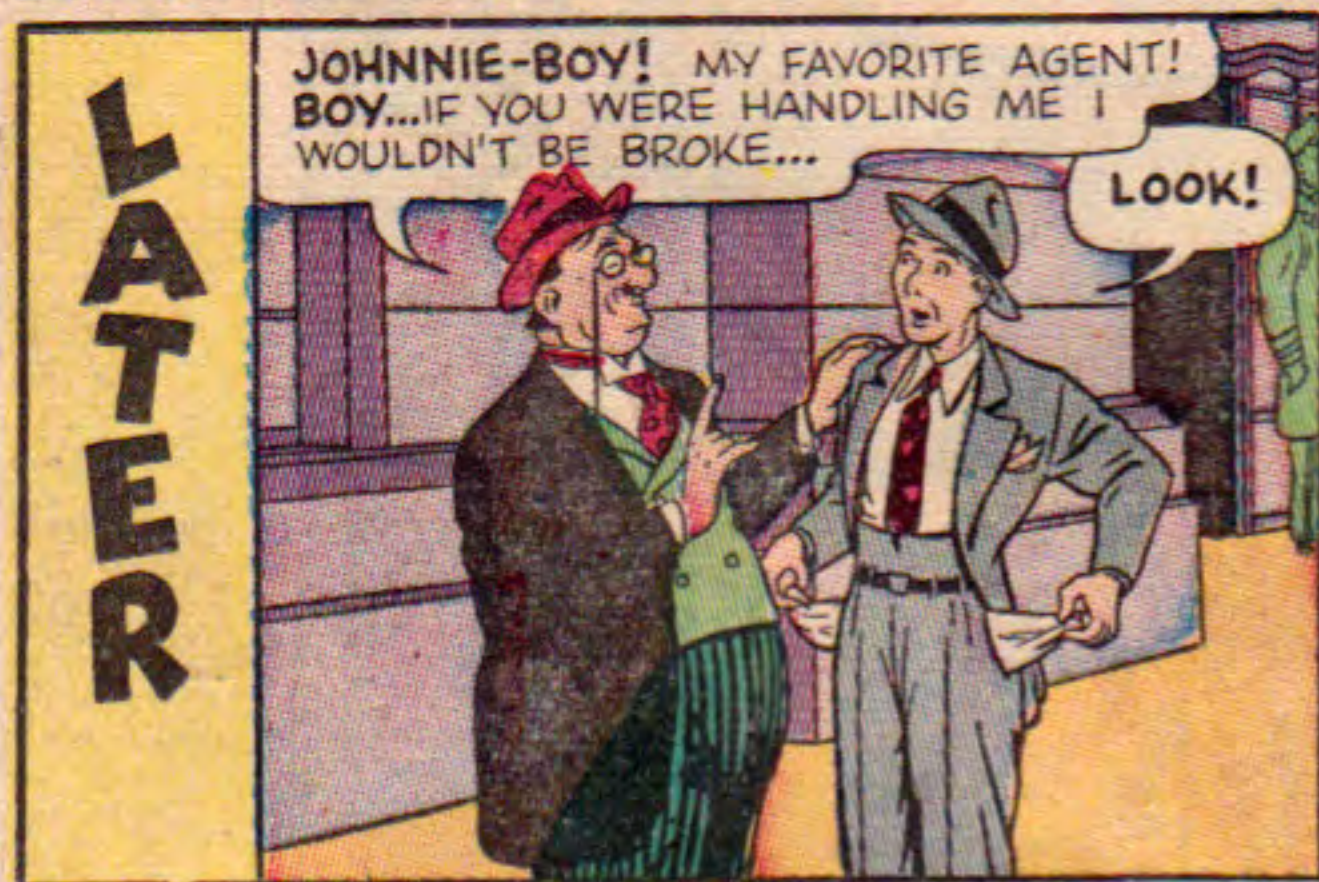
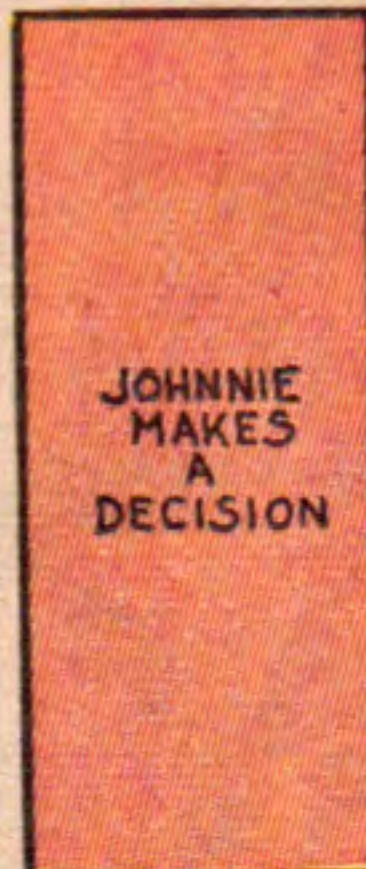
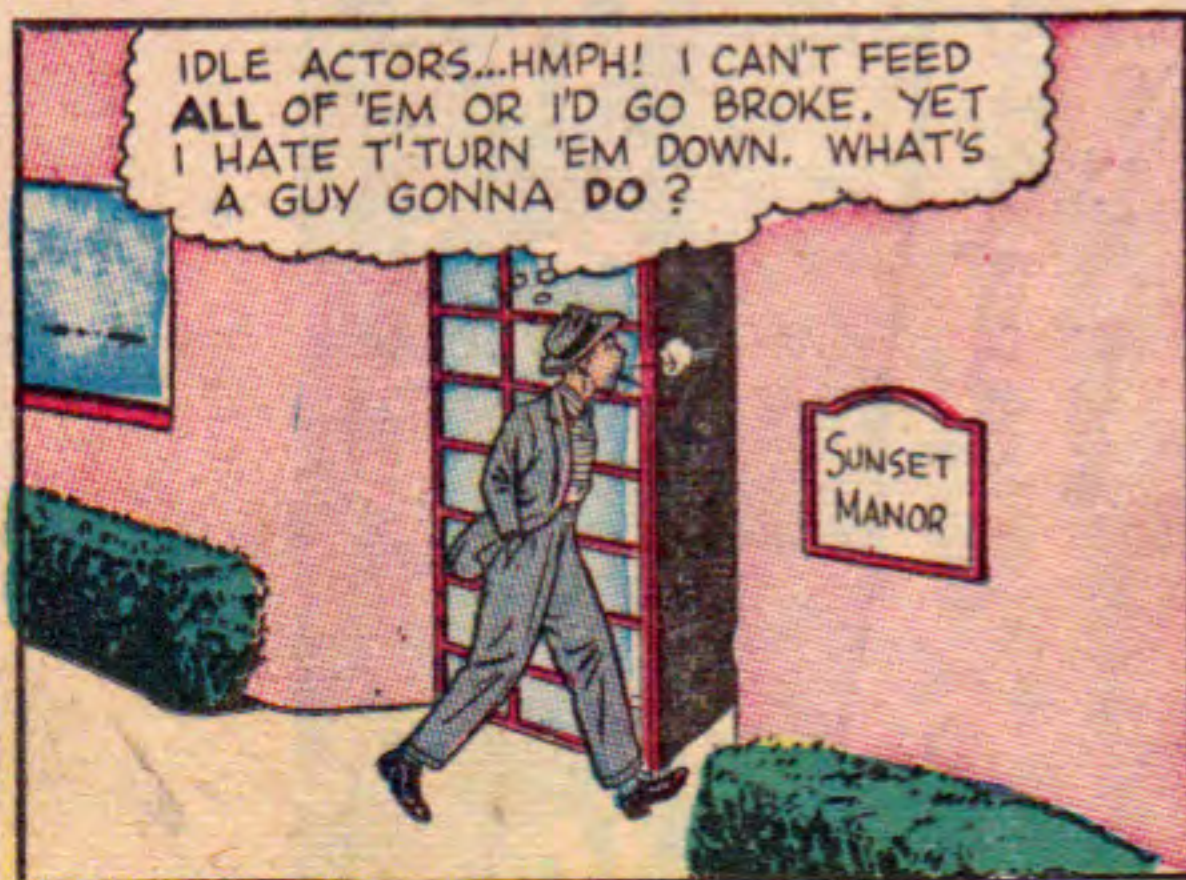
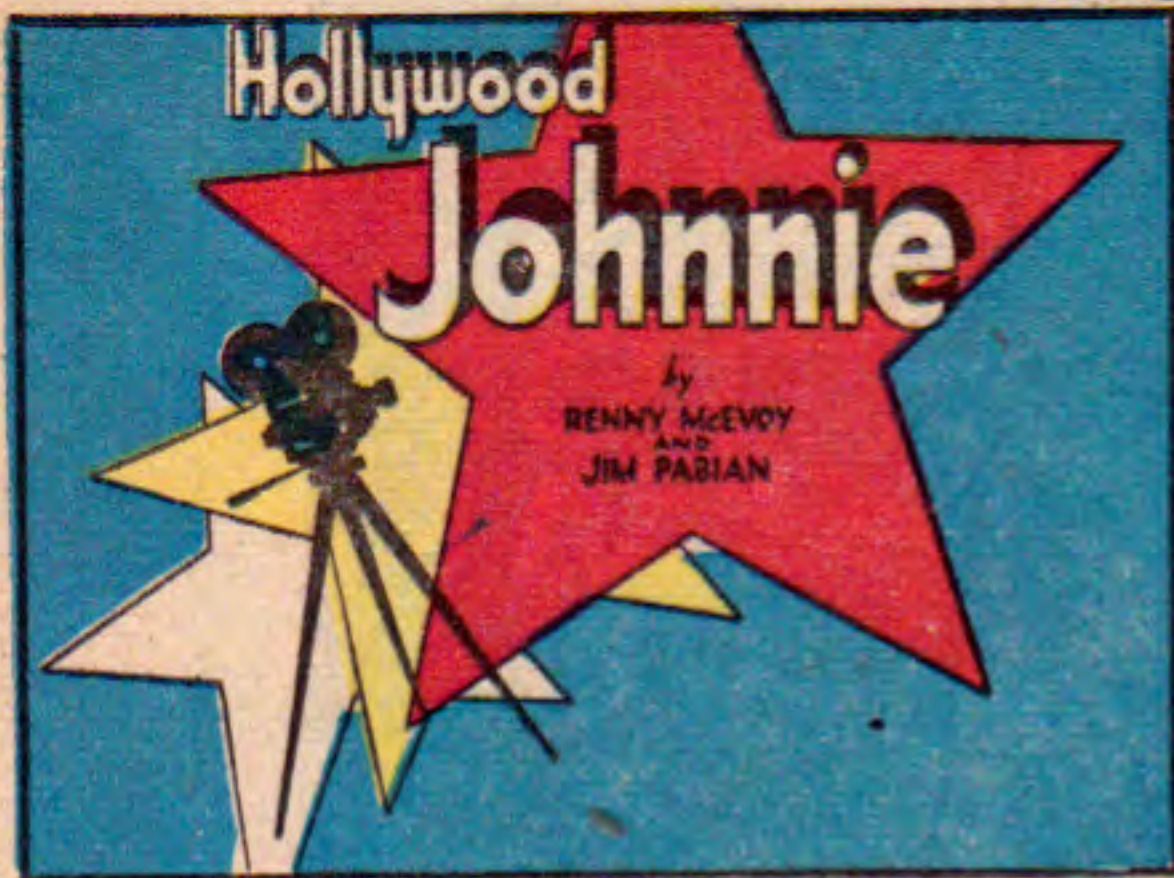
SAVE ALMOST 50%

NONE SOLD TO DEALERS

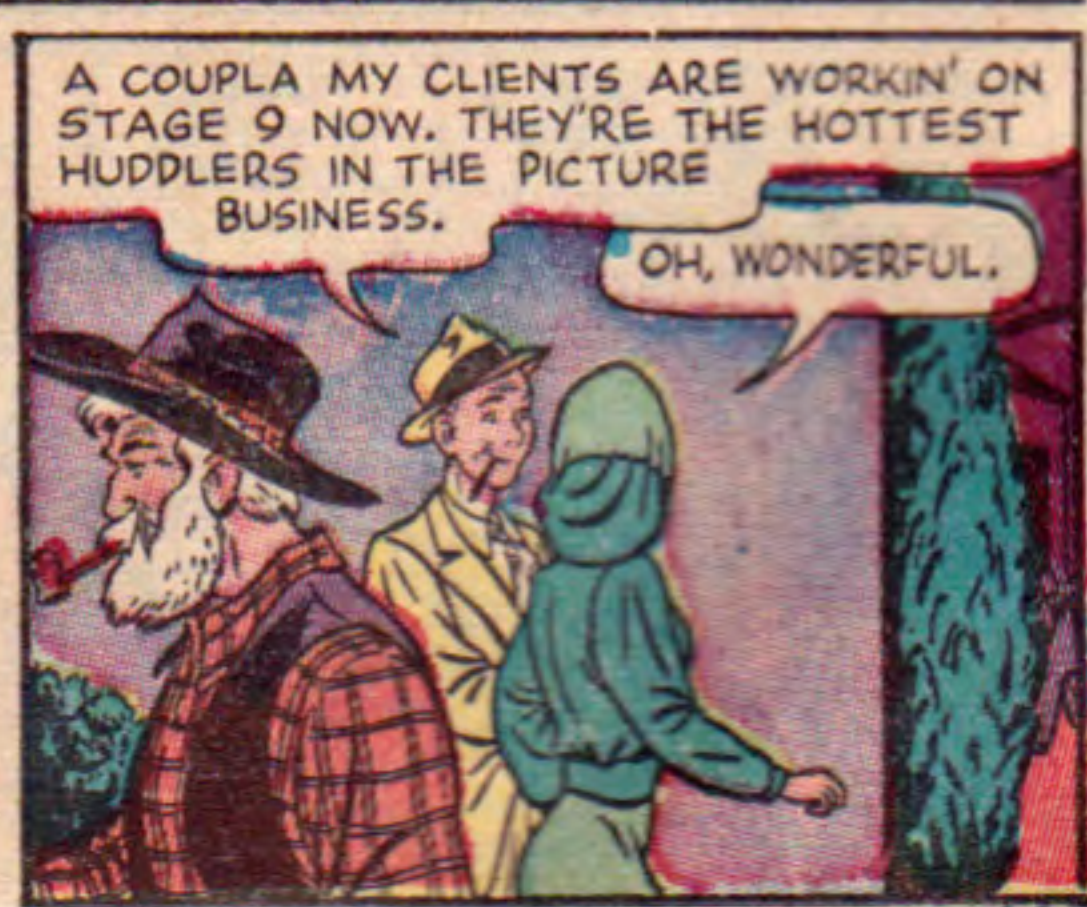
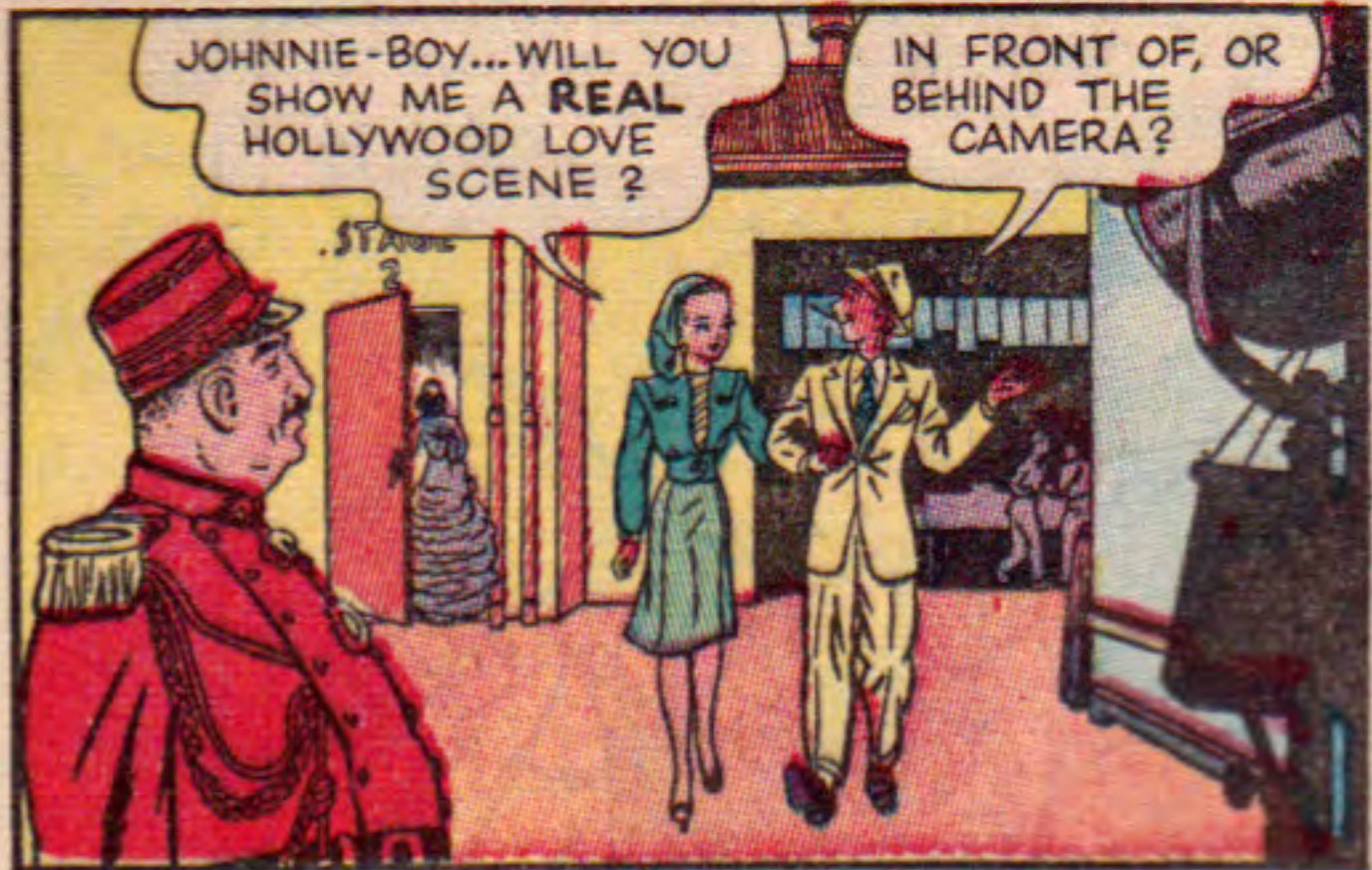
Go At
Out They
This Low Price
Regardless
Regardless
of loss!

Genuine, Imported SWISS MOVEMENT
Chrome-Plated

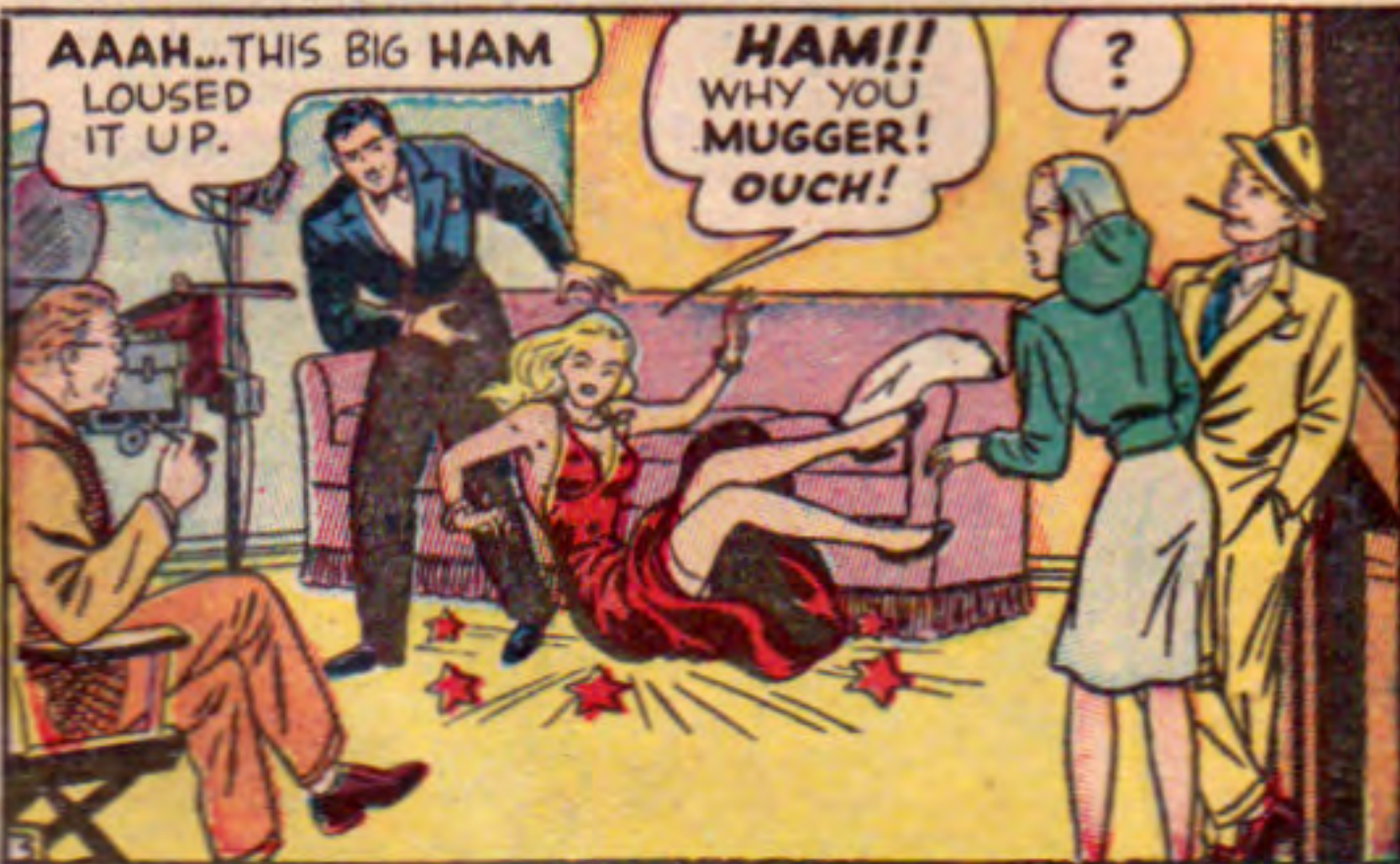
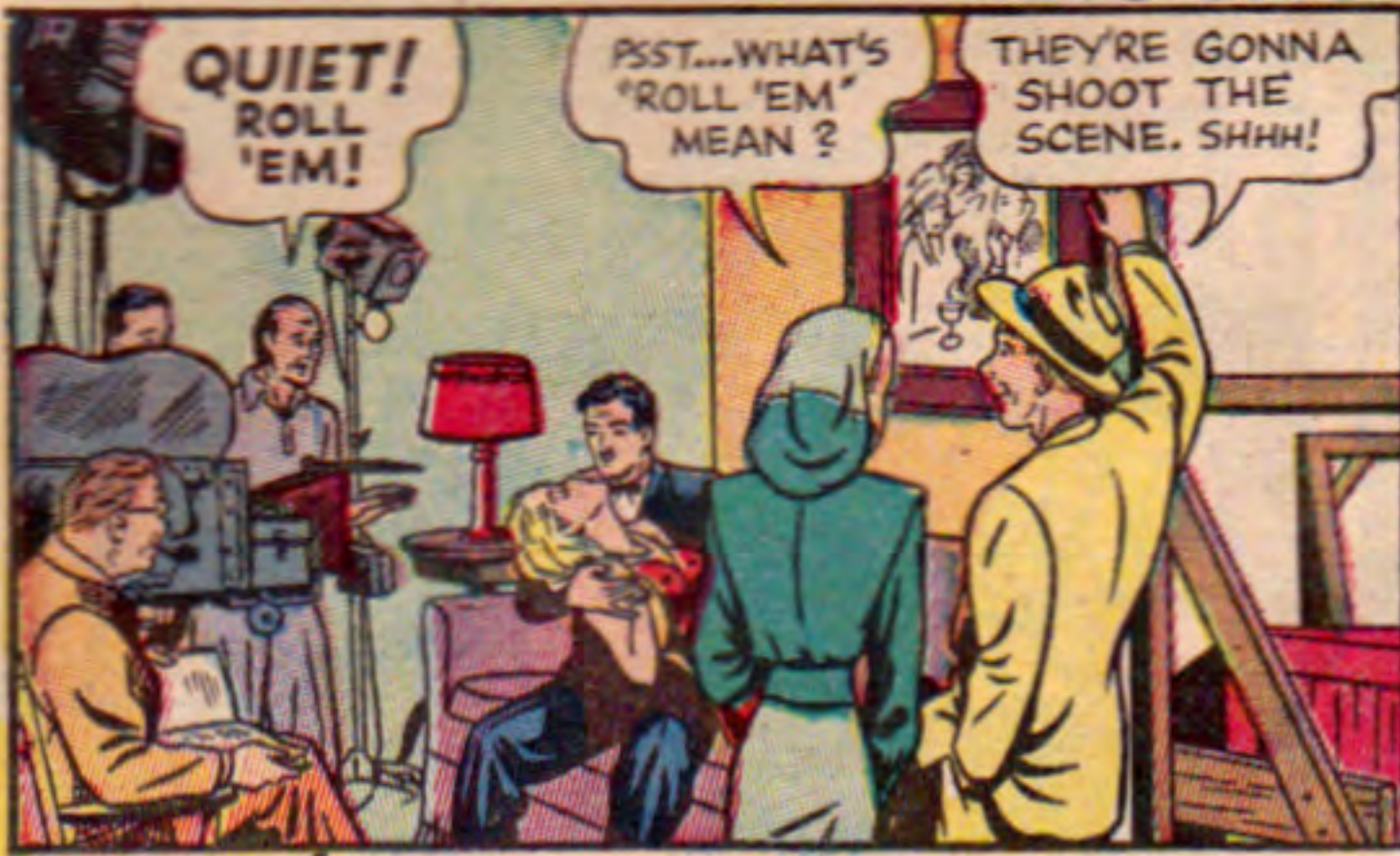
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT





NICKEL PLATED TOY PISTOL

**CATAPULT
ACTION**

**Shoots
With a Bang!**

Shoots Peas, Beans
Beads, Paper Wads, etc.

Just the toy for "he-man" boys!
Big and real-looking—5½ inches
long. Nickel plated.

It's Accurate!

It's Harmless!

Shoots with amazing accuracy, yet
it's harmless. Ideal for games and
target practice. All-
steel construction.
Nothing to
get out of
order.

49c

KREST, INC.

19303 W. DAVISON
DETROIT 23, MICH.

KREST, INC.
19303 W. Davison
Detroit 23, Mich.

I enclosefor
.....Catapult Action Toy Pistols

Name.....

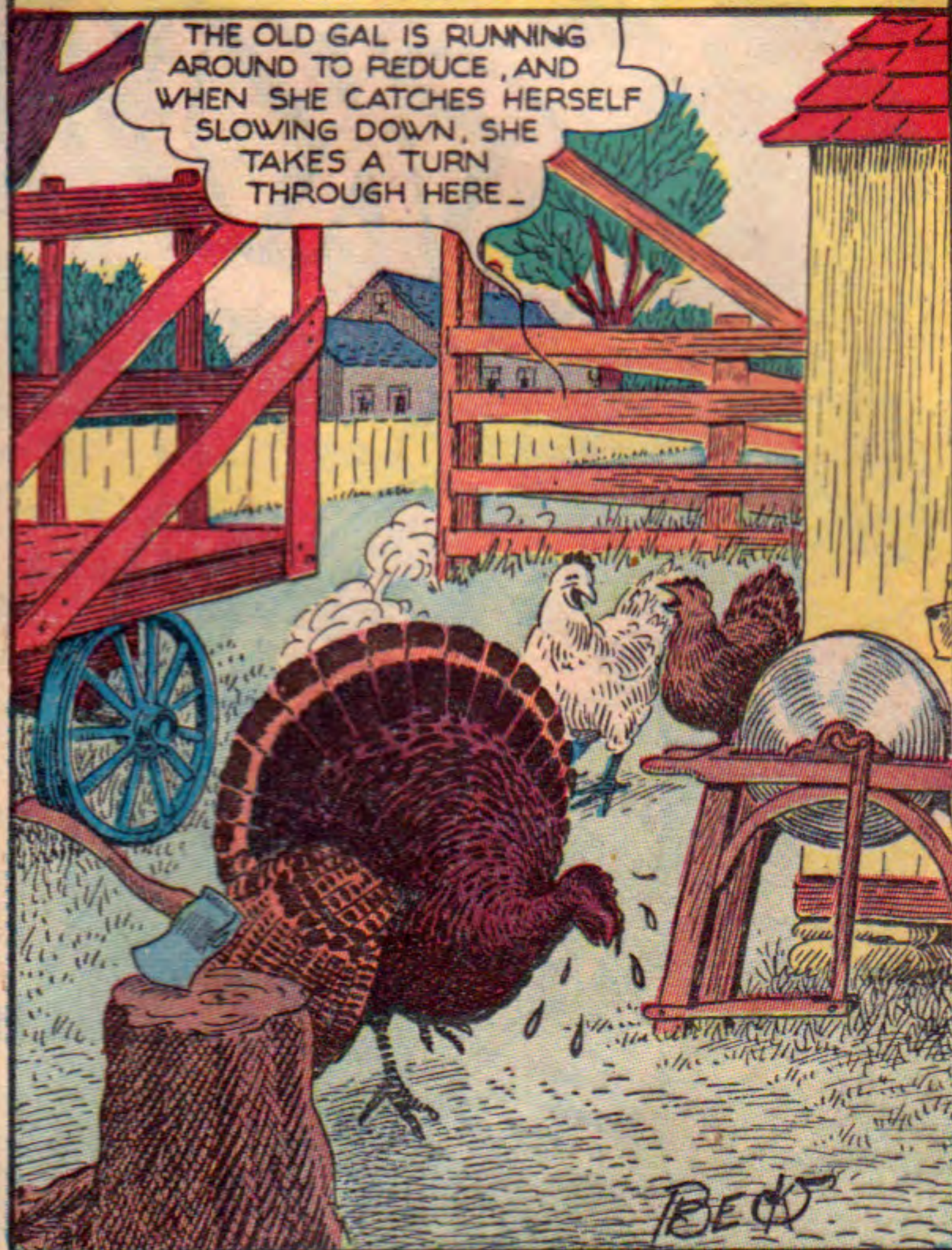
Address.....

City.....State.....

**MAIL
COUPON**

BIG SHOT

All in a Lifetime



FREE...Rhodesian Bi-colored Waterfall
Stamp and Old issues from El Salvador—plus
25 different World Wide stamps. All free to
approval applicants.

PLADON STAMP CO.

1717-BC IDAHO STREET, TOLEDO 5, OHIO

VICTORY PACKET FREE

Includes stamps from Tanganyika, British
Cayman Islands—Animal—Scarce Babyhead—
Coronation—Early Victorian—Airmail—Map
Stamps—with Big Catalogue—all free—send
5c. for postage.

GRAY STAMP COMPANY

Dept. BC

Toronto, Canada

Your Money's Worth!

BIG BARGAIN! Includes SEYCHELLES (Big
Beauty), DJIBOUTI (gorgeous), ANGOLA
(Africa) and set of Chinese Hunger Stamps,
together with over 100 different other stamps.
Everything only 10c to approval applicants.
ATLAS STAMP CO., Dept. K, 4220 West
16th St., Little Rock, Ark.

World's Largest Triangle Stamp

included in Rare Russian Set of picturesque
designs, mammoth stamps. This complete set
including giant triangle retails for \$3.00 but
only 10c to approval applicants. WEST COAST
STAMP SERVICE, Box 344E, Hollywood Sta-
tion, Hollywood 28, California.

POSITIVELY GREATEST FREE OFFER

Latest Scott's International \$6.00 stamp album
—covering entire world, contains 36,000 illustrated
descriptive spaces; Scott's 1948 Standard \$7.00
catalogues, "Philately's Encyclopedia"—absolutely
free to applicants for foreign approvals becoming
customers. AMERICAS' STAMP SERVICE — RED-
LANDS, CALIFORNIA.

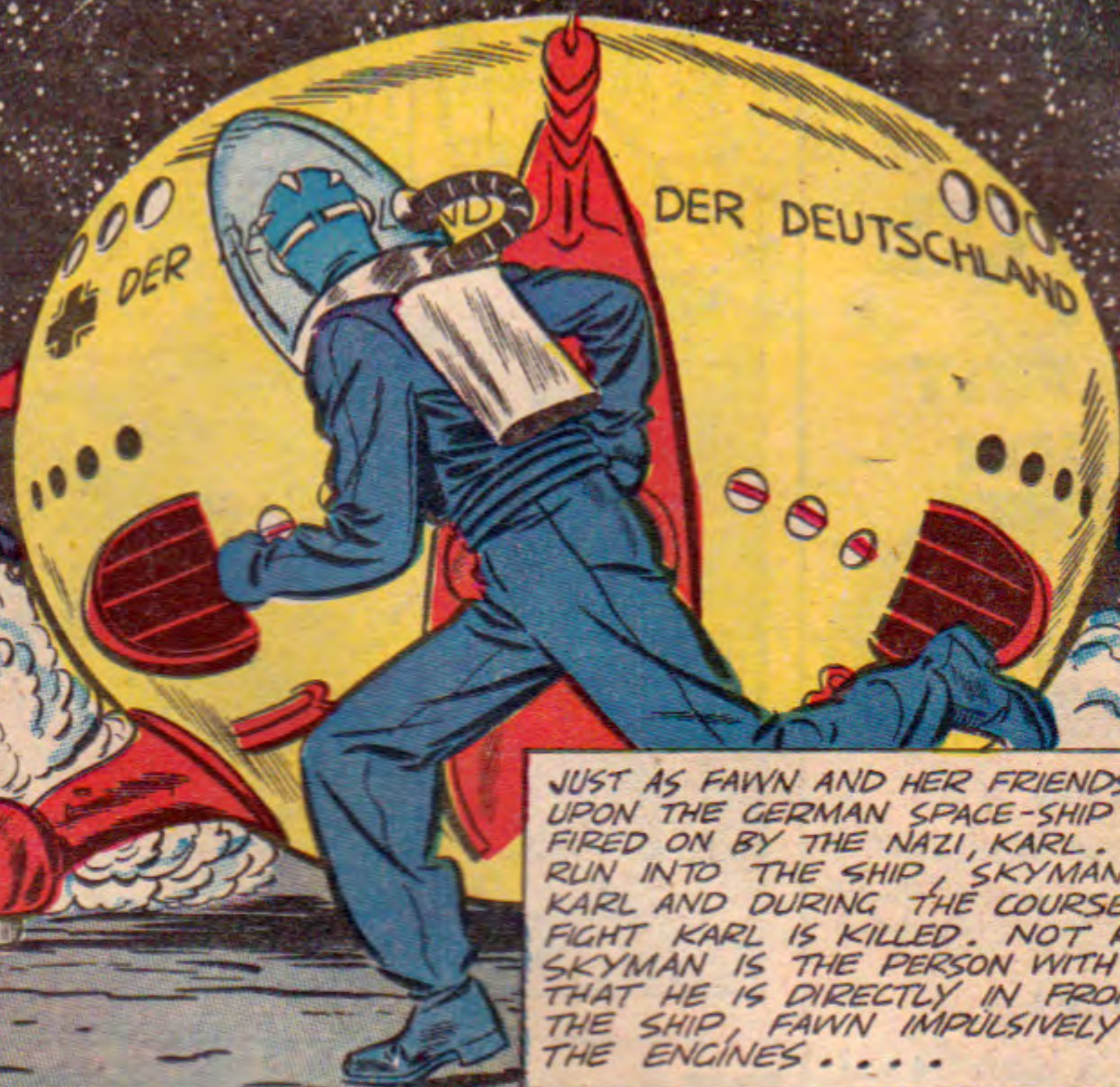
WOW!! \$10.00 WORTH OF FUN — ONLY 10c!

What a treasure hunt! Big package 500 FOREIGN STAMPS
—just as received from foreign missions, other sources. In-
cludes stamps from Africa, South America, Philippines,
Free French, Cape Juby, Palestine, etc., including air-
mails, commemoratives, and stamps worth up to 50c and
75c. This amazing offer is given for 10c to serious approval
applicants only. One to a customer, money back if not
more than delighted. Jamestown Stamp Co., Dept. 23
Jamestown, New York

STAMPS VALUED UP TO 50c & 75c EACH

The

SKYMAN

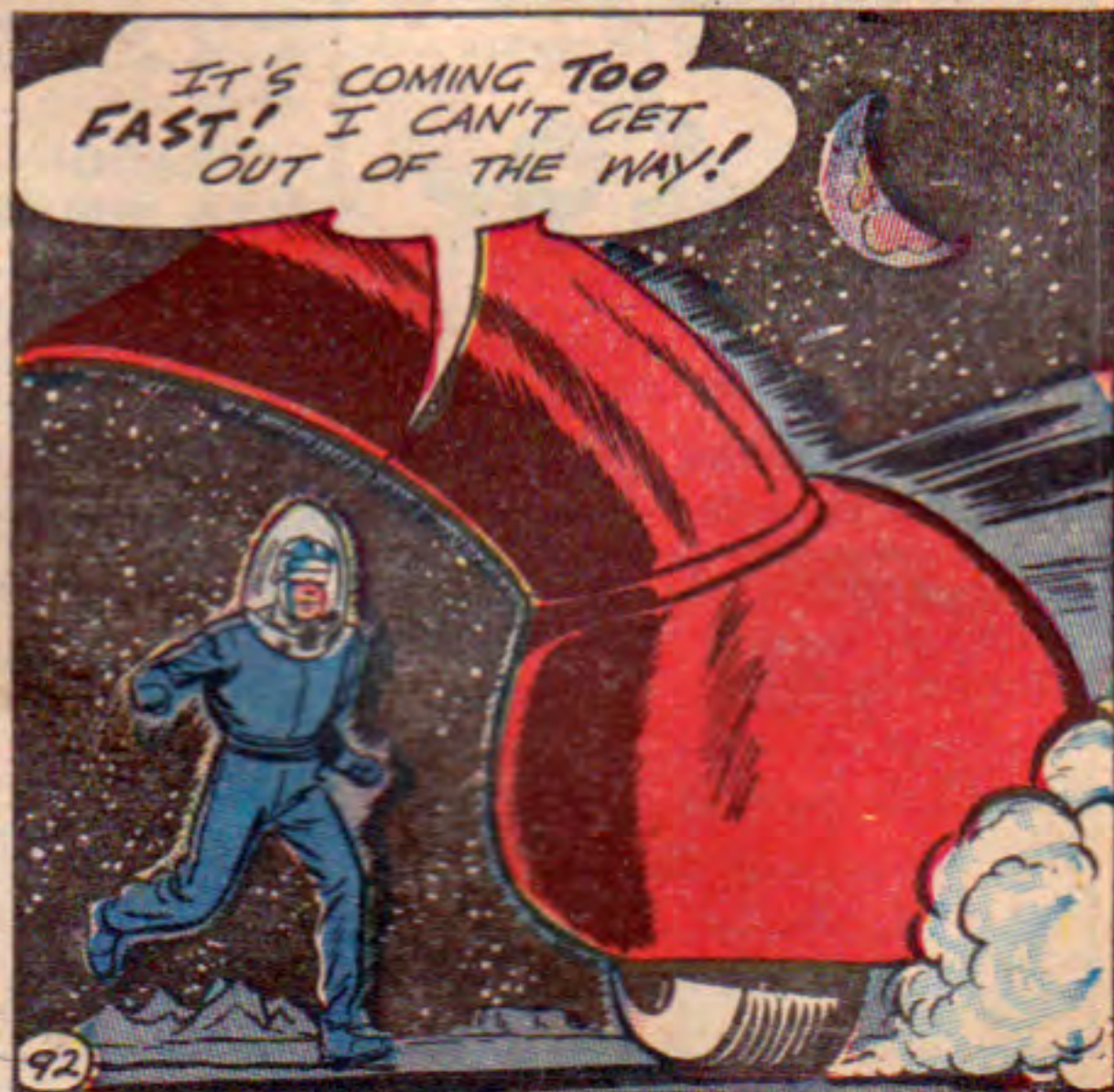
By *Clyde Whitney*

JUST AS FAWN AND HER FRIENDS COME UPON THE GERMAN SPACE-SHIP THEY ARE FIRED ON BY THE NAZI, KARL. AS THEY RUN INTO THE SHIP, SKYMAN JUMPS KARL AND DURING THE COURSE OF THE FIGHT KARL IS KILLED. NOT REALIZING SKYMAN IS THE PERSON WITH KARL, AND THAT HE IS DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THE SHIP, FAWN IMPULSIVELY STARTS THE ENGINES



THAT FIGURE!
YOU'RE GOING
TO RUN HIM
DOWN!

I CAN'T TURN
THE SHIP -- AND I
CAN'T **STOP!**



IT'S COMING TOO
FAST! I CAN'T GET
OUT OF THE WAY!



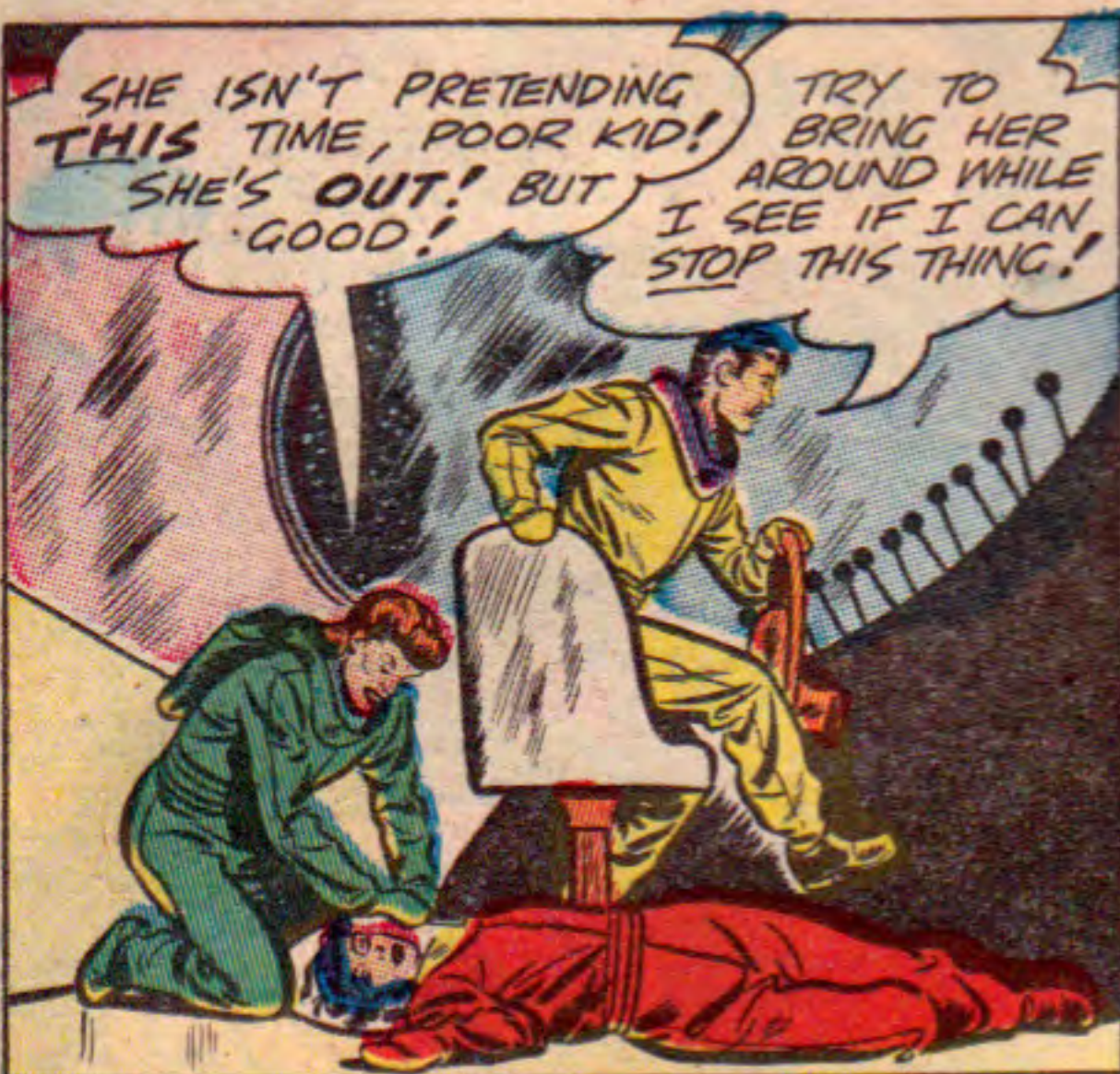
IN THE GLARE OF THE LIGHTS -- DID YOU SEE? IT WAS ----

SKYMAN!



IF HE ESCAPED BEING CRUSHED BY THE SHIP -- HE MOST CERTAINLY WOULD BE BURNED ALIVE BY THE ENGINE BLAST!

ALEC! DON'T! FAWN!

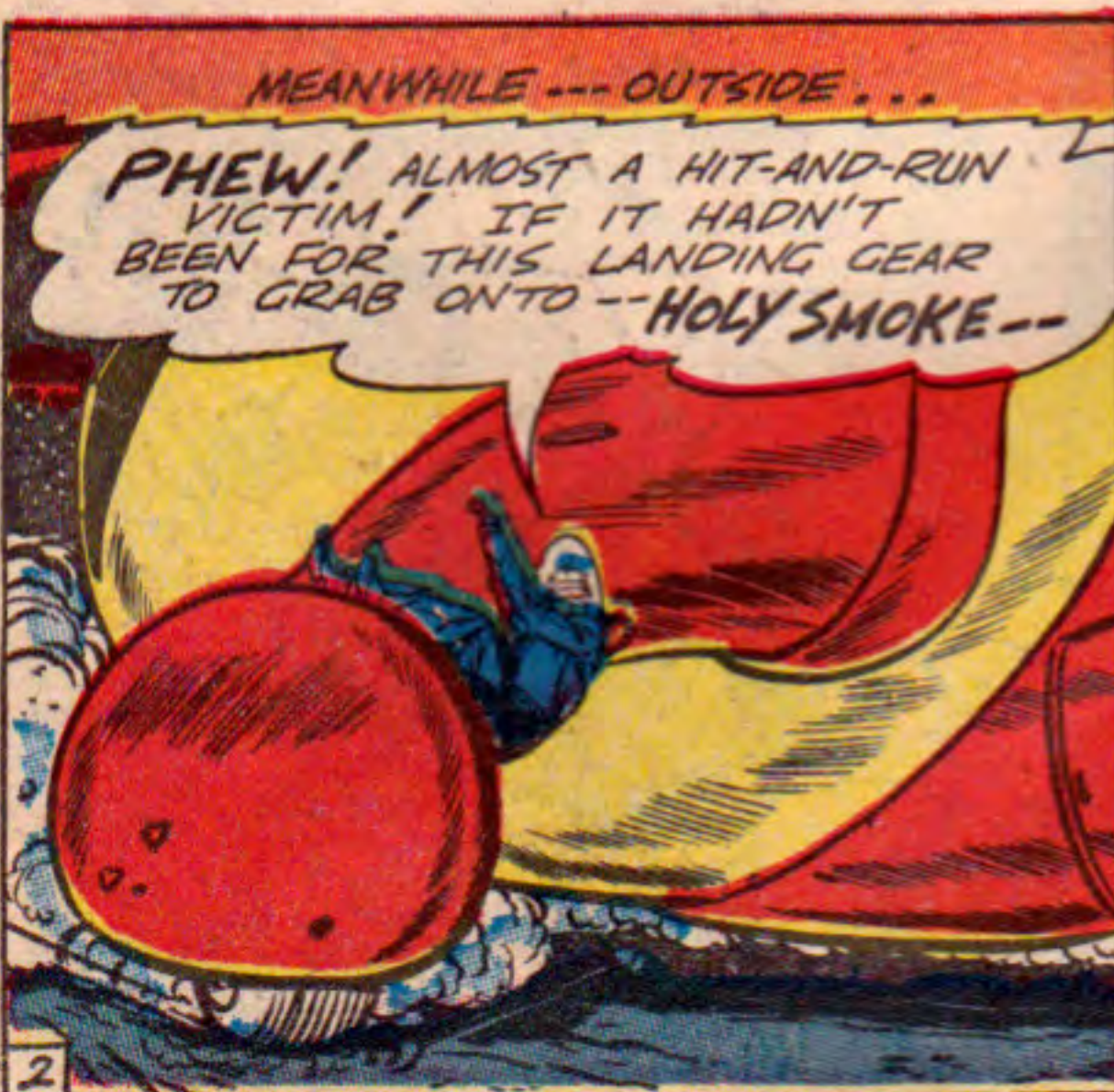


SHE ISN'T PRETENDING THIS TIME, POOR KID! SHE'S OUT! BUT GOOD!

TRY TO BRING HER AROUND WHILE I SEE IF I CAN STOP THIS THING!

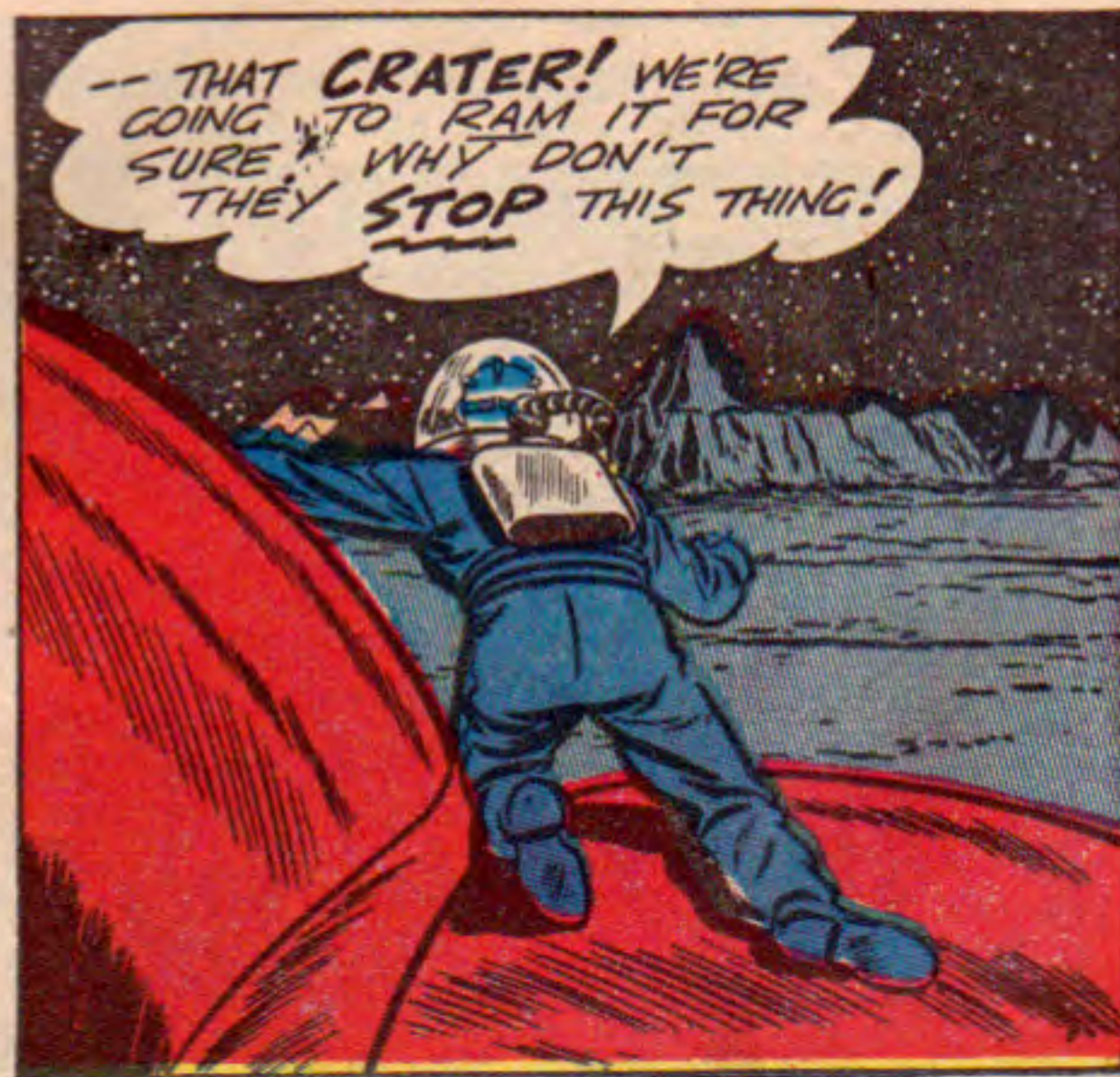


SO MANY LEVERS AND KNOBS! WHICH ONE IS IT?



MEANWHILE --- OUTSIDE ---

PHEW! ALMOST A HIT-AND-RUN VICTIM! IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THIS LANDING GEAR TO GRAB ONTO -- **HOLY SMOKE --**



-- THAT **CRATER!** WE'RE GOING TO RAM IT FOR SURE! WHY DON'T THEY **STOP** THIS THING!

BIG SHOT

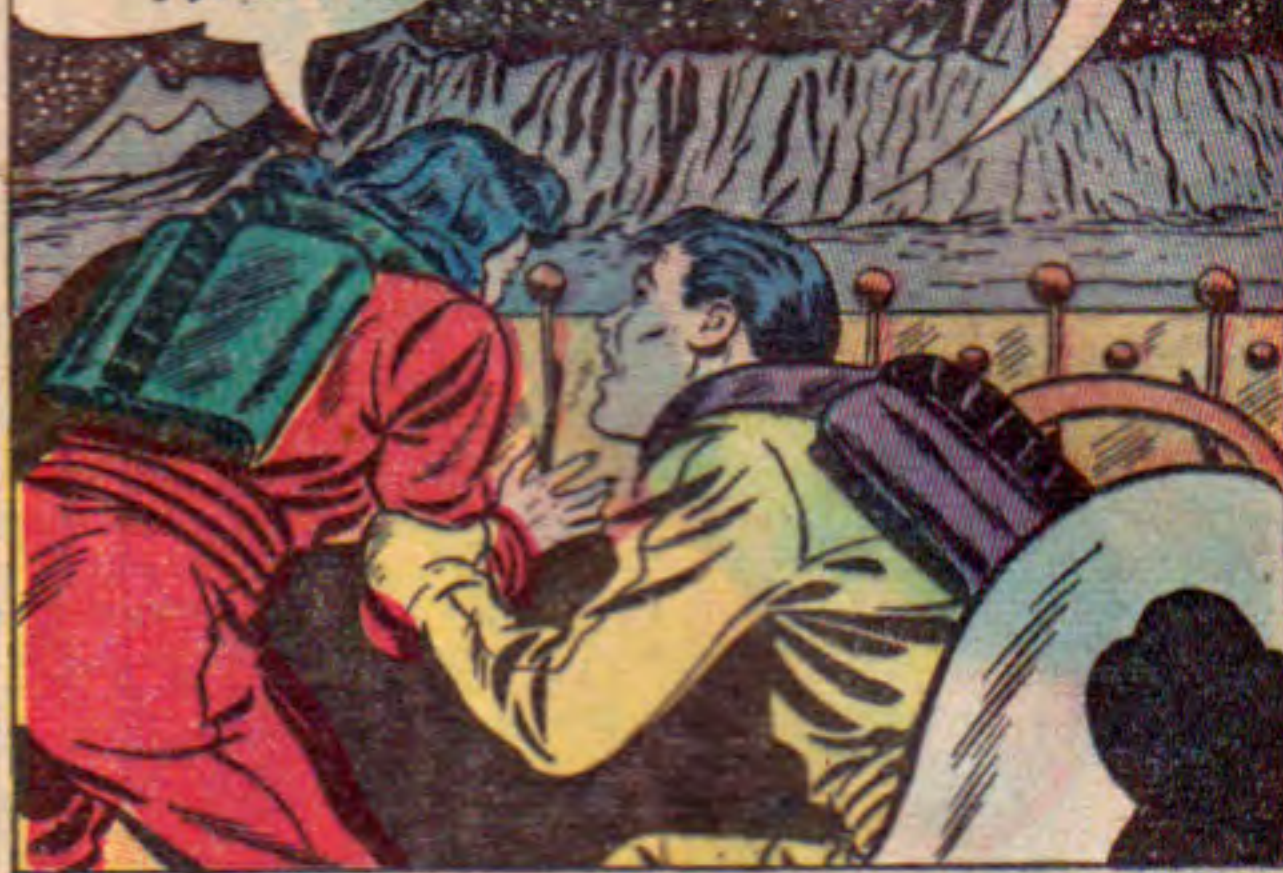
OH ALEC!
WE'RE GOING
TO BE
KILLED!

THIS WHEEL SEEMS
TO BE **LOCKED!**
FAWN! WHICH LEVER
DID YOU PULL TO
START THIS
CRATE?

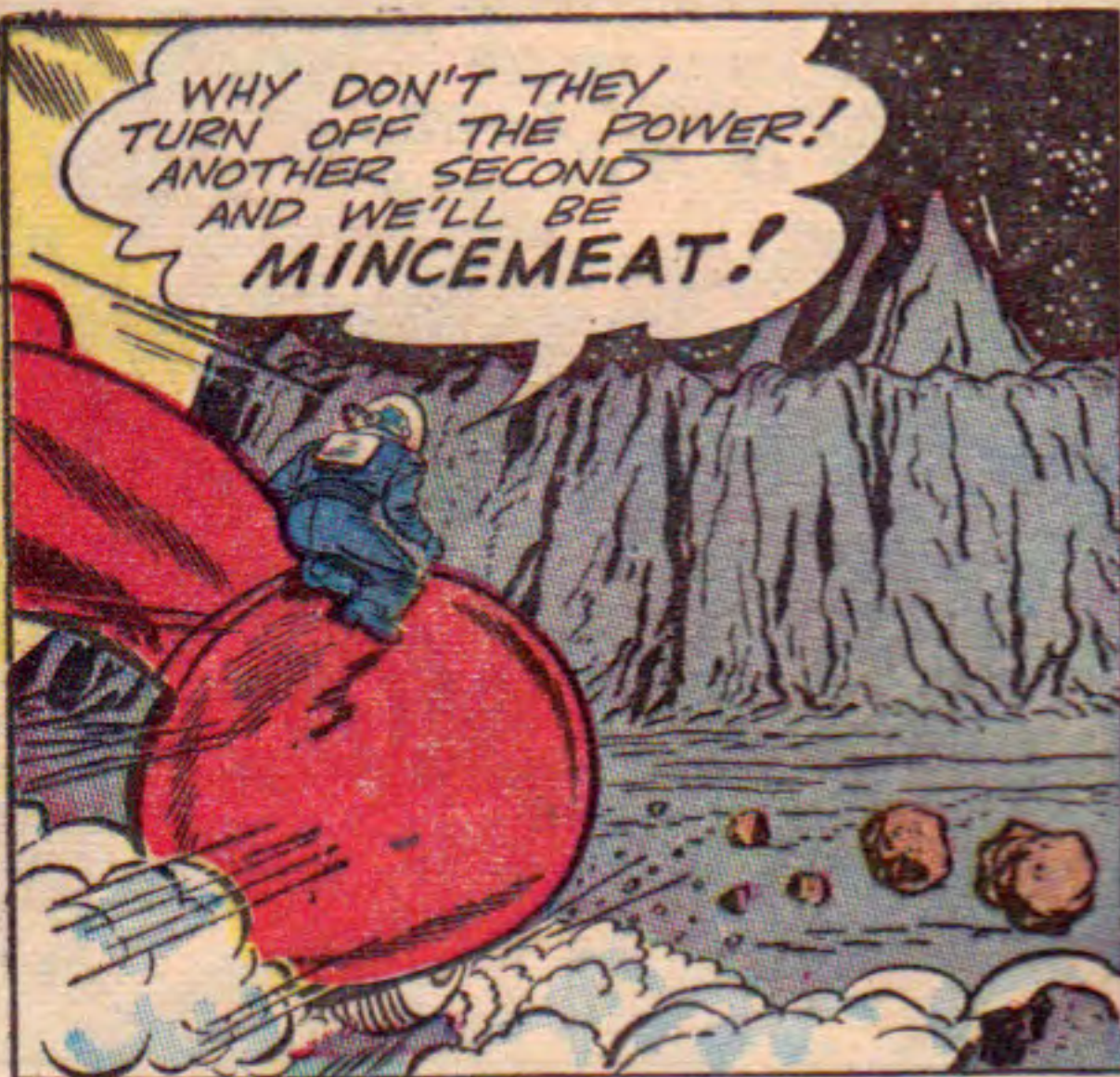


I-I--CAN'T
REMEMBER!
OH, ALEC--I--
I DON'T
KNOW!

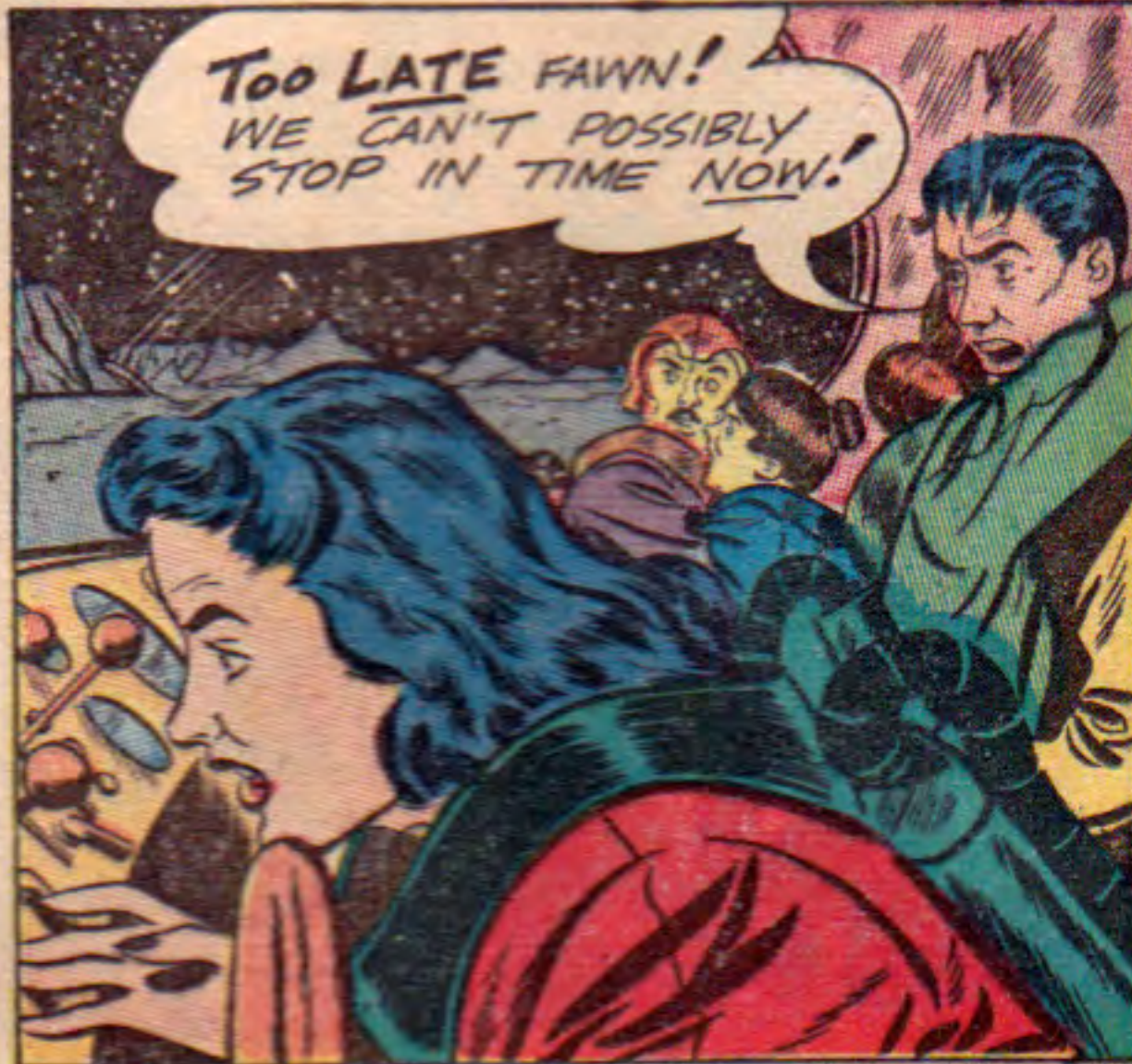
THINK, FAWN!
THINK!



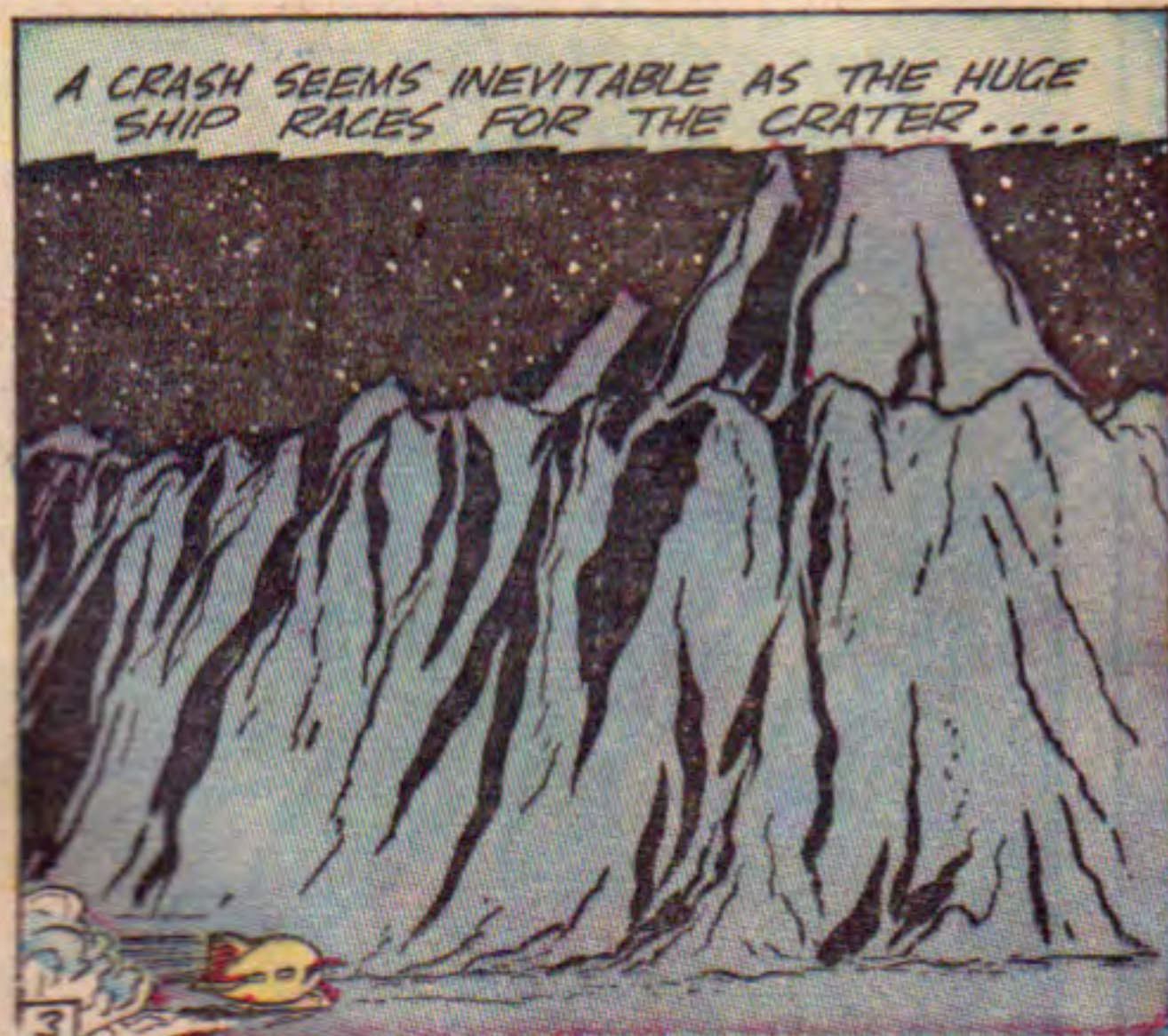
WHY DON'T THEY
TURN OFF THE POWER!
ANOTHER SECOND
AND WE'LL BE
MINCEMEAT!



Too LATE FAWN!
WE CAN'T POSSIBLY
STOP IN TIME NOW!



A CRASH SEEMS INEVITABLE AS THE HUGE
SHIP RACES FOR THE CRATER....



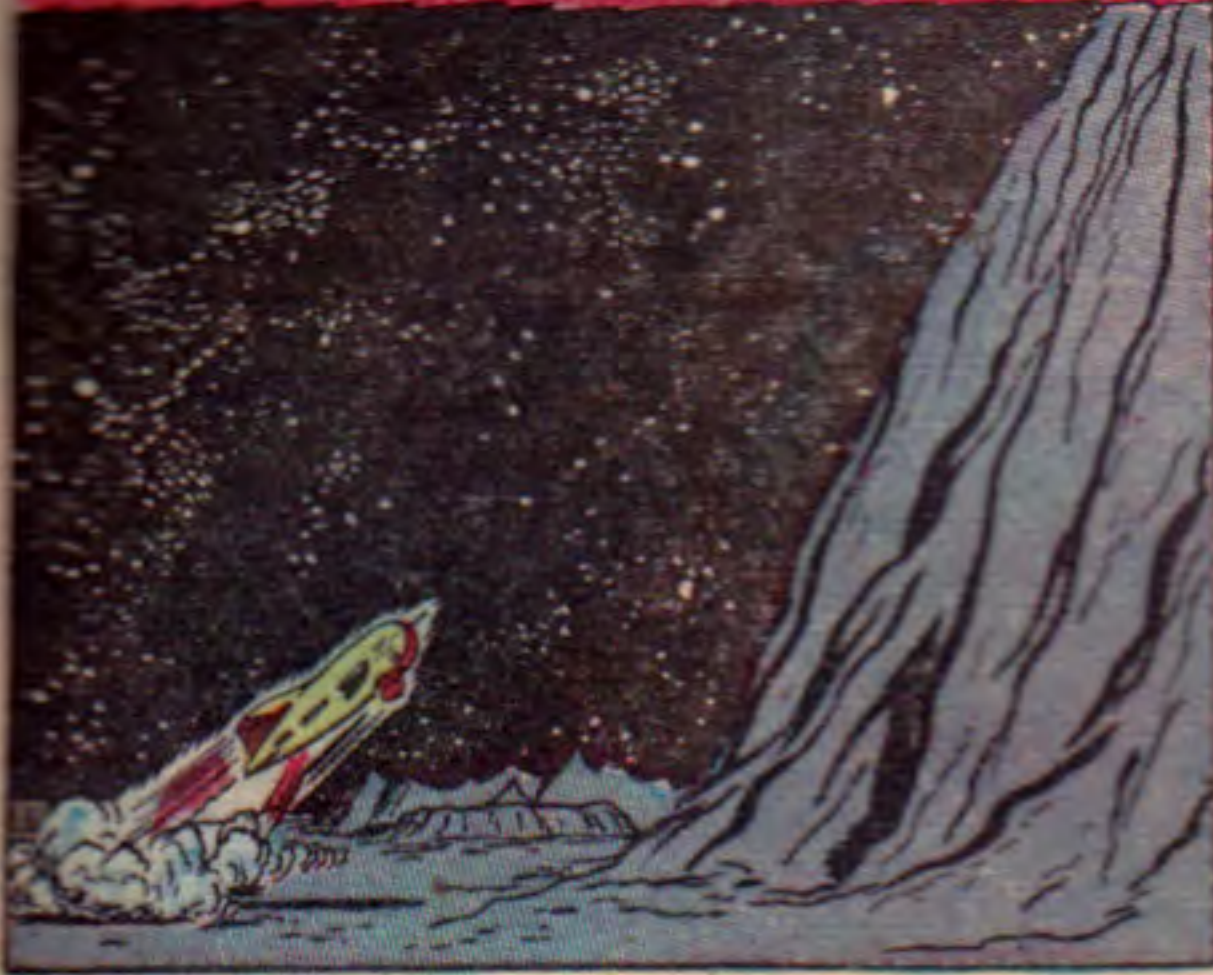
THIS **HAS**
TO BE THE **ONE!**
IT'S JUST **GOT**
TO BE!

ALEC!!



BIG SHOT

FAWN PULLS THE LEVER, THE ASCENT
ROCKETS GO INTO OPERATION AND THE
RE SHIP SUDDENLY LURCHES UPWARD...



WOW! WHAT
A CLOSE CALL THAT
WAS!



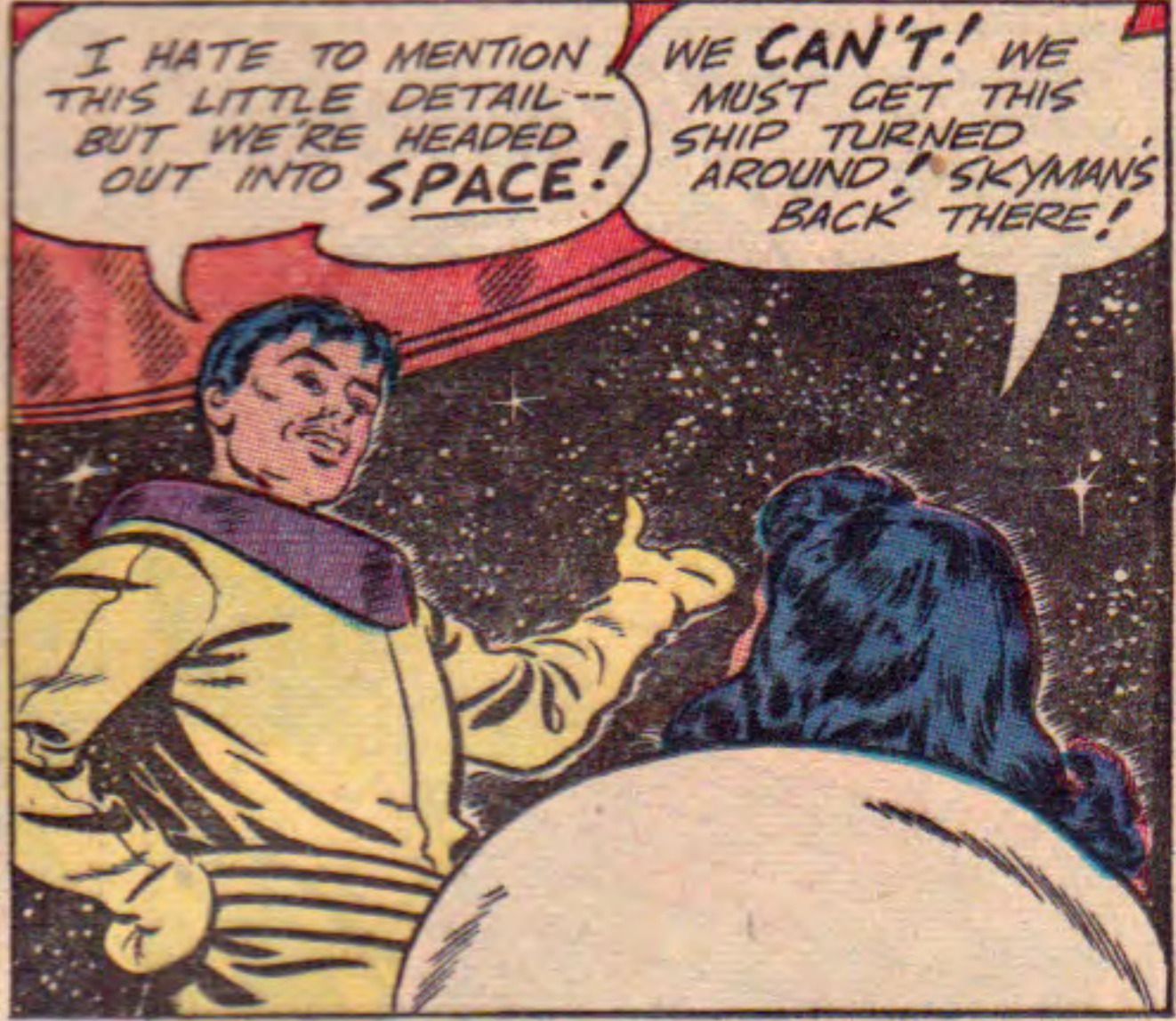
PHEW! I
NEVER WANT
TO GO THROUGH
THAT AGAIN!

FAWN, YOU
SAVED OUR
LIVES!

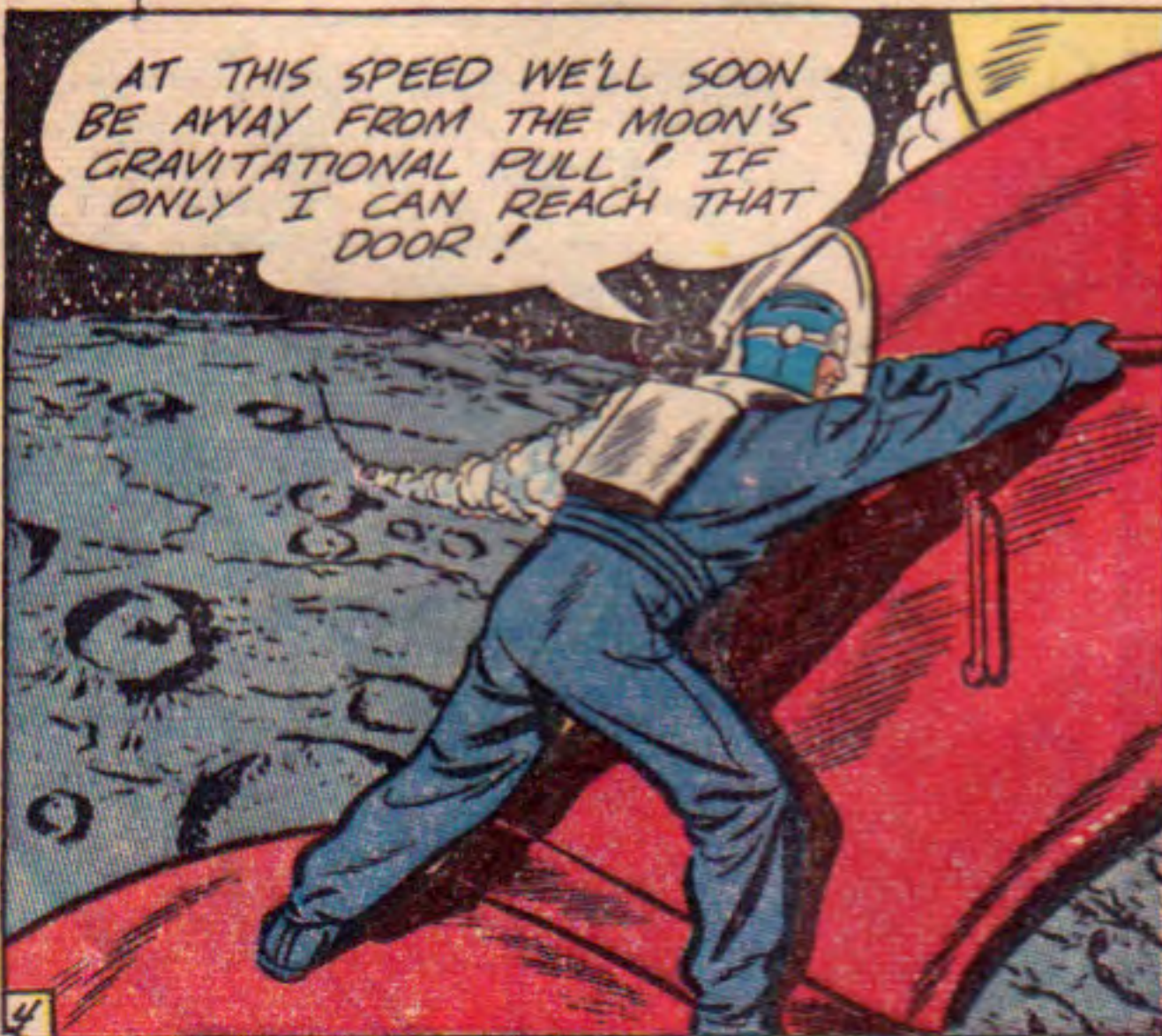


I HATE TO MENTION
THIS LITTLE DETAIL--
BUT WE'RE HEADED
OUT INTO SPACE!

WE CAN'T! WE
MUST GET THIS
SHIP TURNED
AROUND! SKYMAN'S
BACK THERE!



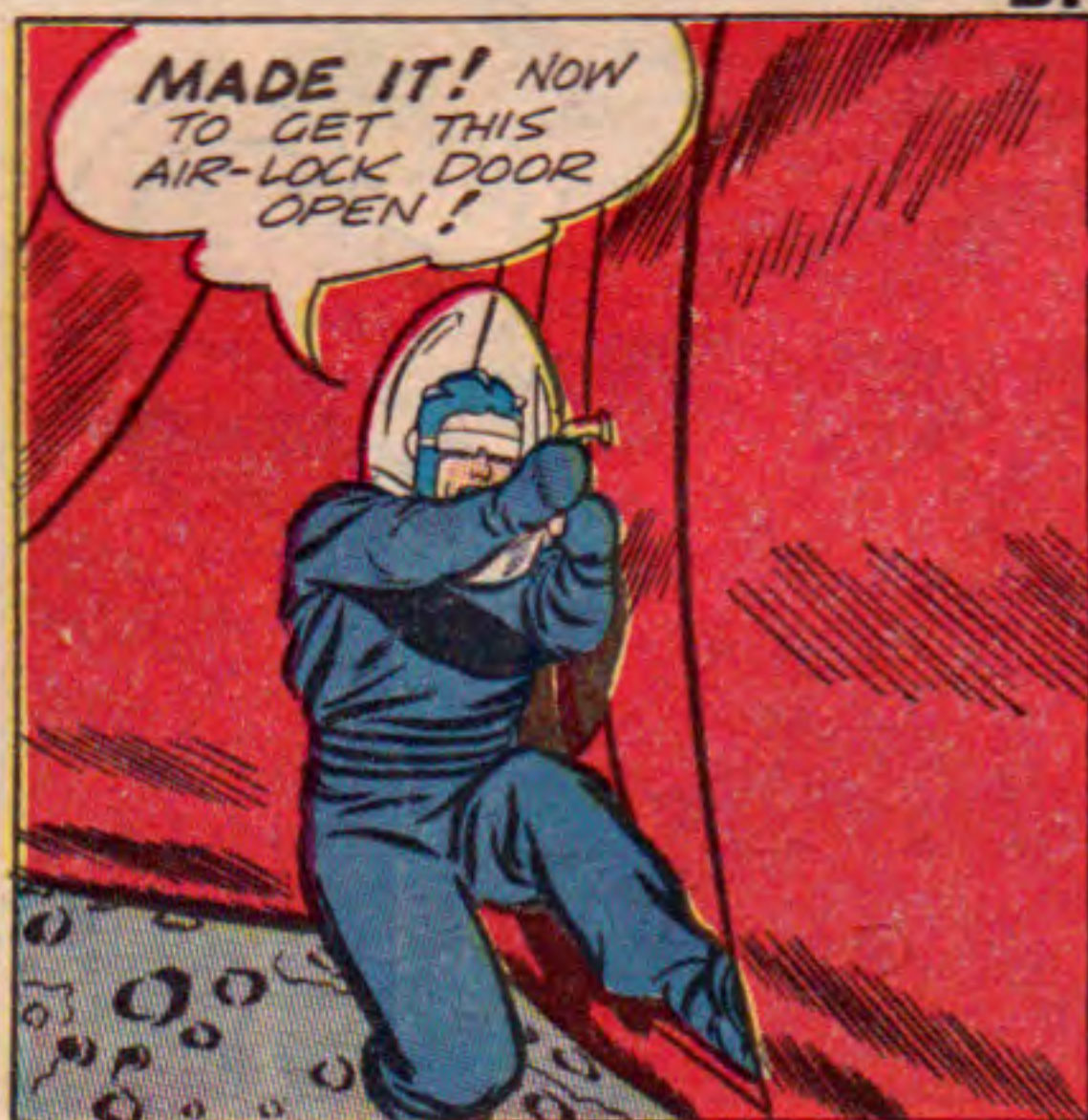
AT THIS SPEED WE'LL SOON
BE AWAY FROM THE MOON'S
GRAVITATIONAL PULL! IF
ONLY I CAN REACH THAT
DOOR!



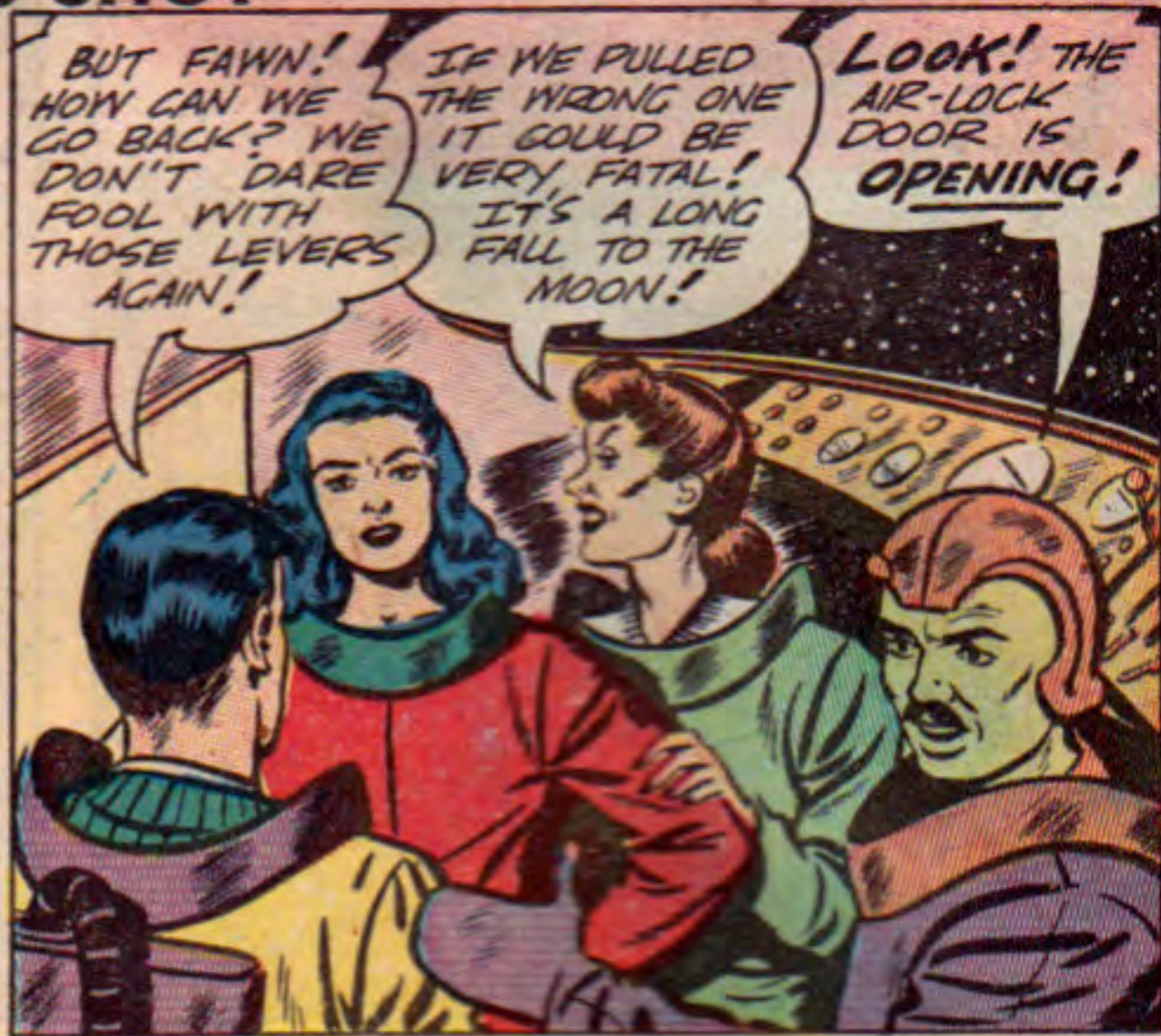
IF I MISS, IT'LL
BE JUST TOO BAD!
HERE GOES!



BIG SHOT



MADE IT! NOW TO GET THIS AIR-LOCK DOOR OPEN!



BUT FAWN! HOW CAN WE GO BACK? WE DON'T DARE FOOL WITH THOSE LEVERS AGAIN!

IF WE PULLED THE WRONG ONE IT COULD BE VERY FATAL! IT'S A LONG FALL TO THE MOON!

LOOK! THE AIR-LOCK DOOR IS OPENING!



HELLO EVERYONE! MIND IF I COME IN?

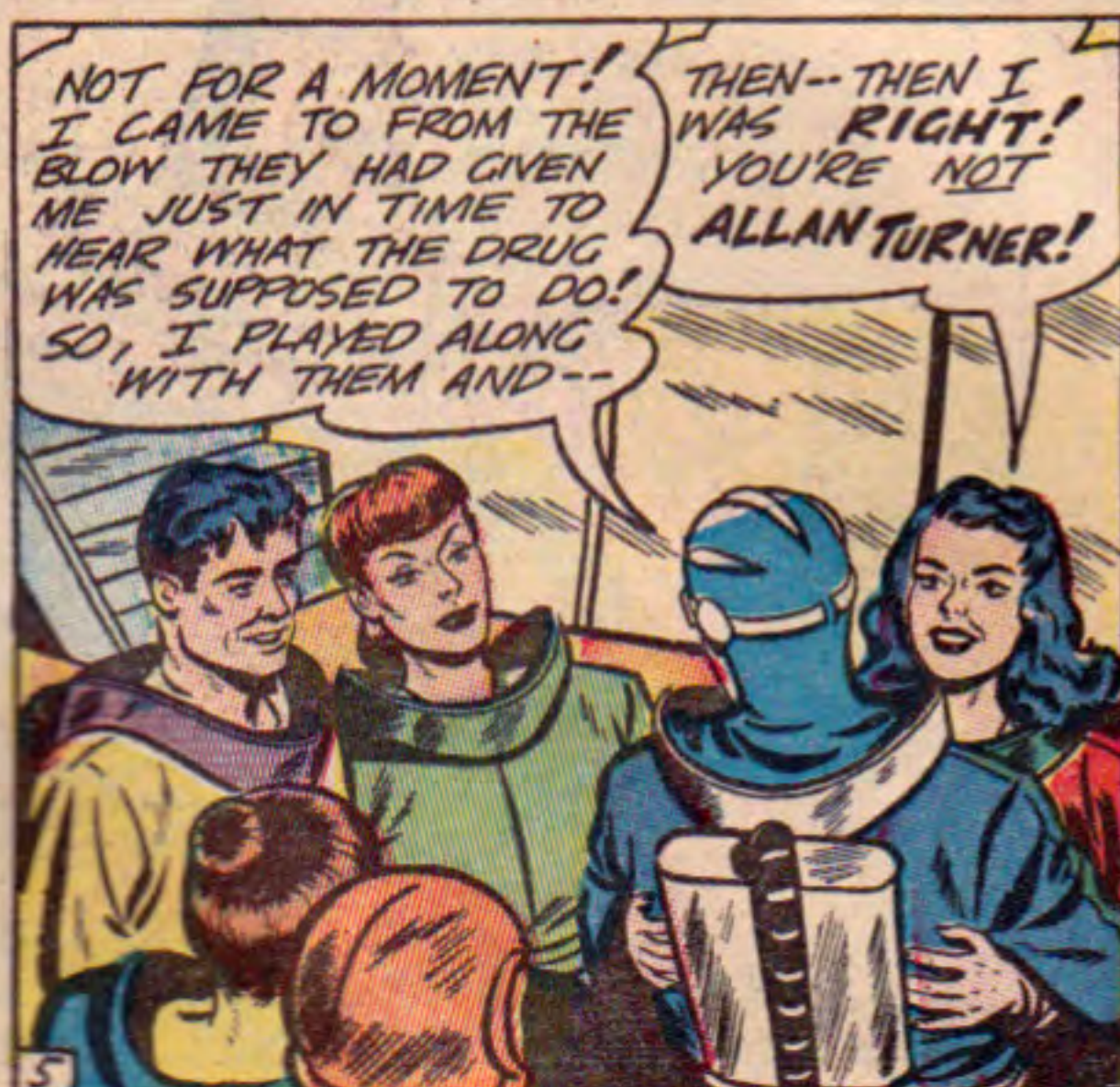
SKYMAN!



OH, YOU'RE ALIVE! I'M SO HAPPY!

REMEMBER TO GIVE YOU SOME LESSONS IN FLYING A SPACE-SHIP!

SKYMAN, THE DRUG! WEREN'T YOU UNDER ITS INFLUENCE?



NOT FOR A MOMENT! I CAME TO FROM THE BLOW THEY HAD GIVEN ME JUST IN TIME TO HEAR WHAT THE DRUG WAS SUPPOSED TO DO! SO, I PLAYED ALONG WITH THEM AND--

THEN--THEN I WAS RIGHT! YOU'RE NOT ALLAN TURNER!



-- IF YOU REALLY WERE YOU CERTAINLY WOULDN'T HAVE TOLD ME! I JUST KNEW YOU COULDN'T BE! HE'S SO LAZY AND WORTHLESS, AND YOU'RE SO-- OH SKYMAN-- SO **WONDERFUL!**

BIG SHOT

MEANWHILE -- BACK ON THE MOON...

WELL! DID YOU FIND KARL?

I FOUND HIM! DEAD! AND SKYMAN AND HIS FRIENDS HAVE TAKEN OFF IN YOUR SPACE SHIP!

THE SHIP--GONE! YOU MEAN-- I'M STRANDED-- HERE--ON THE MOON?

UNLESS YOU WANT TO RIDE BACK ON ONE OF THE BOMBS!

YES--YES! THAT'S IT! I'LL SHOW THEM! JUST REMOVE THE EXPLOSIVE, THAT'S ALL! THEY CAN'T GET AWAY FROM ME, ADOLPH HITLER! I'LL CATCH UP WITH THEM!

SO WE'RE SUPPOSED TO TIE HIM TO THE BOMB AFTER REMOVING THE EXPLOSIVE! HAS HE GONE DAFFY?

HAS HE GONE DAFFY! COULDN'T YOU SEE THAT? BUT--YOU KNOW, WHEN HE'S GONE WE'RE IN COMPLETE POWER AROUND HERE!

HURRY, HURRY! I MUST CATCH UP WITH THEM!

YOU KNOW BEST! WELL, HERE GOES!

HOW THOUGHTLESS OF ME DOLAR! I FORGOT TO REMOVE THE EXPLOSIVE!

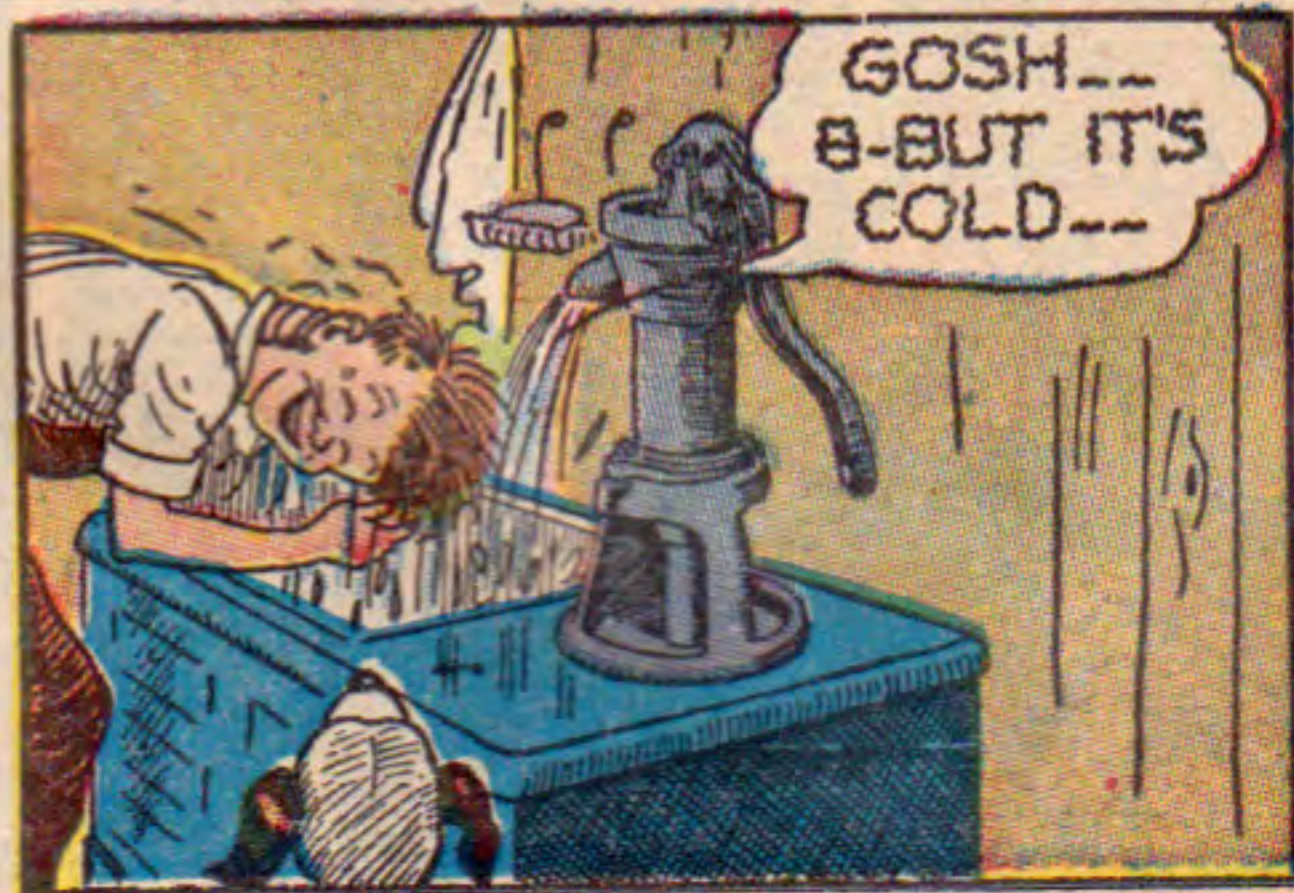
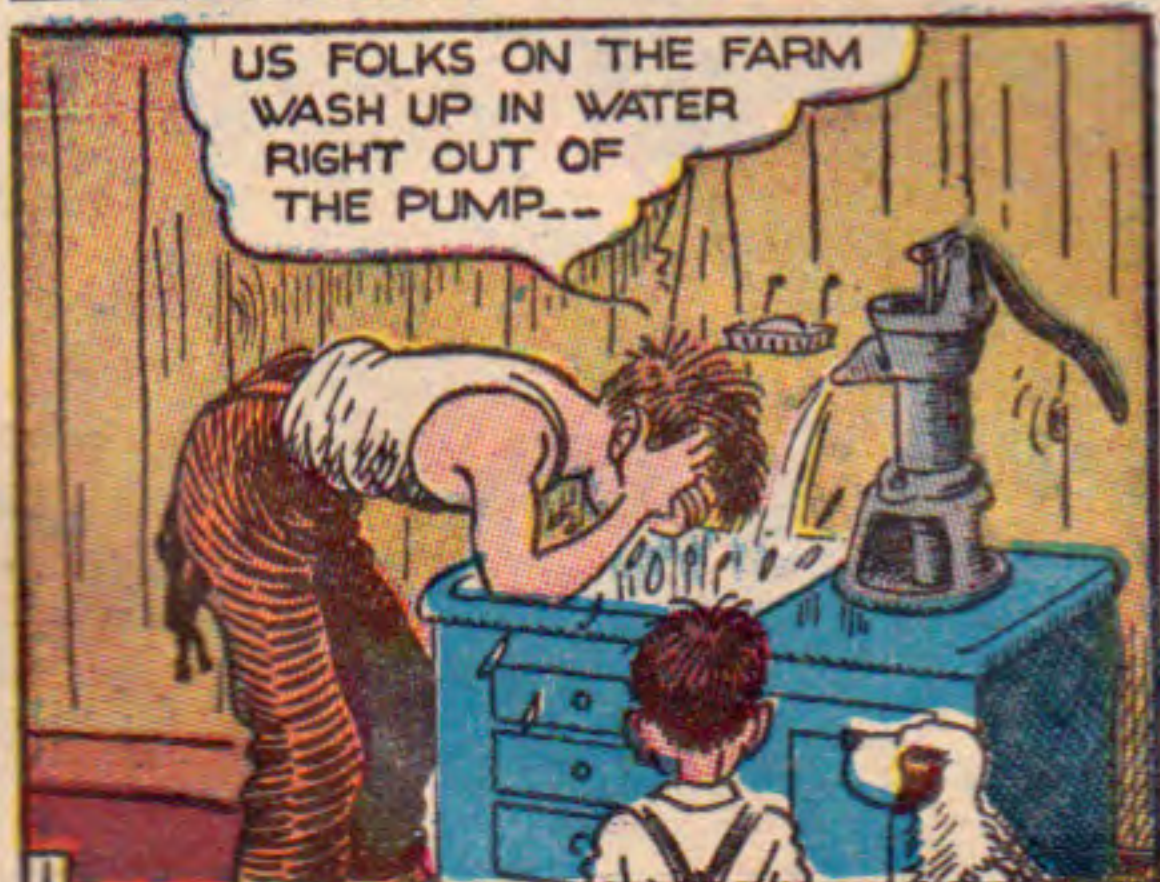
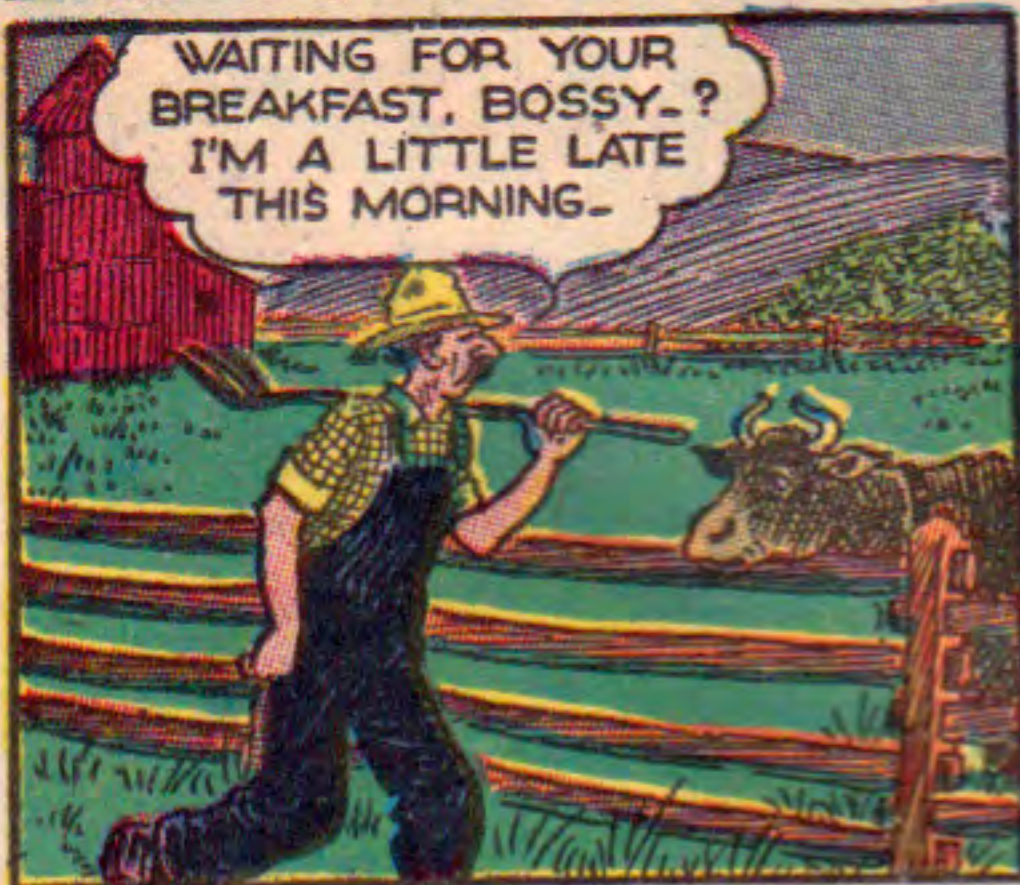
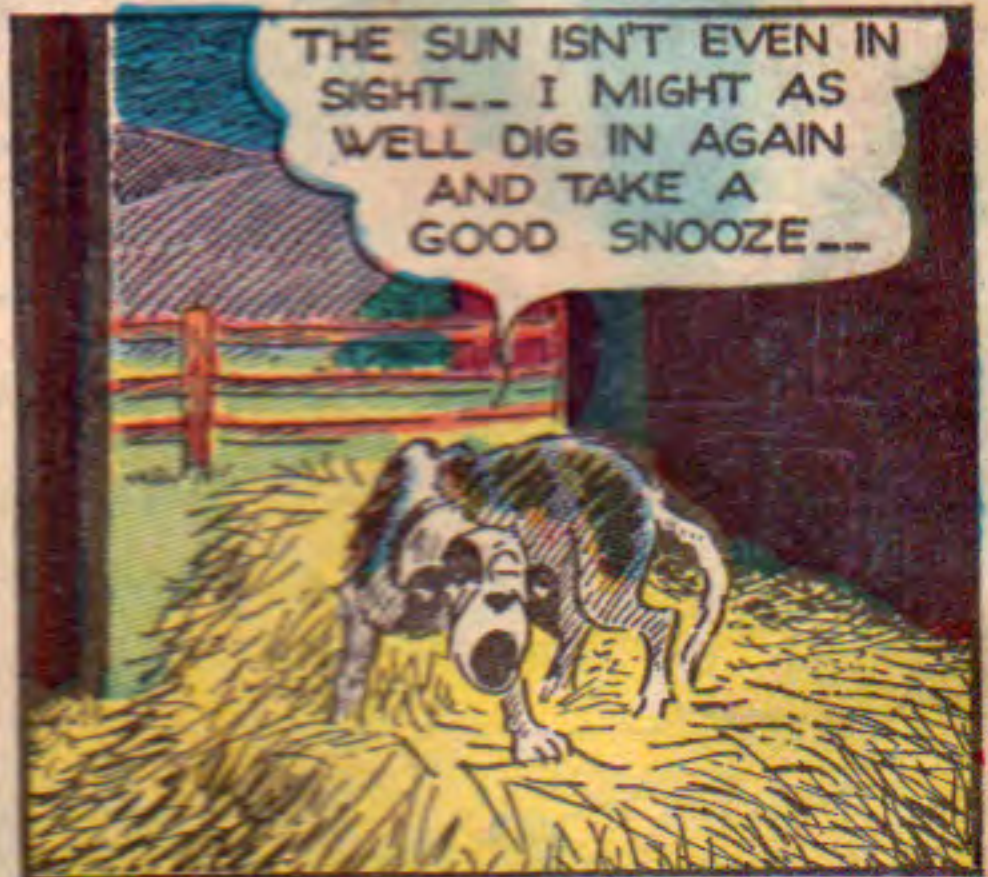
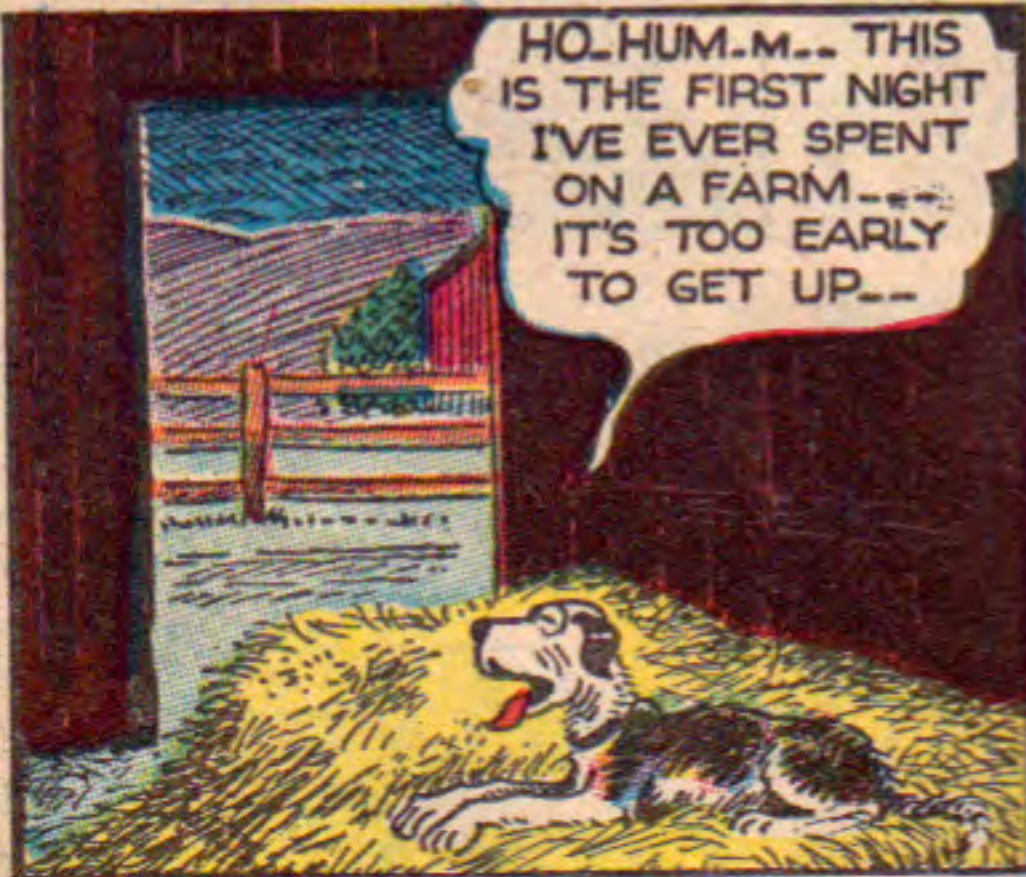
NEXT ISSUE: BOMB BLAST

BIG SHOT

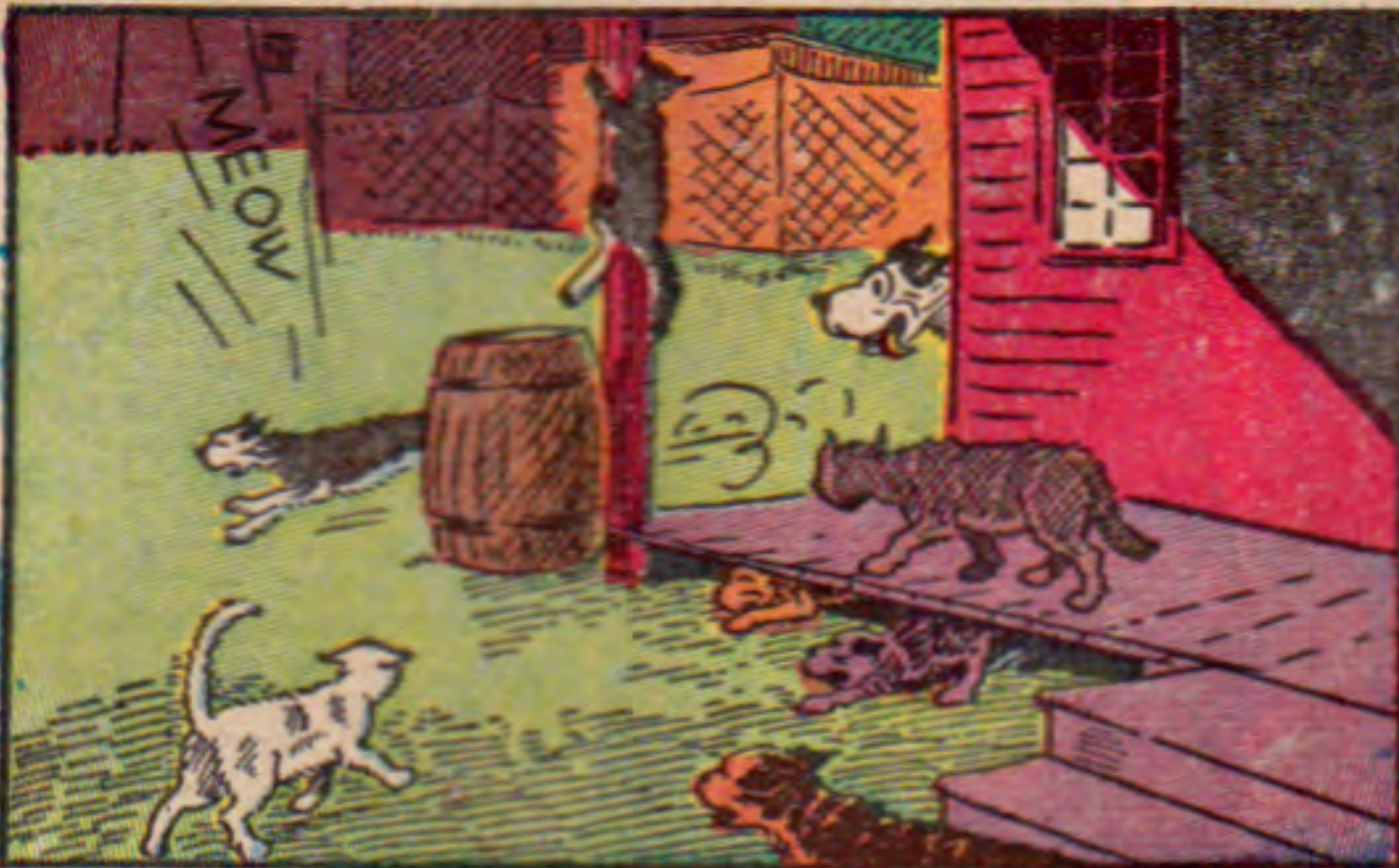
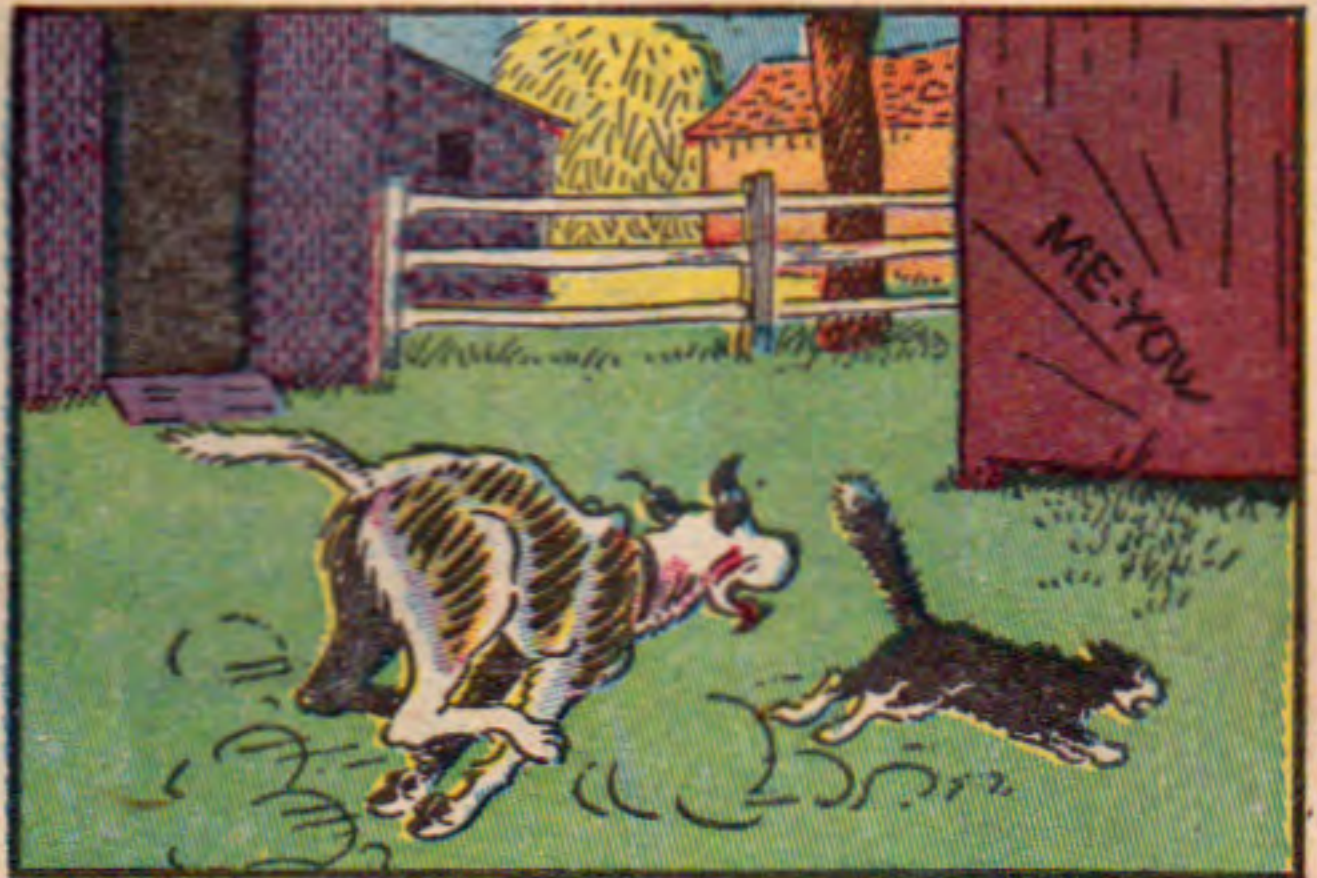
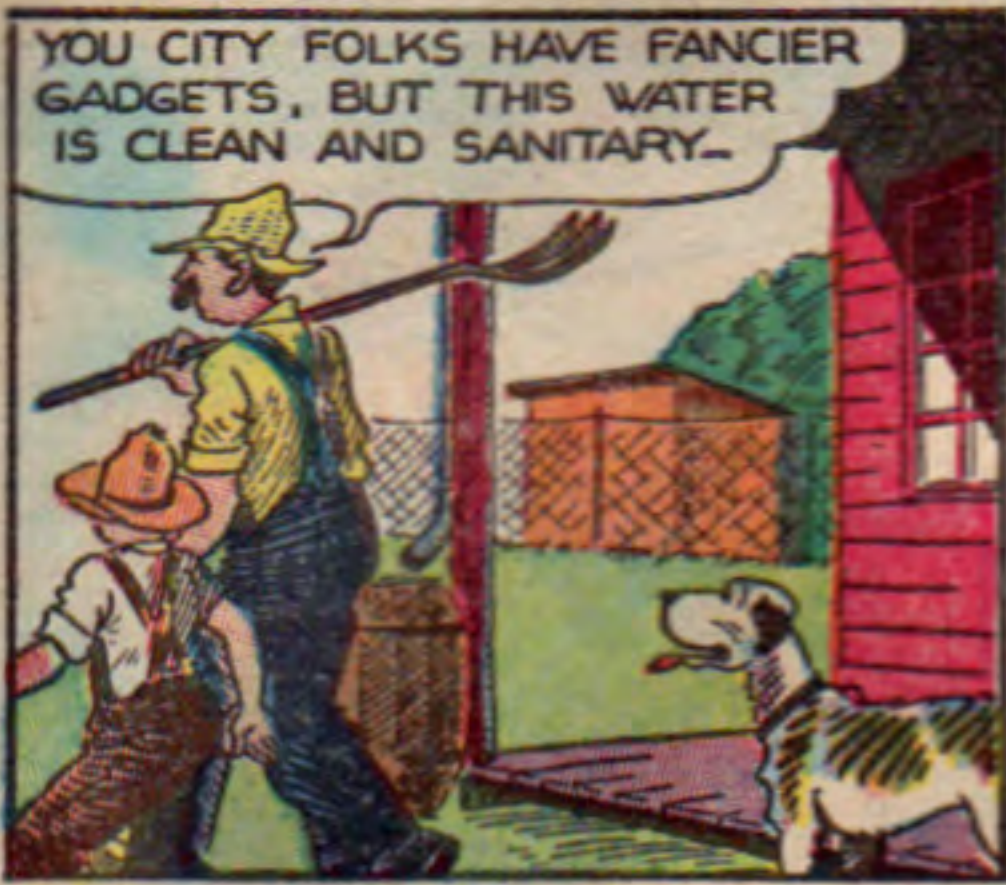


BY FRANK BECK

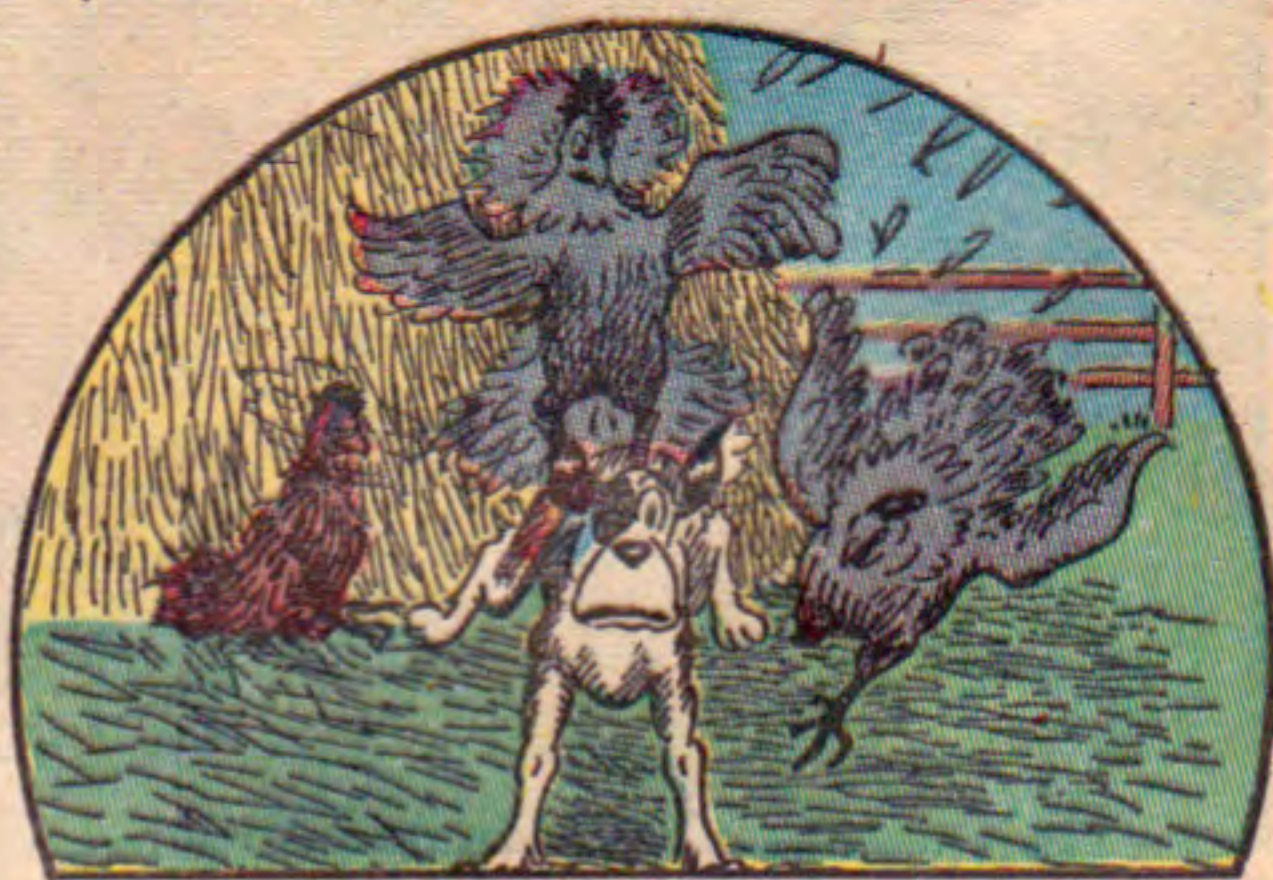
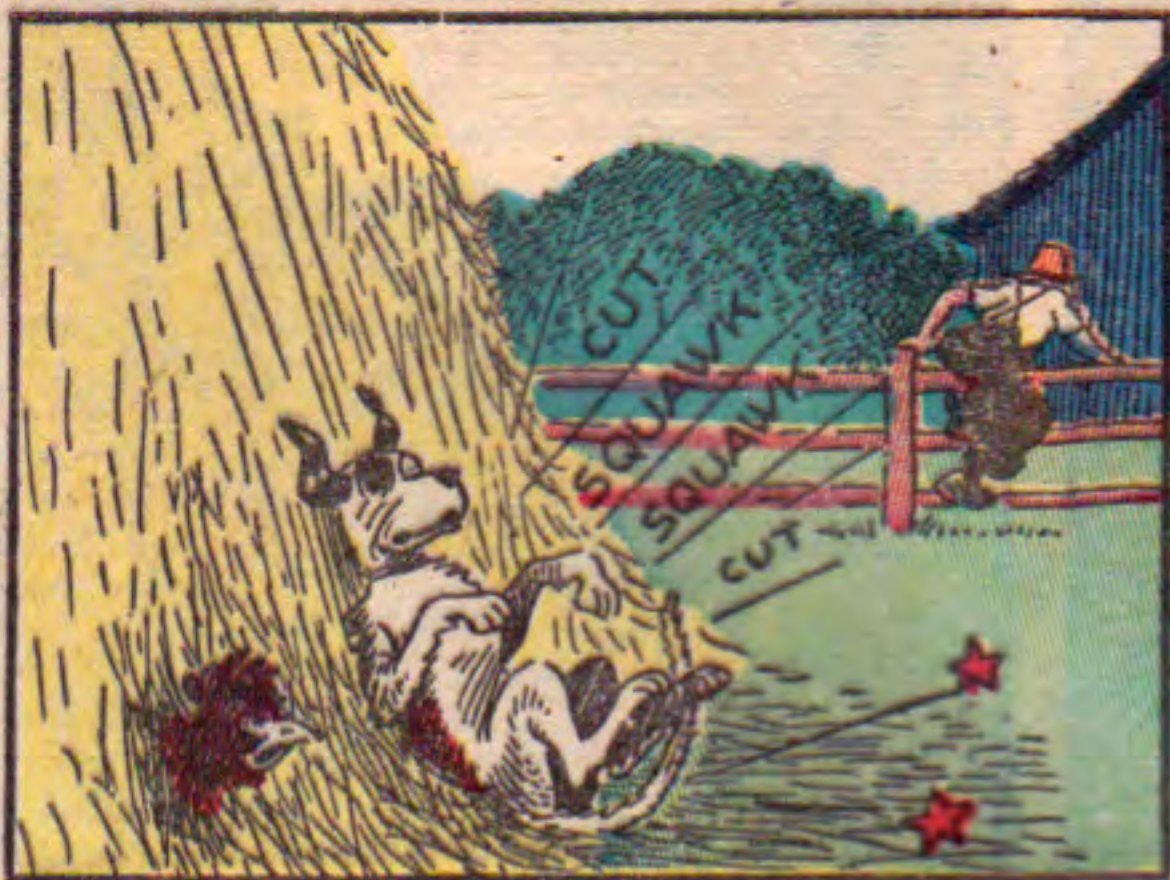
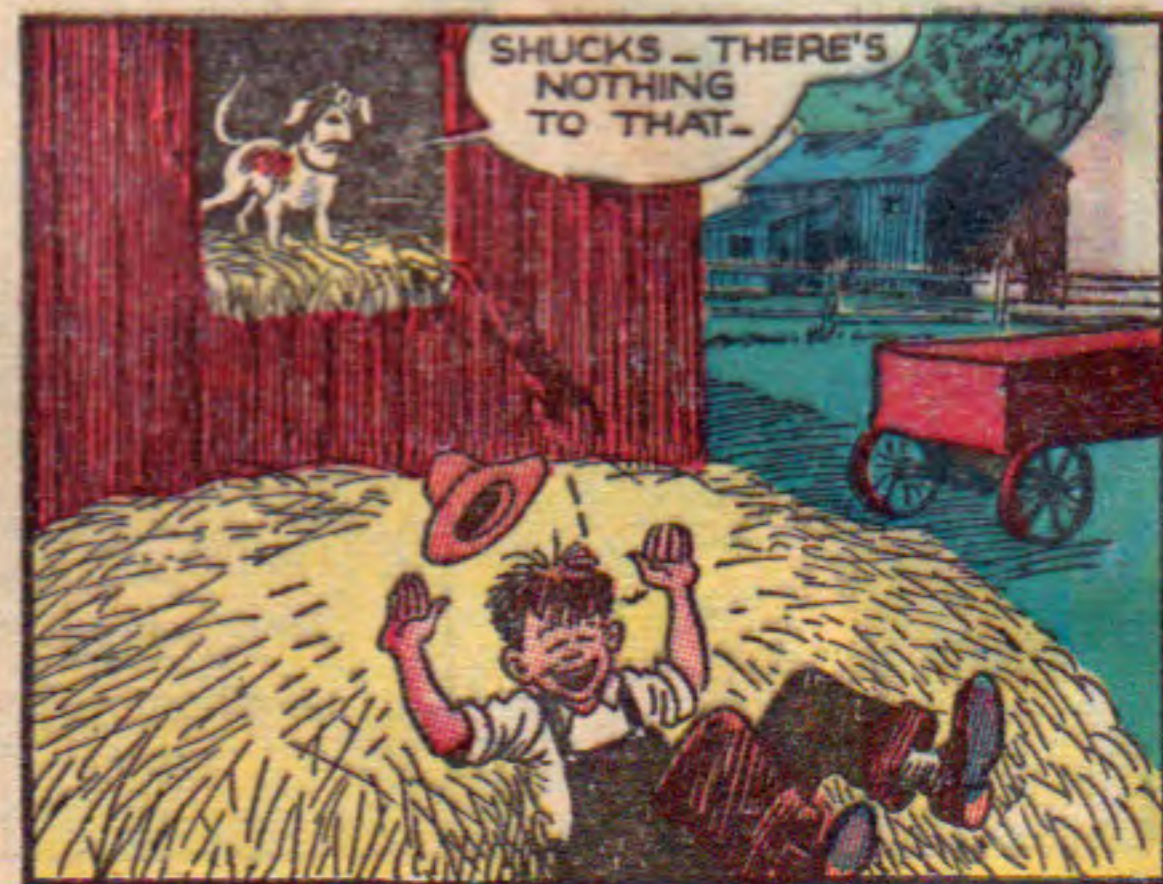
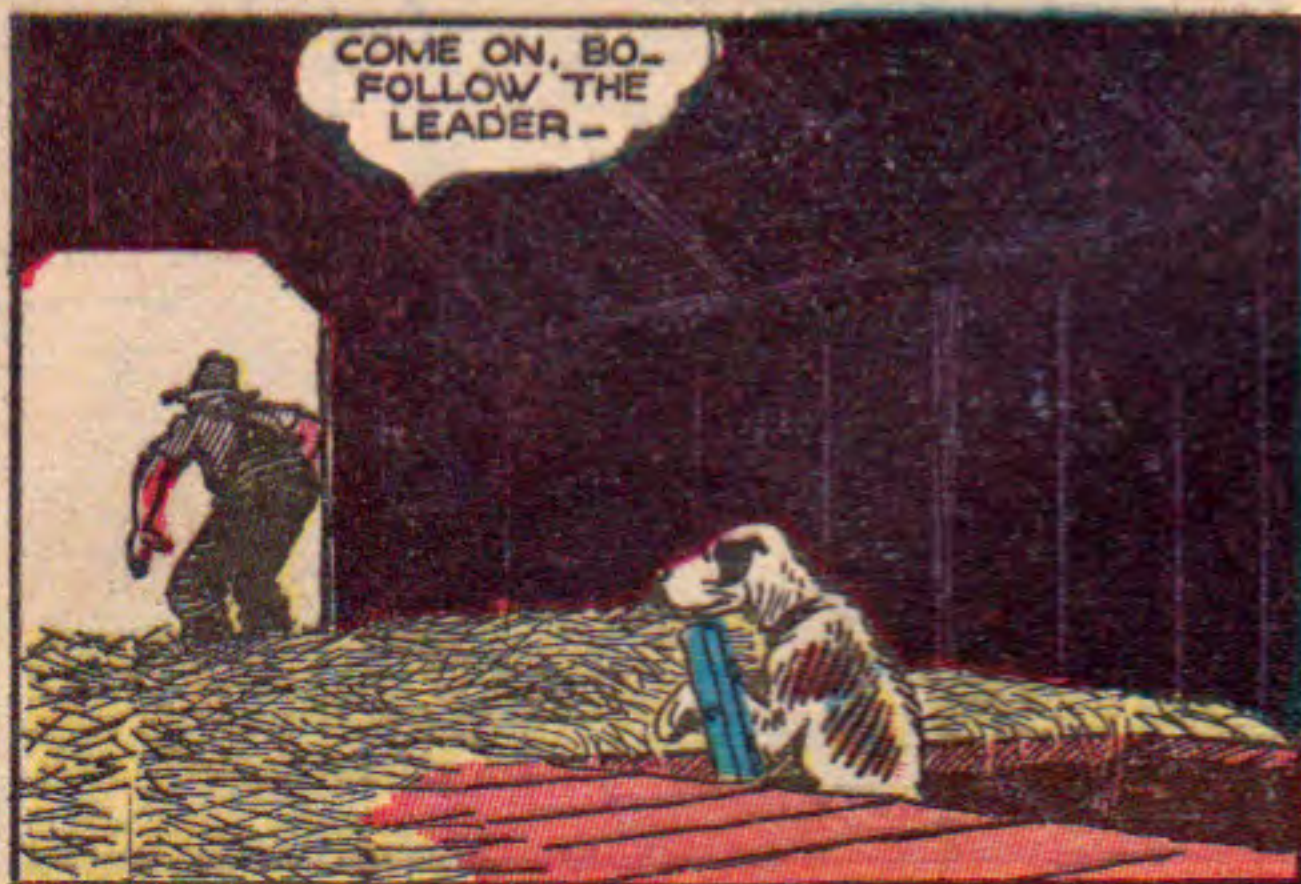
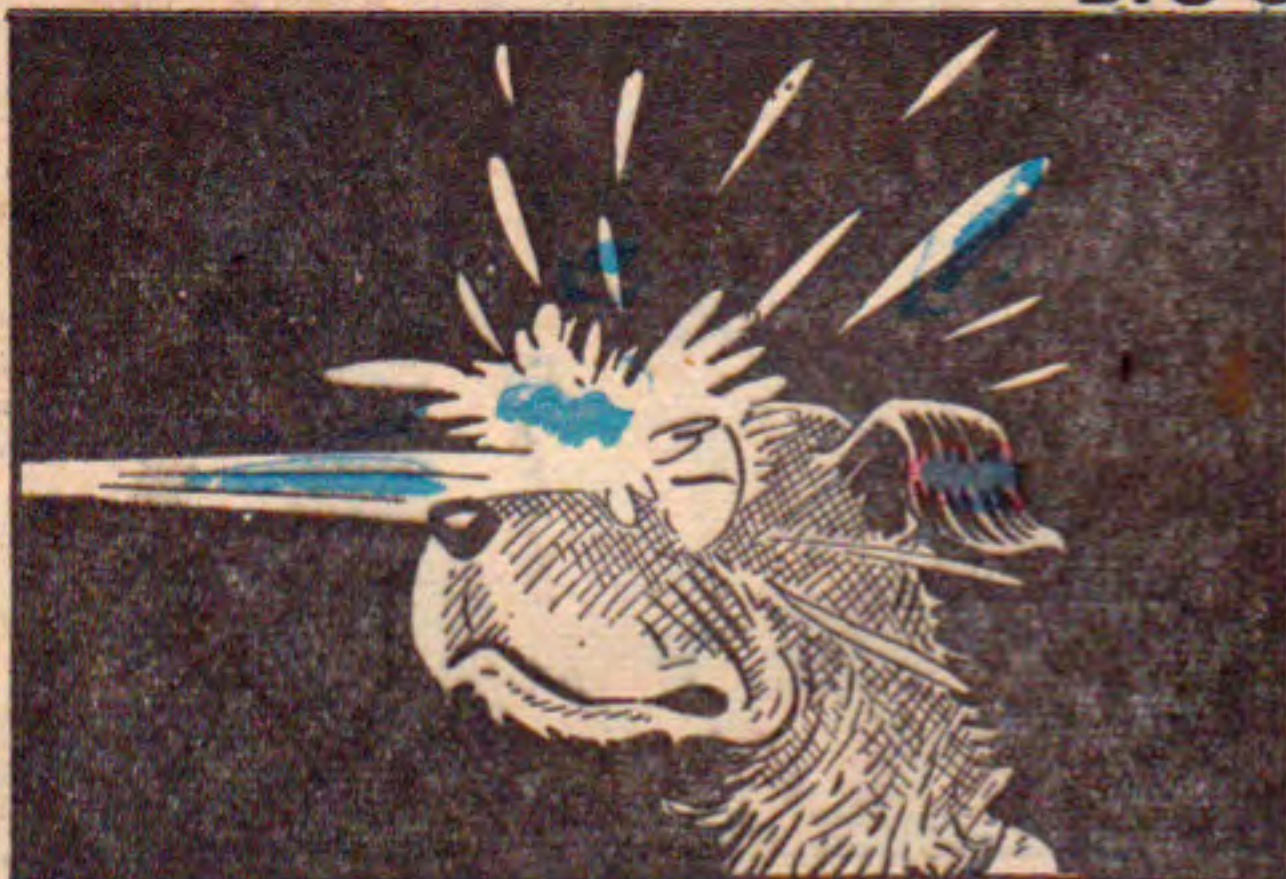
BO
AND
JUNIOR
ARE
SPENDING
A FEW
DAYS
ON A
FARM



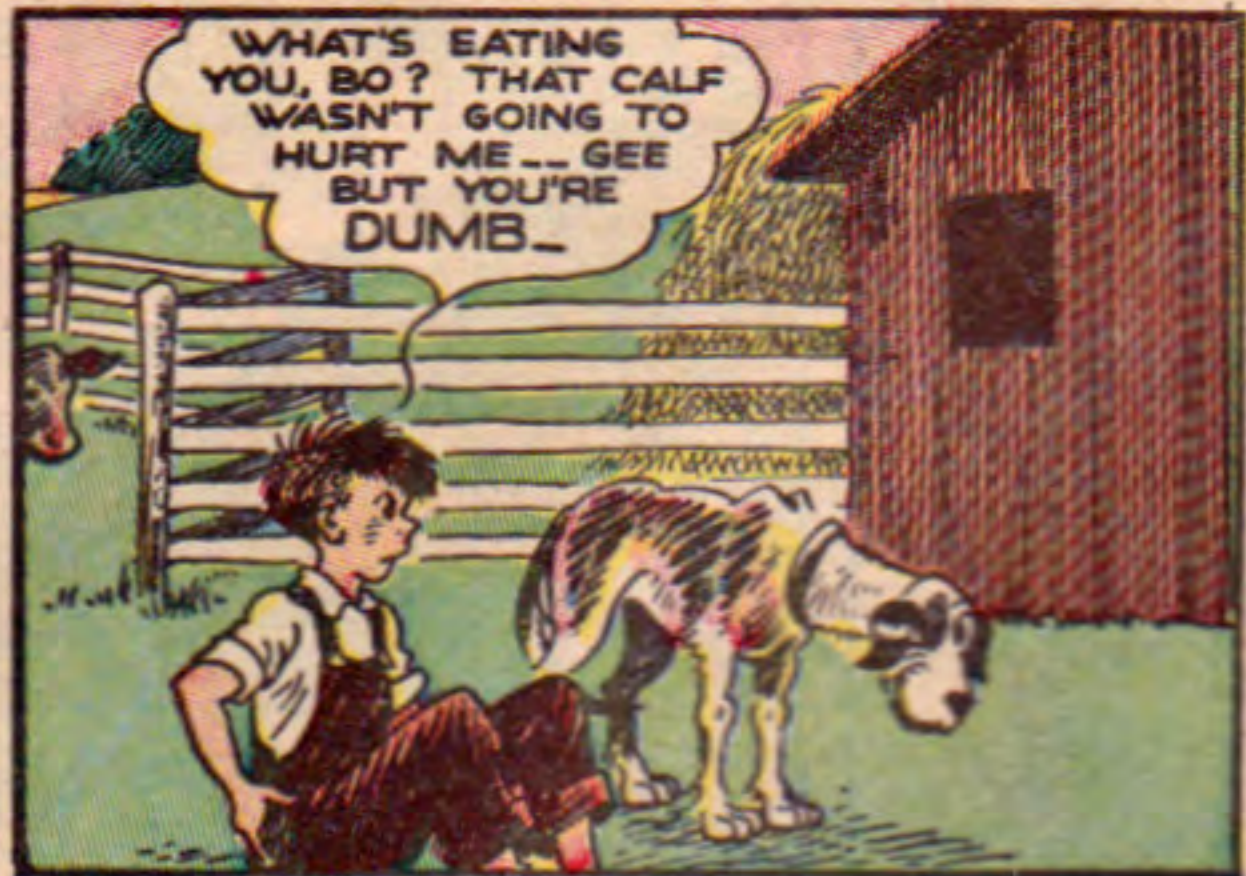
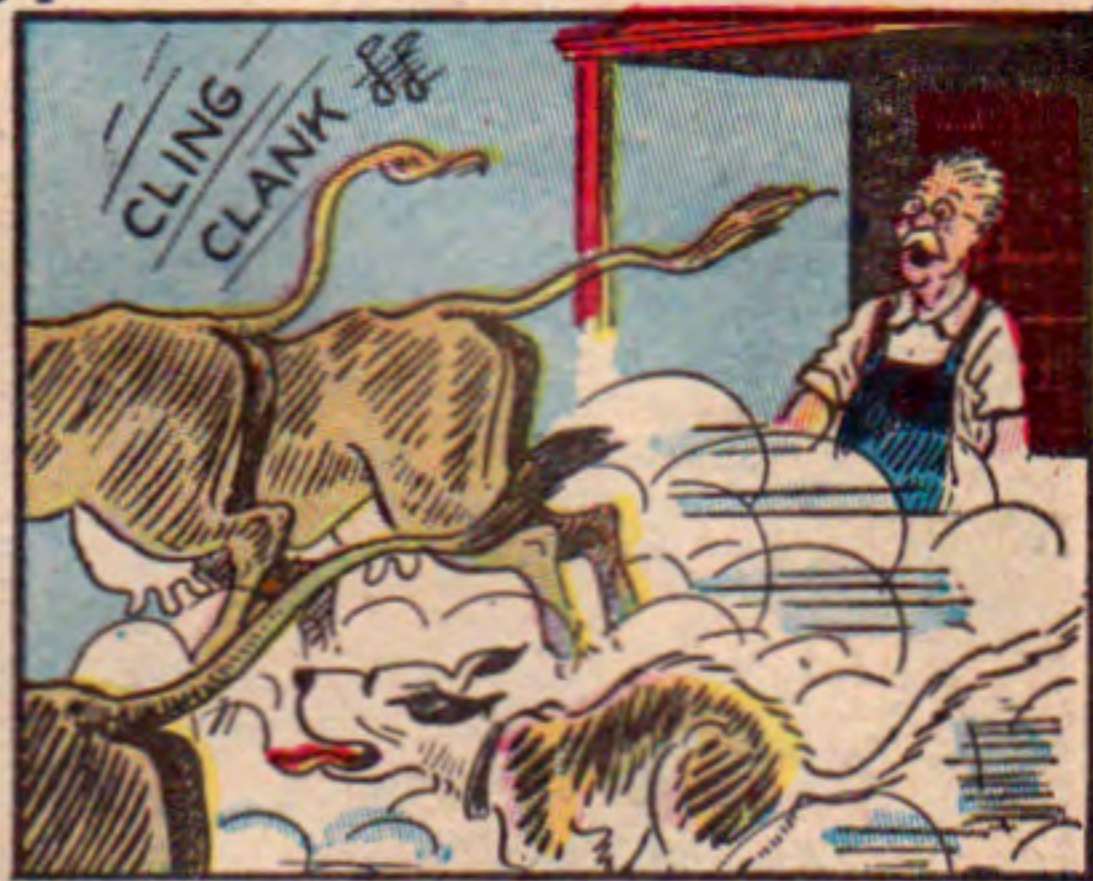
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



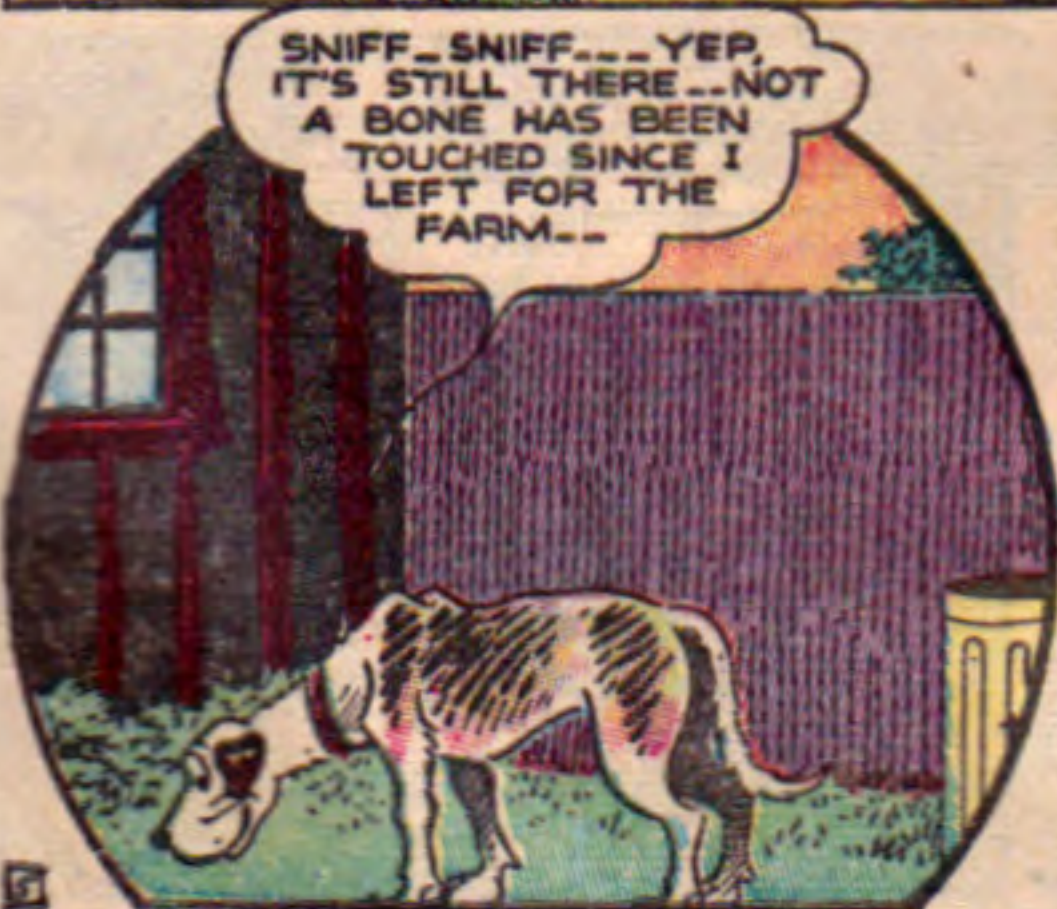
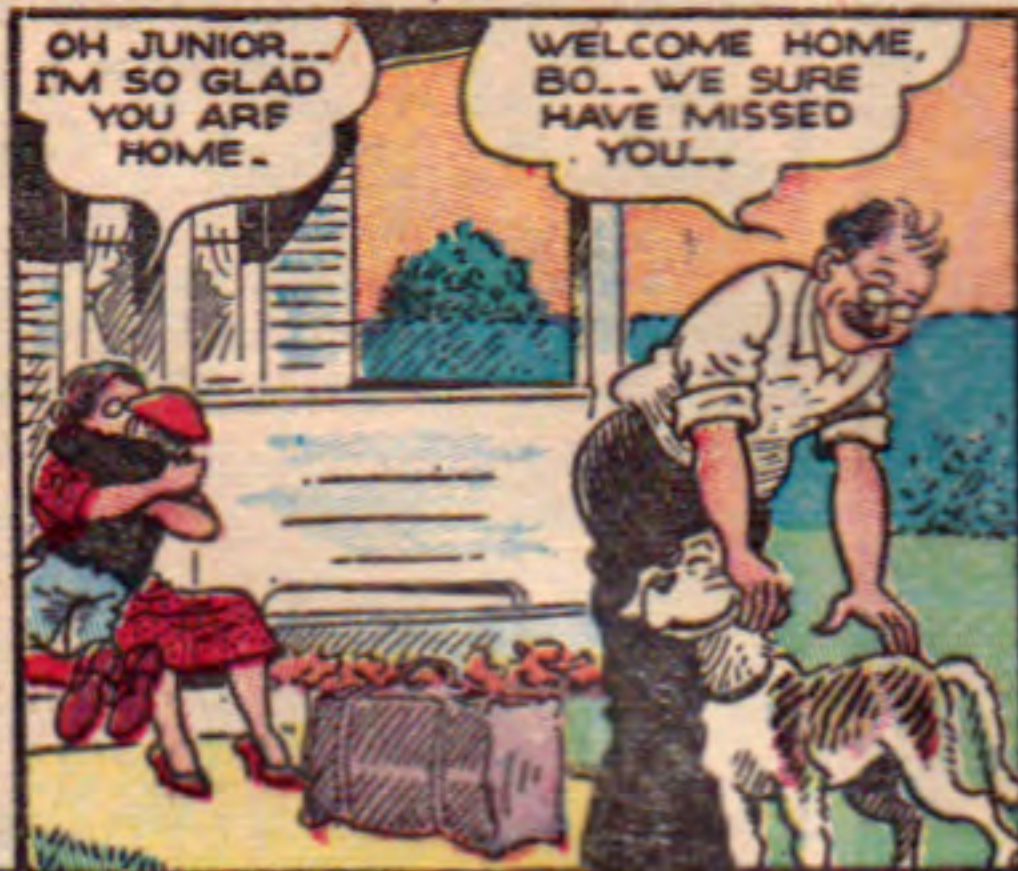
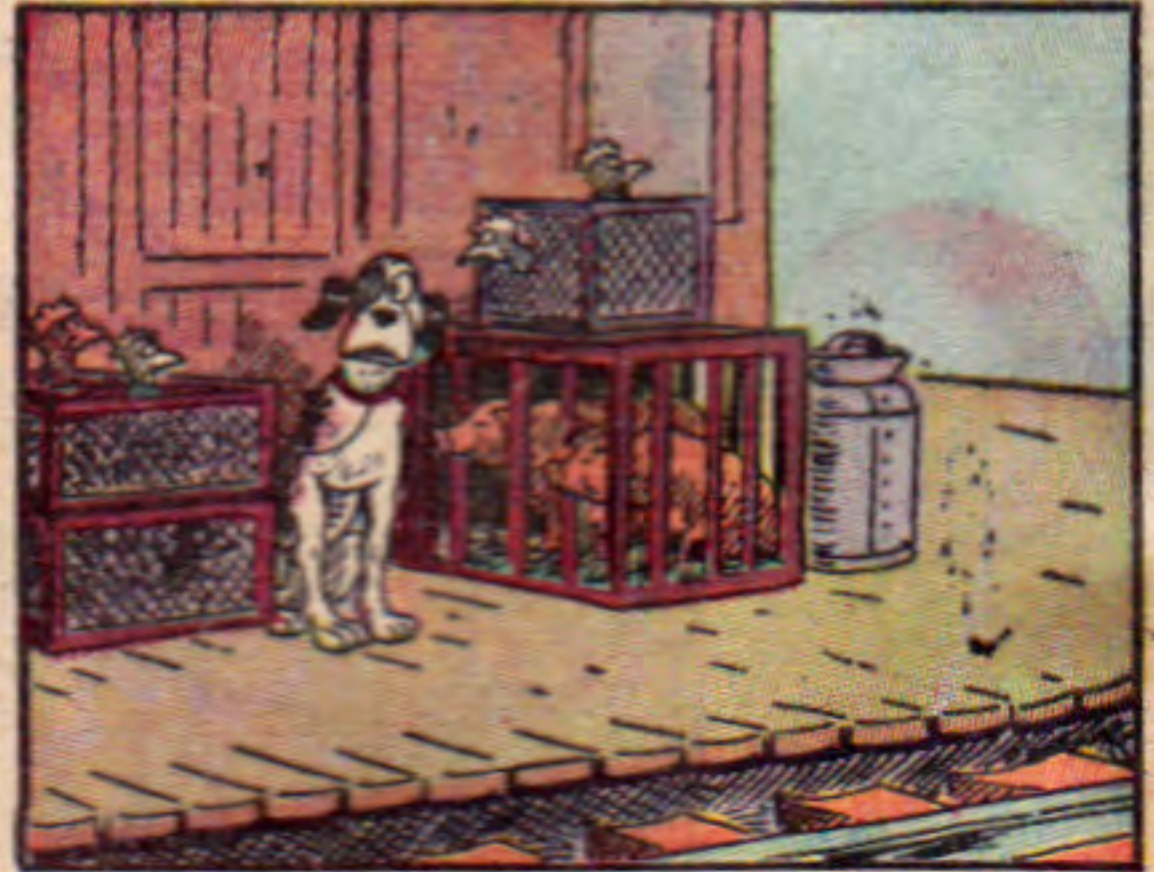
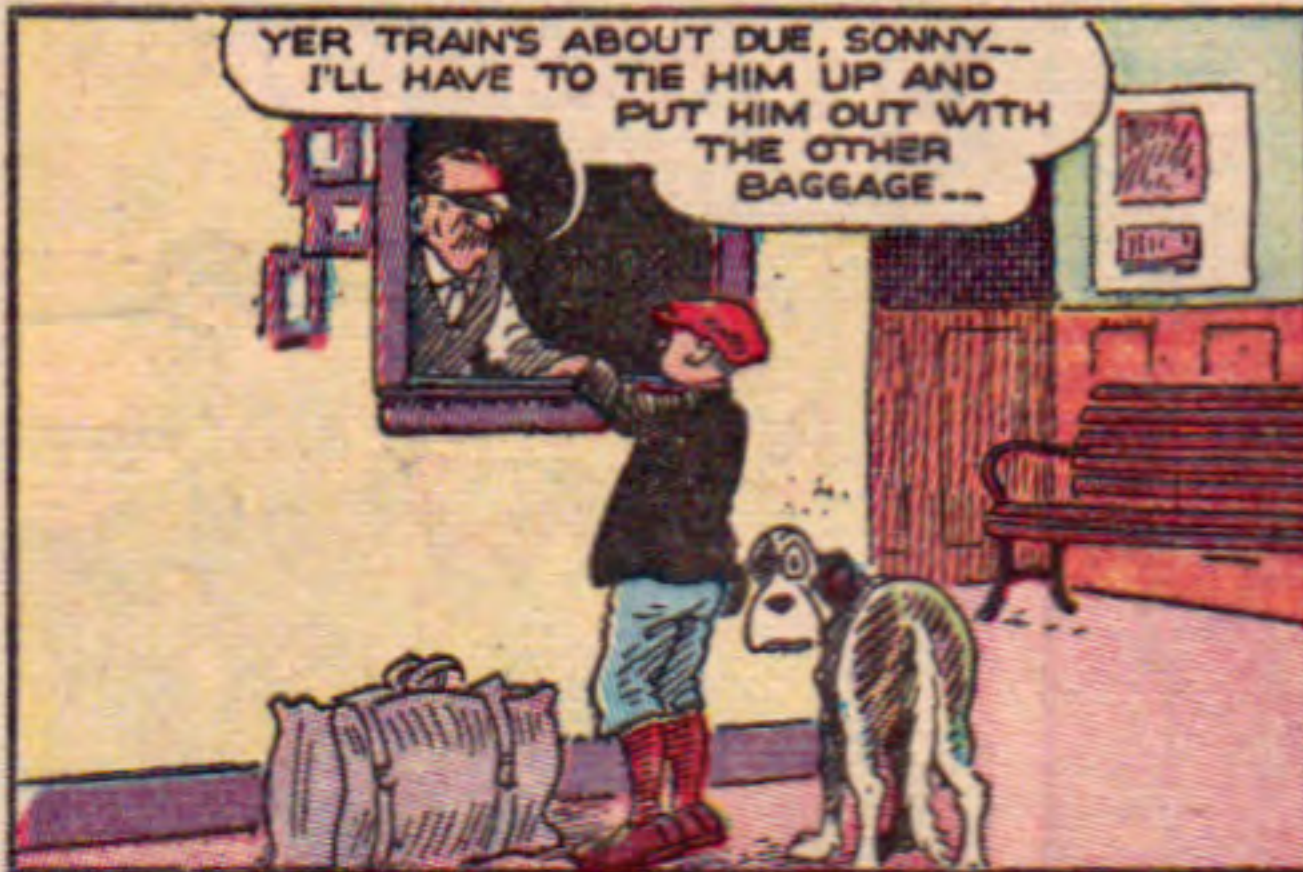
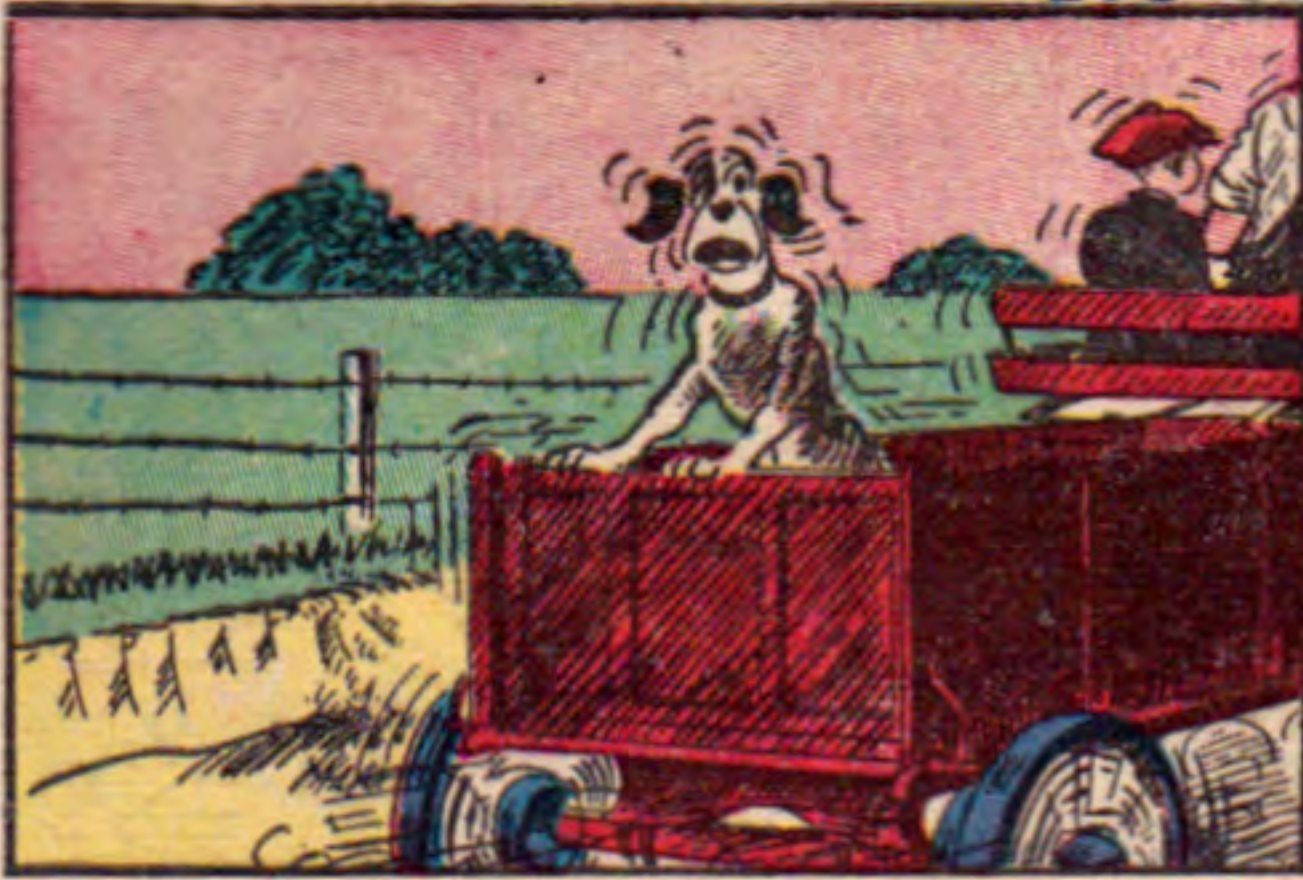
BIG SHOT



BO IS GETTING JEALOUS OF THE FARM ANIMALS

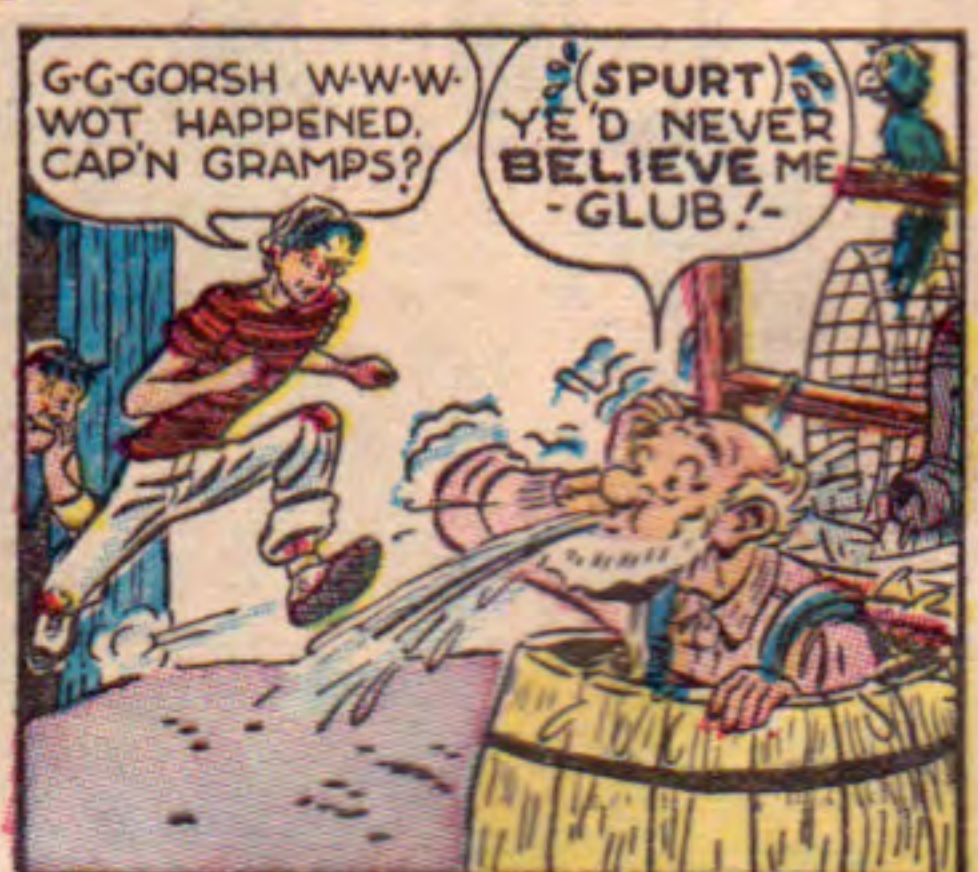
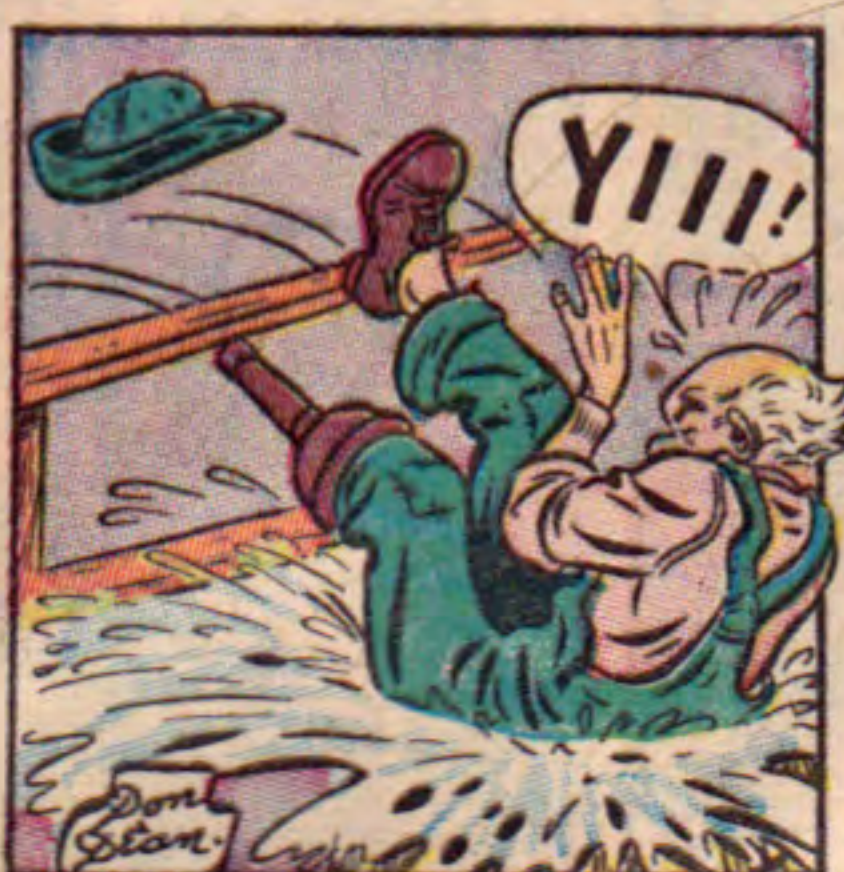
JUNIOR AND BO ARE GOING HOME TODAY

BIG SHOT



BO
IS
A
REGULAR
FEATURE
IN
BIG
SHOT

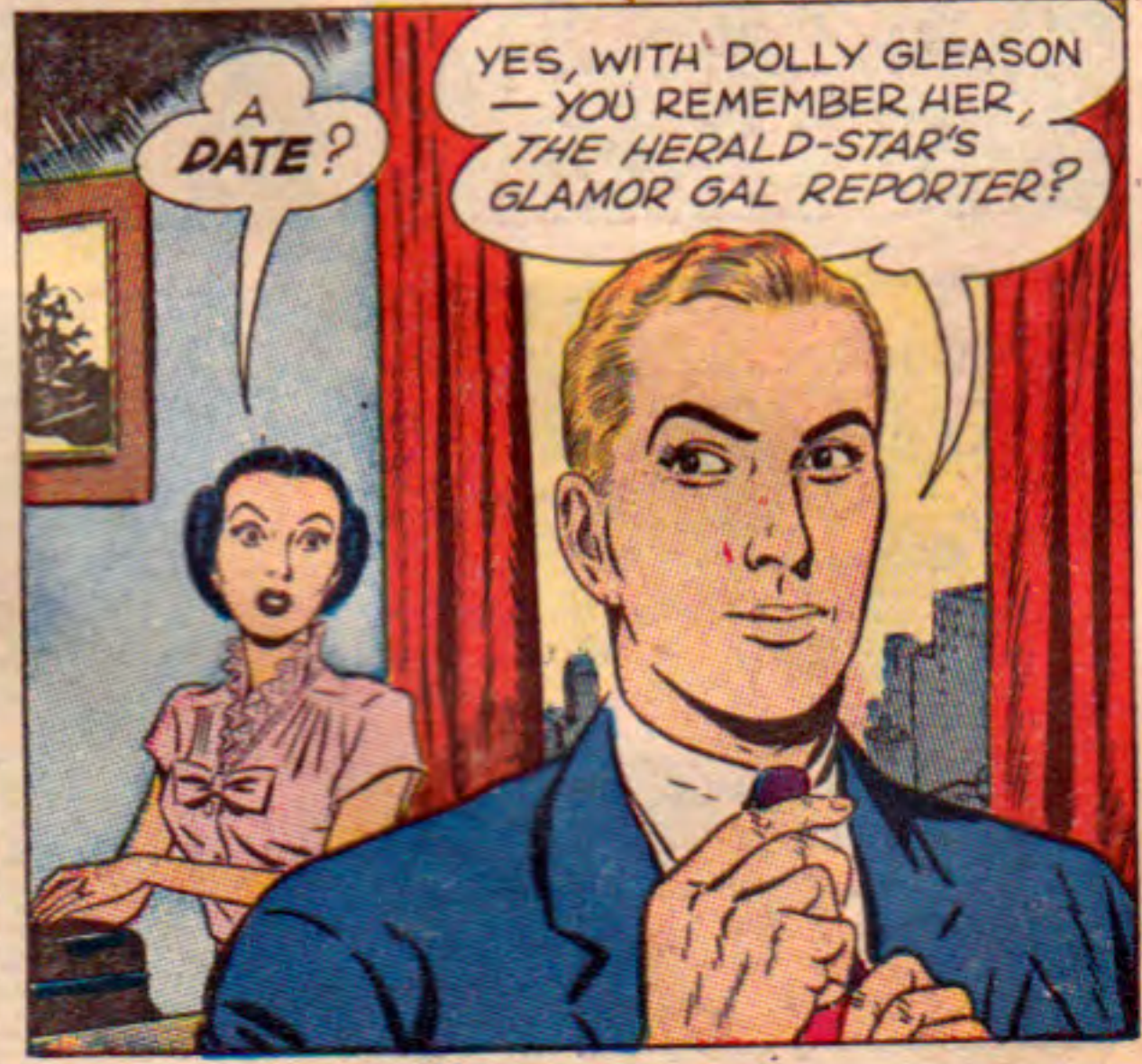
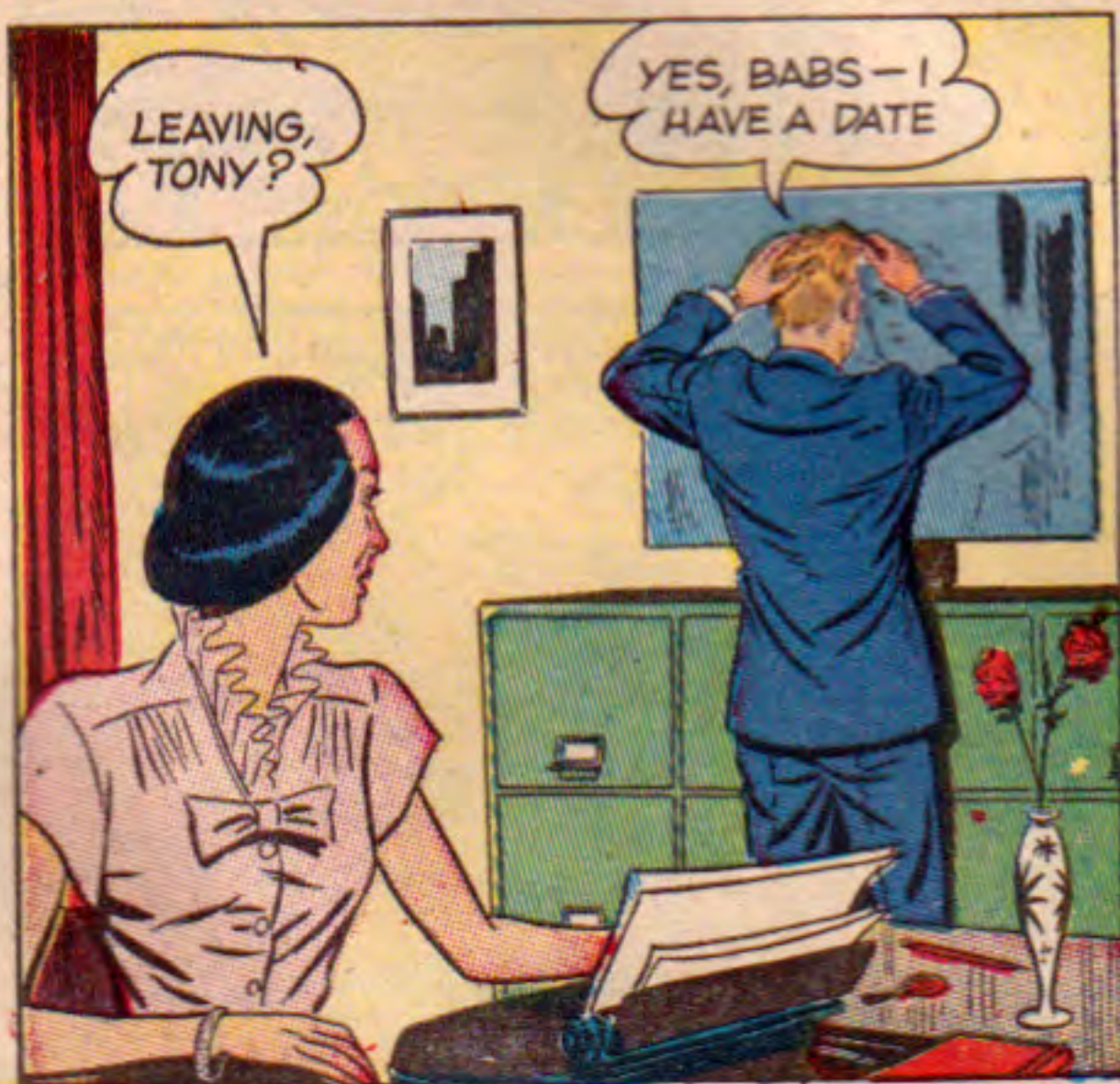
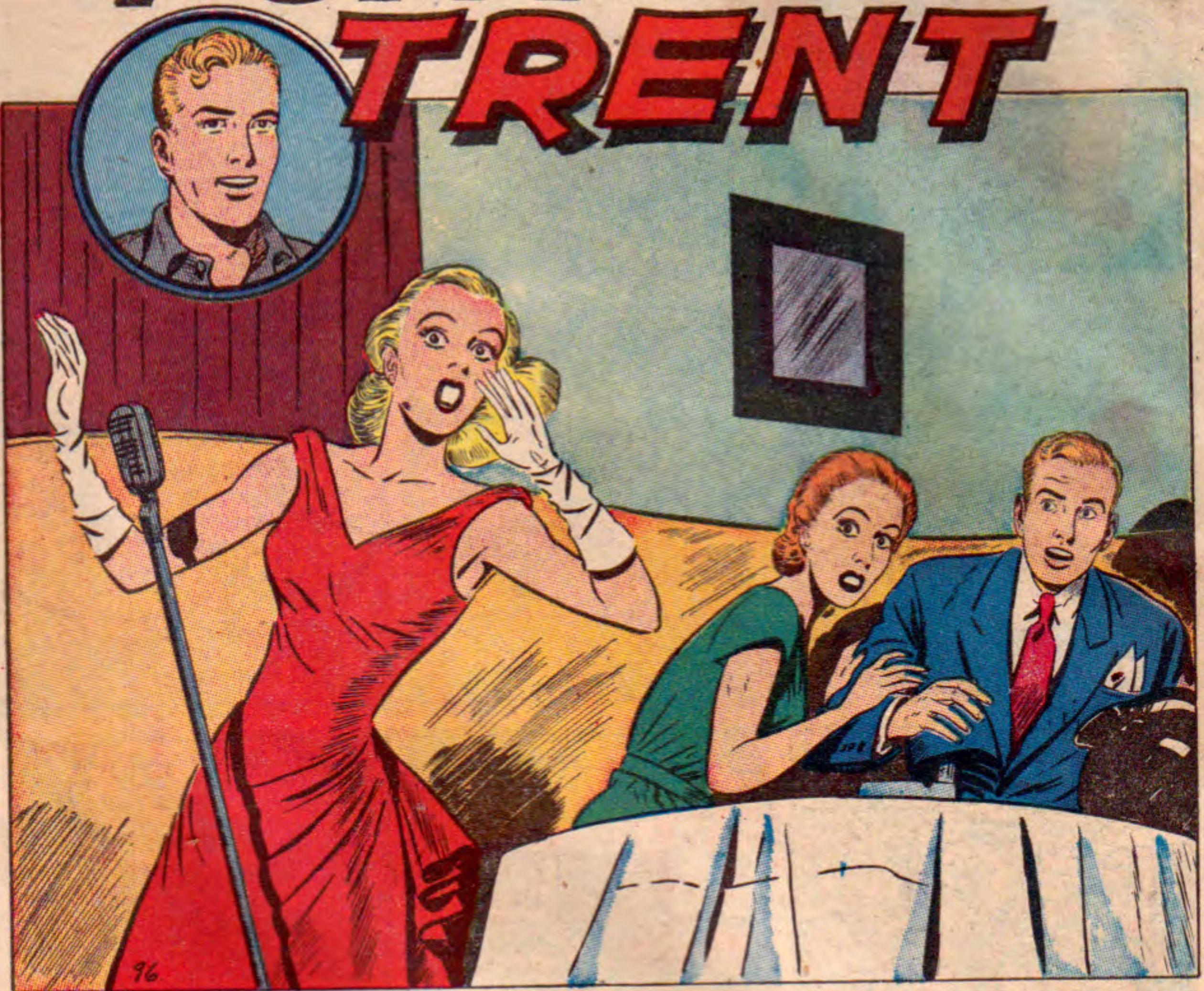
BIG SHOT



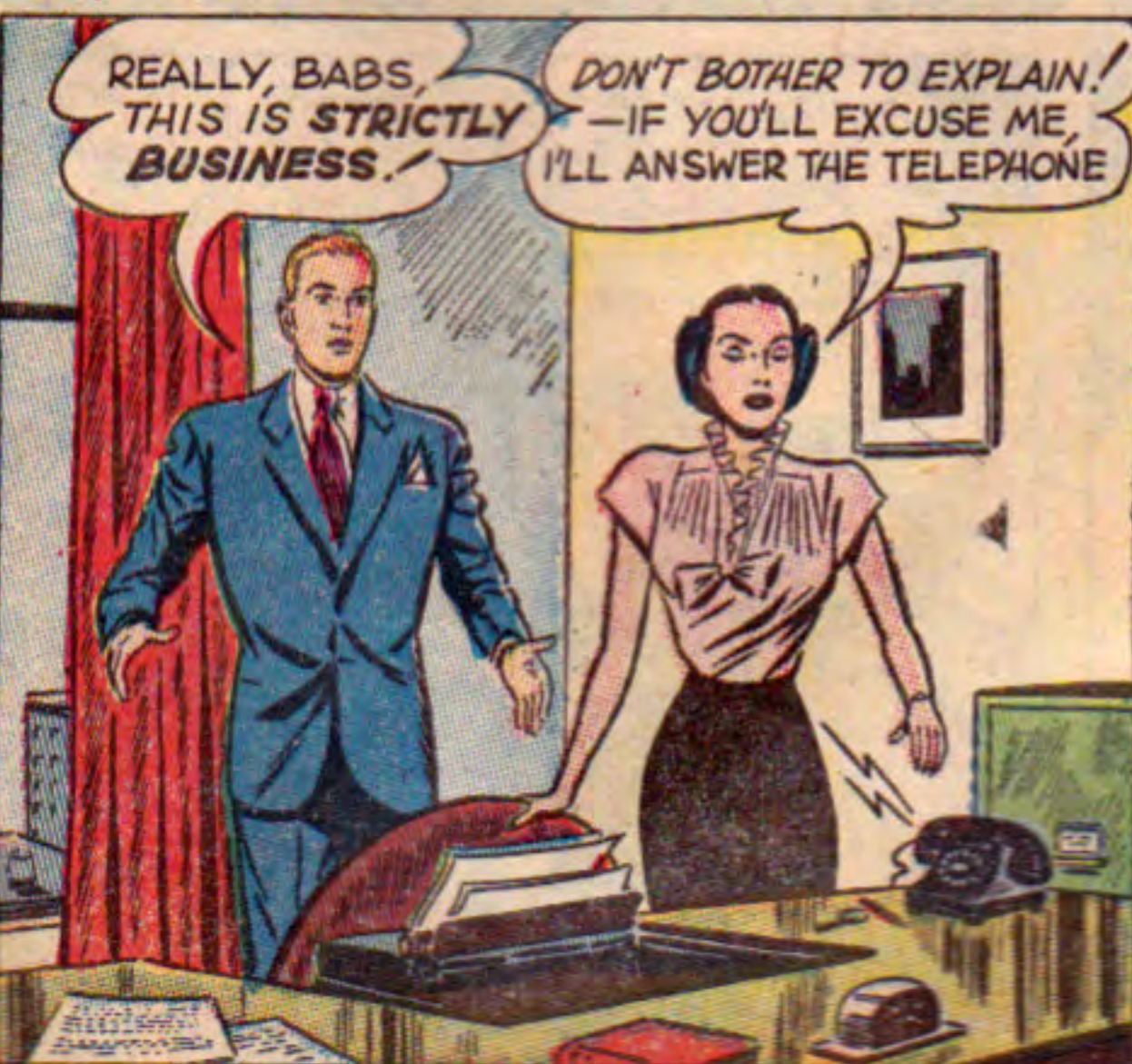
BIG SHOT

TONY TRENT

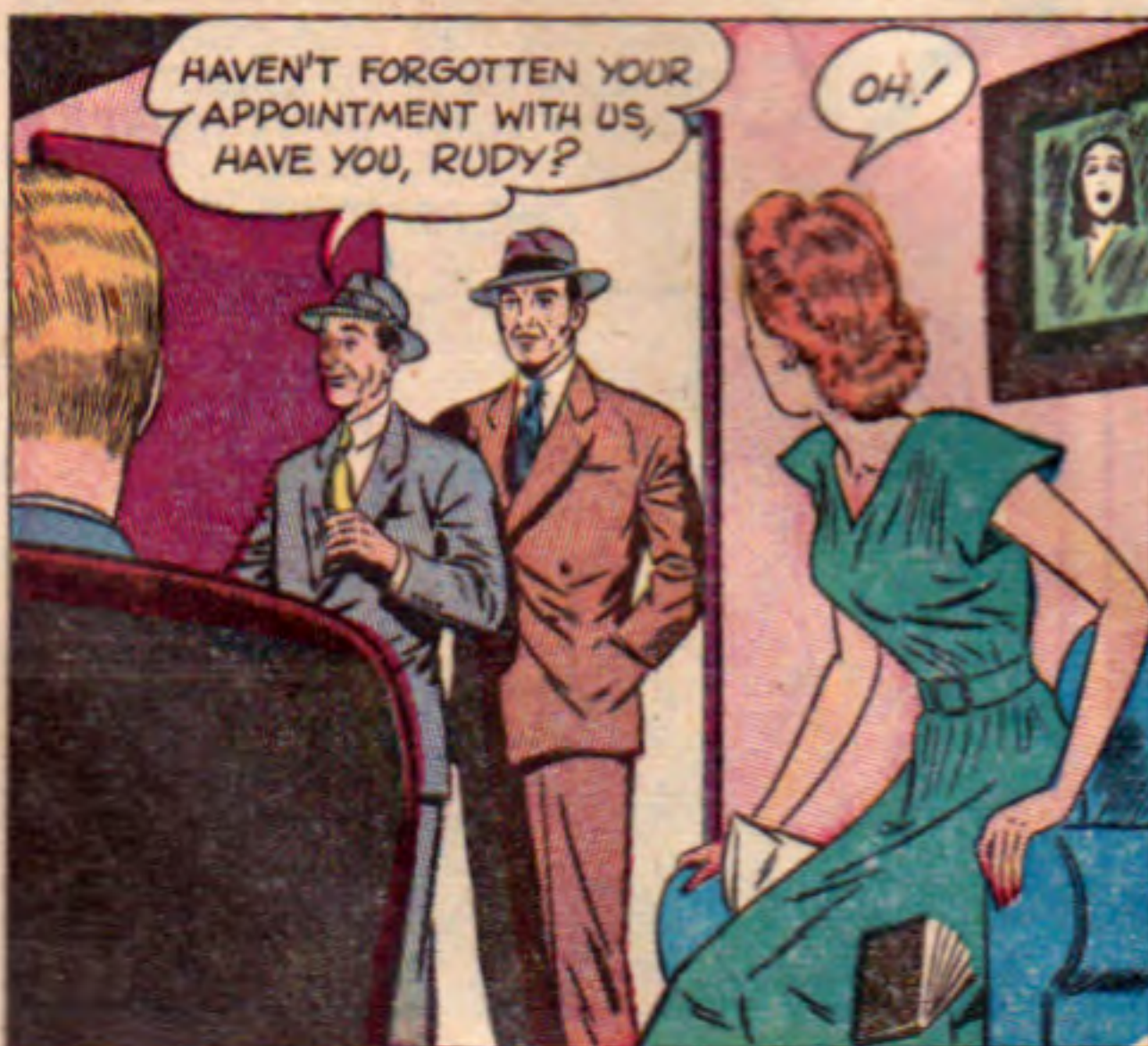
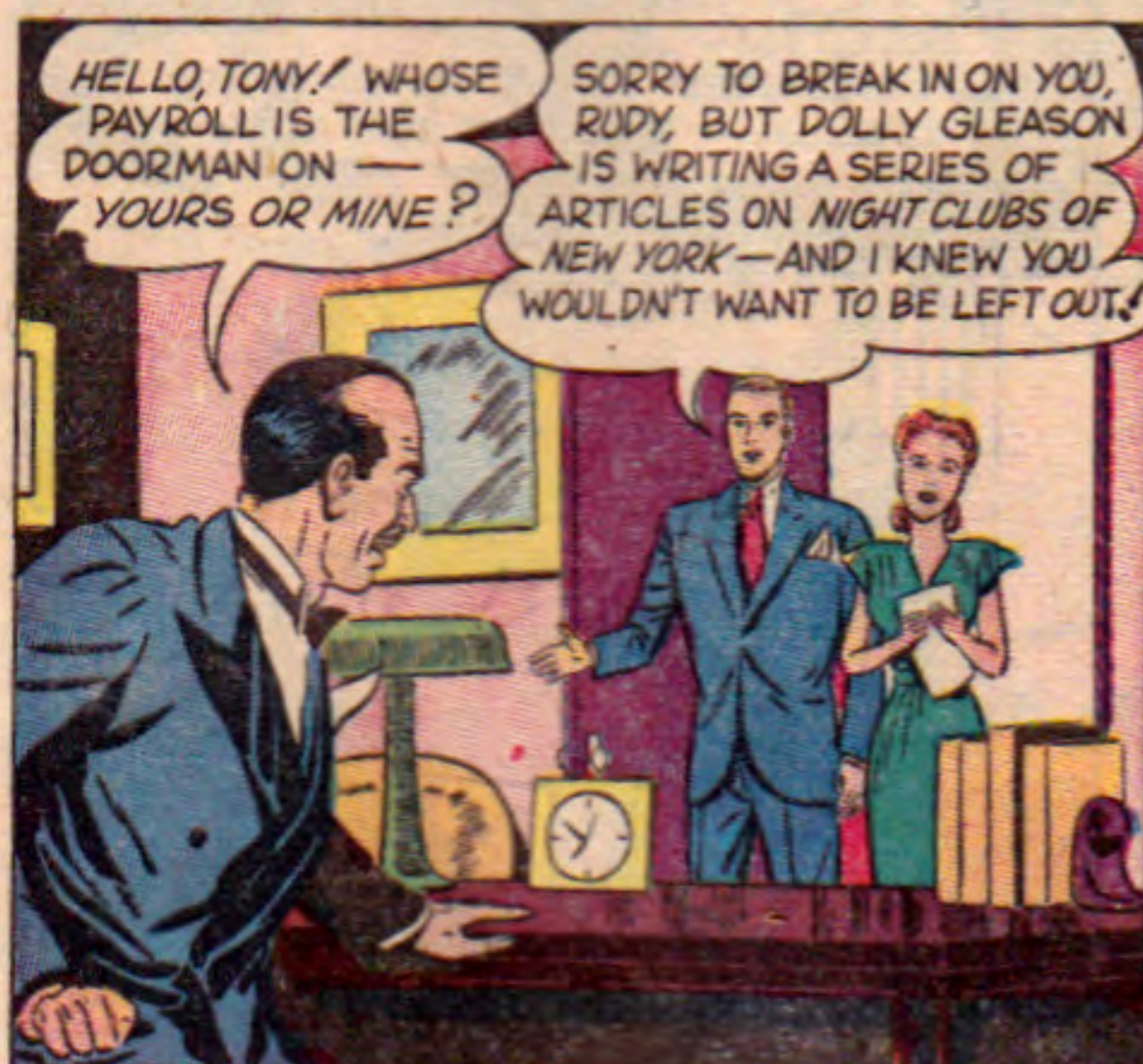
by MART BAILEY



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



HEY, THAT DAME IS A REPORTER! SHE DROPPED HER NOTEBOOK!



YOU AIN'T BEEN TALKING TO THE NEWSPAPERS, HAVE YOU, ABOUT HOW WE SHAKE DOWN YOU AND THE OTHER BANDITS WHO RUN THESE UPHOLSTERED SEWERS?

NO! NO! I SWEAR—

THEN HOW COME THIS NOTEBOOK HAS THE NAMES OF ALL OUR BOYS? YOU MUSTA TIPPED HER OFF TO OUR RACKET!



HONEST, I NEVER SAW HER UNTIL A FEW MINUTES AGO — AND YOU BOYS BUSTED IN BEFORE I HAD A CHANCE TO SAY HELLO. YOU CAN CHECK WITH THE DOORMAN!



THE BOSS IS RIGHT...

WE'LL HAVE TO GET THAT GIRL

LOOK, AL — THIS WINDOW OVERLOOKS THE DINING ROOM — FROM HERE I CAN DRAW A BEAD ON THAT DAME!



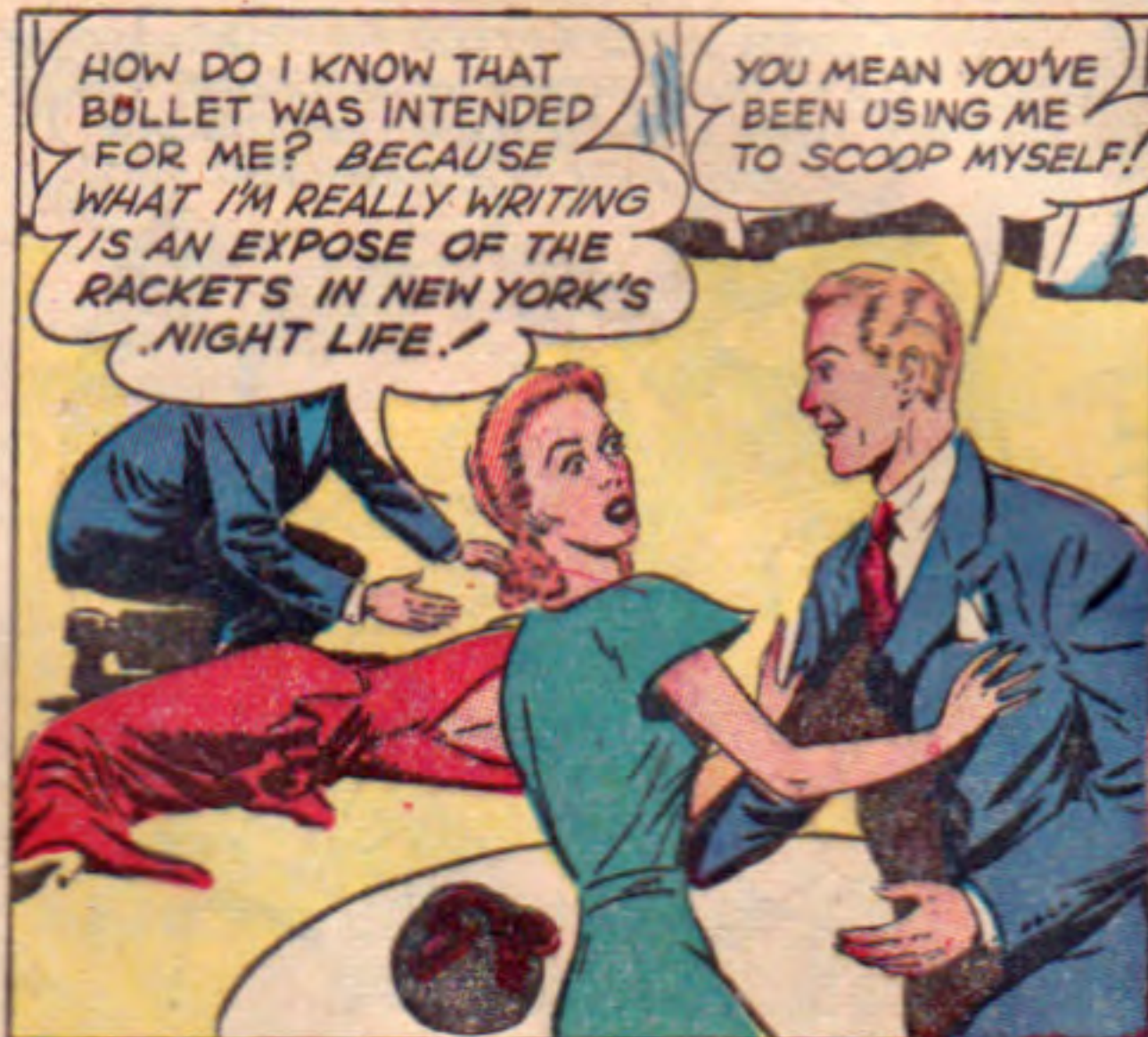
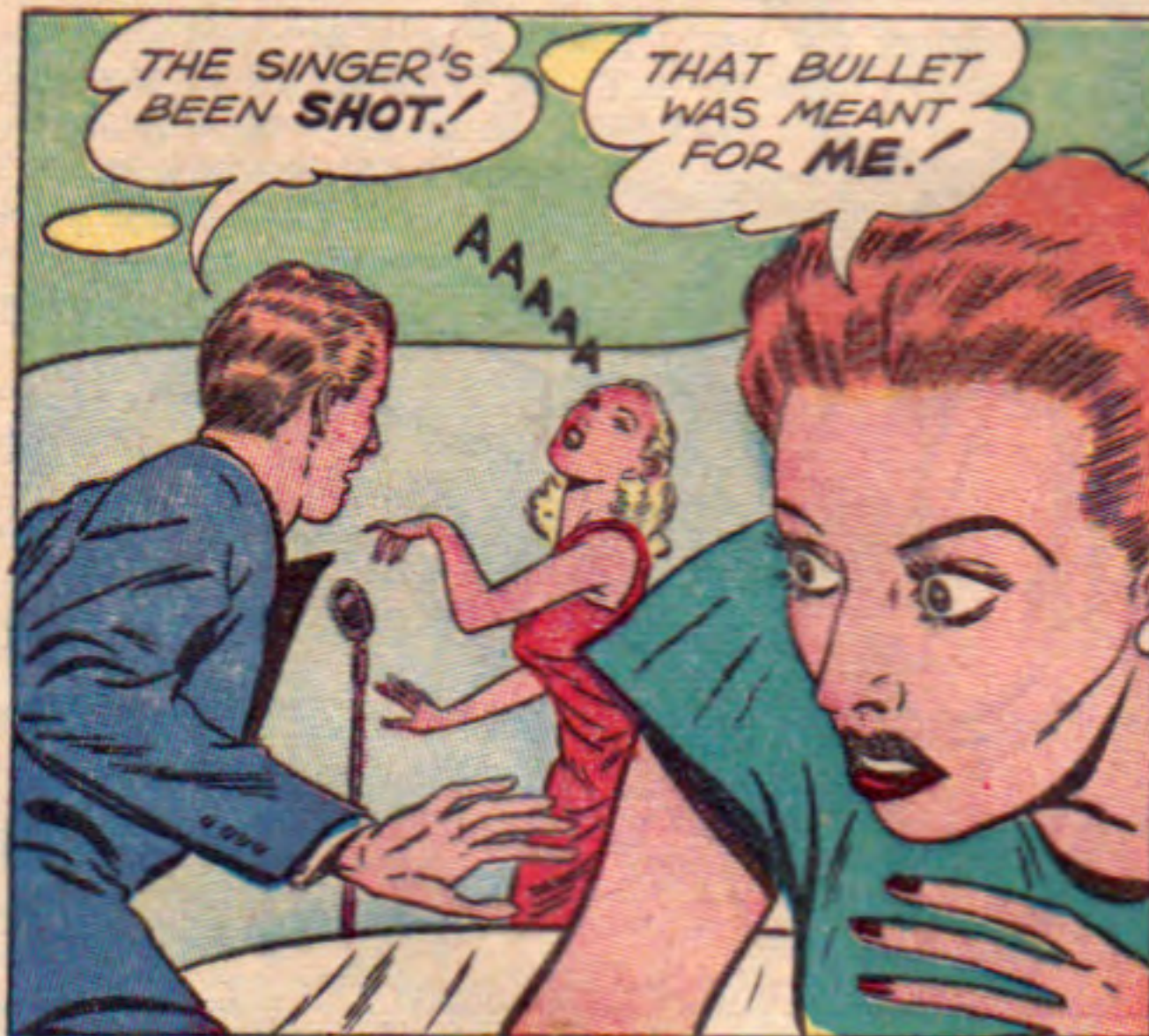
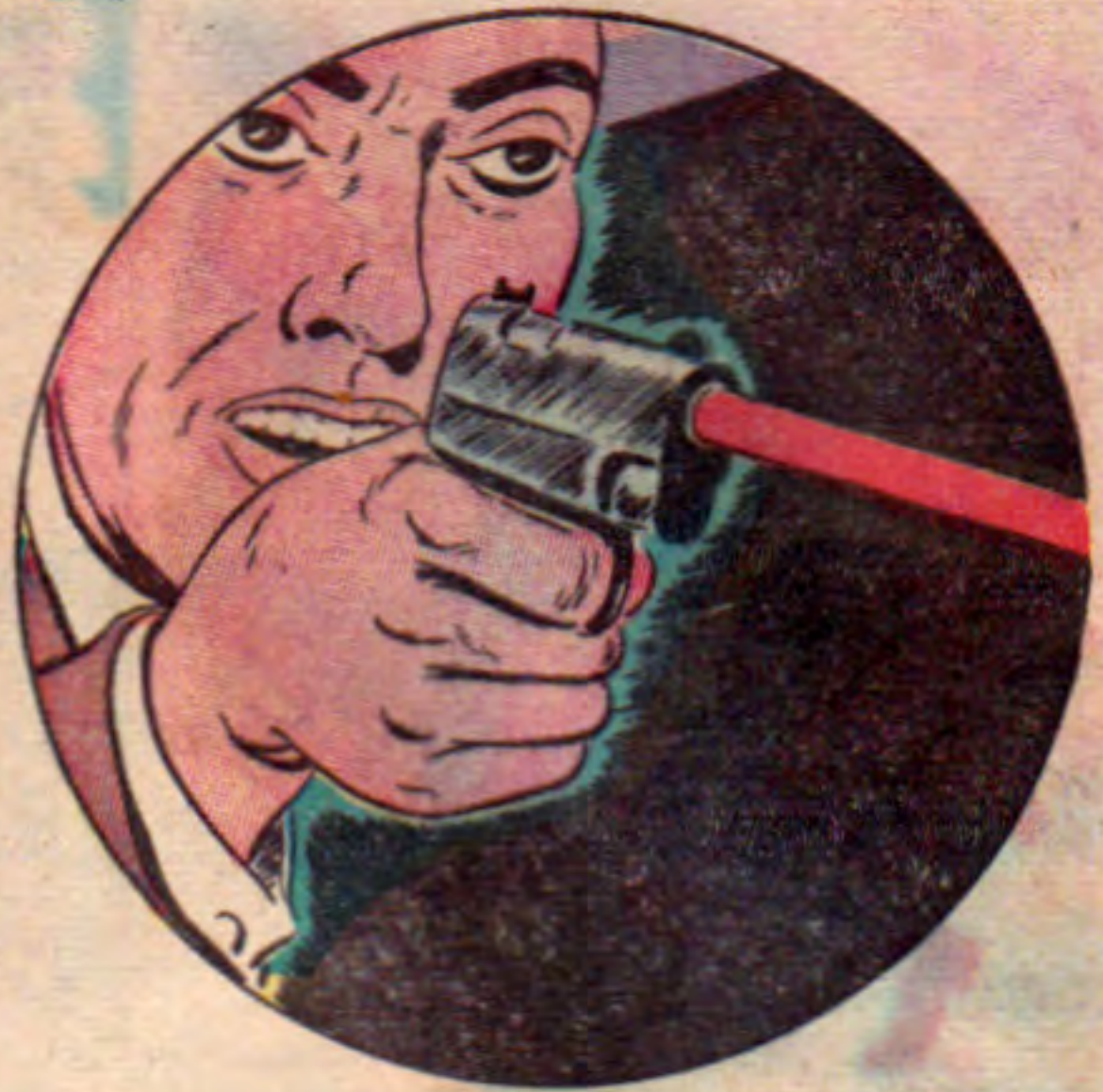
ANYTHING WRONG, TONY? YOU DON'T SEEM TO BE ENJOYING YOURSELF

WELL, IF YOU MUST KNOW... BABS DIDN'T APPROVE OF MY COMING HERE WITH YOU...



THEN YOU'D BETTER PREPARE TO DUCK, TONY — BECAUSE HERE COMES YOUR GIRL FRIEND WITH HER BOY FRIEND!

BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



NOW YOU CAN WEAR A GENUINE ARMY AIR CORPS Pilot Helmet

BIKE RIDING

TOUCH FOOTBALL

ALL OUTDOOR SPORTS

IT'S WARM • STURDY • WIND AND
RAIN RESISTANT... ONLY \$1⁰⁰

Fellows, here's a bargain you won't want to miss! This rugged, tough pilot helmet is exactly the same as our war heroes wore in their famous air battles—the same as they're wearing in our peacetime Air Corps now! It's built for service and warmth—of high quality light tan twill—wind and rain resistant. You'll wear it for all your outdoor sports—all year round. Send for yours today!



MADE TO RIGID ARMY AIR
CORPS SPECIFICATIONS

- Chamois Lined Visor
- Chamois Covered Kapok Filled Ear Pads
- Adjustable for Most Head Sizes
- Velvet Covered Chin Strap



DON'T WAIT...MAIL COUPON NOW

NORTH AMERICAN SALES, INC.
8 South Dearborn St., Chicago 3, Ill.

I enclose \$_____ for _____ pilot helmets.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Only \$1⁰⁰ SEND FOR
YOURS
TODAY

Postpaid
Anywhere in
U. S. A. and Possessions

FREE for Promptness! Army's
famous 64-Page RAFT BOOK
with Star Chart and 22"x45" World
Navigation Map Included at no addi-
tional charge

It's a
\$4.00
value

DEALERS WRITE FOR QUANTITY PRICES

HARD-TO-GET" RECORDS

Now Delivered to Your Door!



THERE'S ONE PLACE YOU CAN GET REAL HOME FOLKS AND WESTERN RECORDS. IT'S STEWART SALES CO. IN CHICAGO AND THEY DELIVER THEM RIGHT TO YOUR DOOR.



IF IT'S AS EASY AS THAT, I'M GOING TO ORDER SOME AND HAVE FUN TOO!



It's so easy to order! Just check the ones you want... write in your name and address and mail today!

- | | |
|--|---|
| Billie Holiday
BILLY BOYD: SMOKE! 63c | Foy Willing
MA 6002 DIVORCE ME C.O.D.—DARLING
WHAT MORE CAN I DO... 79c |
| Billie Holiday
BILLY BOYD: SMOKE! 63c | Eddie Dean
MA 11004 RAINBOW AT MIDNIGHT
KENTUCKY WALTZ... 63c |
| Billie Holiday
BILLY BOYD: SMOKE! 63c | Ernest Tubbs
DE 46040 DON'T LOOK NOW—SO ROUND,
SO FIRM, SO FULLY PACKED... 79c |
| Billie Holiday
BILLY BOYD: SMOKE! 63c | Southern Joy Quartet
MA 6004 MY LABOR WILL BE O'ER
I'M A DEBTOR I KNOW... 79c |
| Billie Holiday
BILLY BOYD: SMOKE! 63c | MA 6005 HE SET ME FREE—THERE'S A
LITTLE LOG CABIN... 79c |
| Billie Holiday
BILLY BOYD: SMOKE! 63c | Art Gibson
ME 6020 YOU'RE LAUGHING UP YOUR
SLEEVE—WHEN I LEAVE TOWN
TONIGHT... 79c |
| Billie Holiday
BILLY BOYD: SMOKE! 63c | Grandpa Jones
KI 502 IT'S RAINING HERE THIS
MORNING—I'LL BE AROUND IF YOU
NEED ME... 79c |
| Billie Holiday
BILLY BOYD: SMOKE! 63c | KI 524 I'VE BEEN ALL AROUND THIS
WORLD—OUR WORLDS ARE NOT THE
SAME... 79c |
| Billie Holiday
BILLY BOYD: SMOKE! 63c | Delmore Bros.
KI 509 THE LAST OLD SHOVEL—RE-
MEMBER I FEEL LONESOME TOO... 79c |
| Billie Holiday
BILLY BOYD: SMOKE! 63c | KI 527 I'M SORRY I CAUSED YOU TO
CRY—HILLBILLY BOOGIE... 79c |
| Billie Holiday
BILLY BOYD: SMOKE! 63c | KI 570 FREIGHT TRAIN BOOGIE
SOMEBODY ELSE'S DARLING... 79c |
| Billie Holiday
BILLY BOYD: SMOKE! 63c | Tex Ritter
CA 179 JEALOUS HEART—WE LIVE IN
TWO DIFFERENT WORLDS... 63c |
| Billie Holiday
BILLY BOYD: SMOKE! 63c | Dick Hart
DI 103 MISSISSIPPI BASIN LULLABY
DOWN THE RAINBOW TRAIL... 79c |
| Billie Holiday
BILLY BOYD: SMOKE! 63c | DI 104 WHY NOT CONFESS—IT'S ALL
OVER NOW, I'M TIRED OF IT ALL... 79c |
| Billie Holiday
BILLY BOYD: SMOKE! 63c | Wally Fowler
ME 6031 BROWN EYES A CRYIN' IN THE
RAIN—THAT'S HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU... 79c |
| Billie Holiday
BILLY BOYD: SMOKE! 63c | Prairie Ramblers
ME 6032 I'M A MARRIED MAN—THE
GIRL AT THE END OF THE BAR... 79c |
| Billie Holiday
BILLY BOYD: SMOKE! 63c | ME 6023 SOUTH
I DON'T LOVE NOBODY BUT YOU... 79c |
| Billie Holiday
BILLY BOYD: SMOKE! 63c | Roy Acuff
COL 37345 PO' FOLKS—THERE'S A BIG
ROCK IN THE ROAD... 63c |
| Billie Holiday
BILLY BOYD: SMOKE! 63c | Bill Carlisle
KI 638 THE GIRL IN THE BLUE VELVET
BAND—SHINE YOUR LIGHT TO
OTHERS... 79c |
| Billie Holiday
BILLY BOYD: SMOKE! 63c | Tex Williams
CA 333 LEAF OF LOVE
CALIFORNIA POLKA... 63c |
| Billie Holiday
BILLY BOYD: SMOKE! 63c | Art Gibson
ME 6025 I'M LOOKIN' HIGH & LOW FOR
MY BABY—YOU LIED... 79c |
| Billie Holiday
BILLY BOYD: SMOKE! 63c | ME 6005 LEARN TO LOVE YOUR
BROTHER—I'M CHECKIN' OUT... 79c |
| Billie Holiday
BILLY BOYD: SMOKE! 63c | Hank Penny
KI 521 BLESS YOUR HEART, LITTLE
GIRL—IF YOU'D ONLY BE TRUE... 79c |
| Billie Holiday
BILLY BOYD: SMOKE! 63c | KI 528 STEEL GUITAR STOMP
I'M COUNTING THE DAYS... 79c |

EXTRA SONG BOOK

If you purchase 6 or more records, you will also receive extra and without additional cost a wonderful song book containing many of your favorite hillbilly songs, besides pictures of your favorite western and hillbilly stars.

SEND NO MONEY Just pay postman C.O.D. plus postage and only 25c to help defray packing costs... no matter how big the package. All records sent insured.

STEWART SALES CO., Dept. 52-P, 540 S. Wells St., Chicago 7, Ill.

Amazing Ever Popular Scene-in-Action

Forest Fire Lamp

Copyright 1946 by Rapids Specialties Co.

is Back Again



MOTION... So real it defies ready detection
REALISTIC COLORS... Only technicolor rivals the beauty of the moving flames sweeping through the forest
EXCITING... Makes everyone who sees it gasp with wonder.

Here's the most attractive lamp ever created. A gorgeous scenic table lamp that actually shows a pine forest being swept by moving flames. Has so much action and color you just won't be able to take your eyes off it. So realistic you can almost hear the crackling of the burning pines. But you will actually have to see this spectacular patented lamp in your own home to really appreciate it. That's why we are making this generous trial offer.

NIAGARA FALLS LAMP

ALSO AVAILABLE...

Imagine a lamp that portrays Niagara Falls in all its scenic splendor. Will bring back those romantic memories of your honeymoon days.

COMPLETE WITH PLUG AND CORD
 Improved model is back... 8 inches high with a circumference of 17 inches. Base and top made of sturdy plastic.

Same Price
 As Before
 the War!

\$4.95

EXTRA
 AT NO EXTRA
 COST

Send for LAMP ON APPROVAL!

TEST 10 DAYS AT OUR RISK

Fill in coupon and mail today. Send no money. When your gorgeous Forest Fire Lamp arrives just deposit \$4.95 plus postage through postman. Show it to your family and friends. Use it yourself in your home for ten days at our risk. Then if you aren't so delighted with your bargain that you won't want to give it up for all the world, return it and get your money back. **DON'T WAIT, BUT WRITE TODAY!**

...If you act now you will receive absolutely without extra cost as a reward for promptness, a marvelous WONDER LEAF. So startling, so beautiful that it causes comment wherever seen. You simply pin the WONDER LEAF to your curtain, it lives on air alone and grows unique, amazing plants. So act now. Take advantage of this sensational offer now it may be withdrawn at any time



**PIN AMAZING
 WONDER LEAF ON YOUR CURTAIN**

WONDER LEAF lives on air alone. Called the "Leaf of Life," this amazing tropical WONDER LEAF grows on air alone, pinned to curtain or wall. Most important, each leaf produces delicate plants which, cut and planted in pots, will grow plants two feet high with brilliant, multi-colored pendulous flowers. **YOU GET This at no extra cost when you mail coupon at right.**

**Mail this
 10 DAY
 TRIAL
 COUPON**

SEND NO MONEY — MAIL COUPON

SCENE-IN-ACTION LAMP COMPANY, Dept. F-1501 Grand Rapids 2, Mich.
 Send order checked below. I will pay postman on arrival of lamp (or lamps) on guarantee that I may use it 10 full days and return it if not satisfied and get full refund. (Send money with order—Scene-in-Action Lamp Co. will pay postage).

☐ Forest Fire Lamp, \$4.95 ☐ Niagara Falls Lamp, \$4.95

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SCENE-IN-ACTION LAMP COMPANY
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No. 83

REVENUE

10¢

BIG SHOT

BIG SHOT

I WON IT IN A
RAFFLE, DAD-I
NEVER WAS
LUCKY!

GLAD HAPPY!
WHEE! DID YOU GET
THAT TOUGH
TURKEY?

NARSTAR

